

The Sign National Catholic Magazine

March 25¢



IRELAND TODAY

by Anthony Moore

Arnold Lunn • Kay Boyle

William Henry Chamberlin

THE SADDEST AND GLADDEST OF DAYS

By Father Camillus, C.P.

*"It was the saddest
because on that day men
did their worst to God*

*. . . It was the gladdest
because on that day God
did His best for men."*

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---HOW SELDOM---

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narrated against a musical background in simple language that any child can understand. Gabriel speaks from the vaulted heavens . . . Mary and Joseph take the long journey to Bethlehem . . . Celestial music heralds the BIRTH OF OUR LORD, as the shepherds, and the Magi, and animals kneel in adoration. In such vibrant, living tones will the whole STORY OF JESUS be revealed to your children!

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LETTERS



"Wake Up America"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

General Collins has asked me to thank you for bringing the editorial "Wake Up America" to his attention.

It is always gratifying to be presented with concrete evidences of the interest and support Americans are giving to the Armed Forces.

Whether or not we are to have the military strength we need to secure our future depends to a large extent upon the interest Americans maintain in their Armed Forces, an interest which, in turn, depends upon their being fully informed of the needs.

Your consideration is appreciated.

GEORGE JUSKALIAN
Lieutenant Colonel, GSC
Asst Sec., General Staff

War Department,
Washington, D. C.

Sign Labor Policy

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would like to take exception to John P. Dolan's letter in the last issue. He seems to fear a dictatorship not only by the Communists, but also by the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. He, like many others, has become so accustomed to taking a few scraps of dry bread from the monopolistic capitalists that anyone who tries to better the condition of the working class is immediately labelled a "Red" or one who is trying to overthrow our form of government. It seems to me that men like John P. Dolan are doing more to help the Communists than any one else. He and his type are attributing much of the good that is being done for labor by good honest Americans to the small Communist segment in these parties. He is putting an undeserved feather in the cap of the Reds. We hope that THE SIGN will continue its present labor policy which reflects a real understanding of the encyclicals of the Popes on the rights and dignity of the working man.

DANIEL N. SCANLON

Halethorpe, Md.

Catholic Schools

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

David L. Lawrence's article on "Catholics and the Schools" was very timely. It certainly should help to clarify the position of the parochial school system in the United States.

However, I do think that he could have brought out a little clearer, and with more emphasis, the relation of private schools to the First Amendment to the Constitution. I think that that point would make an excellent article for a future issue.

MRS. J. McMAHON

Boston, Mass.

"Lord Pakenham"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your correspondent, Mr. John T. Keough, in the January "SIGN," protested that Lord Pakenham never said "he had been brought up twenty miles from a railroad station," as stated in my article, "England's Irishman" (December issue).

I know of no surer way to check the accuracy of a statement on such a personal matter as one's childhood, than to have it corroborated by the person who said it.

Lord Pakenham not only made the statement precisely as it was reported, but also himself checked the article in final manuscript for any possible inaccuracies, before it was sent to "THE SIGN."

Its accuracy, as published, has been vouched for by him; in accordance with my usual custom of submitting the completed interview, in manuscript, to the person interviewed, before releasing it for publication, as the only real safeguard against possible errors of fact.

I cannot understand how Lord Pakenham could have remembered the locale of his own boyhood so inaccurately as Mr. Keough would represent. Of course Mr. Keough may be more familiar with the intimate details of Lord Pakenham's youth, than is his Lordship himself. . . .

Your February issue continues the protest against this article in a letter signed "Irish Papist," which maintains that Lord Pakenham cannot properly be termed an "Irishman."

Again, I know of no surer way to determine the nationality of a person, than to find out where he was born. Lord Pakenham was assuredly born, and brought up in Ireland. Quite naturally, he possesses many of the qualities customarily recognized as Irish.

I must confess that I never knew before that birth in Ireland does not necessarily convey Irish nationality.

Your correspondent is wrong when he infers that I, or other Americans, would be displeased if persons of opposing political heritage, born in America, called themselves Americans. Descendants of all those who adhered to the crown during the American Revolution, are today known as Americans—as bitterly as our ancestors (my own among them) felt toward these "Tories" when struggling for American independence.

As one of Irish ancestry also, I respect however, the forthright opinion of "Irish Papist," and am in total sympathy with his general views as they bear upon Ireland's treatment in the past by England and her representatives.

But I have never heard Lord Pakenham himself classed as an oppressor of the Irish. And certainly in England he is generally known as an Irishman, Ireland being the land of his birth—inconsistent though this may seem to "Irish Papist."

HELEN WALKER HOMAN

New York, N. Y.

De Gaulle

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have read many conflicting studies of the French situation and also about DeGaulle. It was gratifying to read Thomas Kernan's on-the-spot article of this new bid for power by DeGaulle. It was informative and very objective. That is what we look for in our Catholic periodicals.

JOHN F. MURPHY

Miami Beach, Fla.

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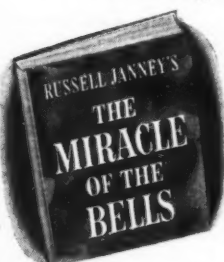
THE SIGN

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New Cover

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I congratulate you on your new cover. The large picture and your new type head really gives your magazine that new look and will undoubtedly help you to attract many more readers.

MRS. CLIFFORD FRAYNE

Washington, N. J.

More on the O.P.A.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the October issue on page 61, I noticed a few letters criticizing your stand on the defunct O.P.A. I would like to add my criticism too and a fervent "Amen" to the two letters. May I suggest you get over to "Right" a little more? You've gone well over to the "Left."

Some months ago, in a letter I wrote regarding an article by Senator Wagner in THE SIGN, I mentioned the fact that it was strange how hard some politicians work for the poor and oppressed but how little, if anything, they ever leave the poor in their wills.

Well, do you recall how the late Fiorello LaGuardia's heart bled for the poor and downtrodden? Enclosed is a clipping from the *New York Times* on LaGuardia's will. Please note his generosity (?) to the poor. Yes, those boys can be very free with the taxpayer's money when it means votes—but they are all very careful with their personal funds.

To conclude, I hope you'll follow a more fair policy on political subjects (less "New Deal") and also on labor and economical questions.

JOHN T. KEALY

White Plains, N. Y.

Sign Fiction—Con.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Since when has the Catholic Press become so hard up for stories that it must publish a story like "The Knife" in your recent issue? It was bad enough that it was published in *The New Yorker* without it appearing in a widely read Catholic magazine.

CHARLES BRAUN

Chicago, Ill.

Sign Fiction—Pro.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I had a very condescending attitude about Catholic fiction and have only recently been converted by reading THE SIGN selections. I thought that "Love in Minneapolis" was a classic, but then recently I read that beautiful and subtle story, "The Knife." Here's hoping that your fiction will maintain its high and that you will continue to make such judicious selections of "Encore Stories."

(MRS.) NORMAN JOHNSON

New York, N. Y.

Sign Fiction

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I think most of THE SIGN stories are flops. They seem to have their tales (tails) cut off before fully grown—not one but many. I think they give them so much space and off goes the tip of the tail if it won't fit the Procrustean bed. They won't wind it around on some other page.

Greensburg, Pa.

A NUN

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THE **+** SIGN

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

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No. 8



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Cover Photo: H. Armstrong Roberts

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March, 1948

EDITOR'S PAGE

United States of Europe

FOR many years there has been discussion of a United States of Europe. The project has been widely regarded as unrealizable, although it has been proposed and backed by so practical a politician as Winston Churchill. Foreign Minister Bevin's speech advocating such a European union has given it a new impetus and makes it an immediate and practical possibility.

A beginning has been made in Benelux, the customs union of Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg. This is too recent a development and on too small a scale to throw much light on the question. An effort should be made to join all Western Europe—including Spain—into an economic, and ultimately a political union.

Leadership in this venture should be provided by the great Western European nations, England and France. Any direct effort on our part to create such a union would be resented as an attempt to interfere in the internal affairs of European countries.

Nevertheless, we have much to offer Europe in its efforts to unite. We have the inspiring example of our own federal system of government. In his recent book on the making and ratifying of the Constitution of the U. S., *The Great Rehearsal*, Carl Van Doren says: "In 1787 the problem was how the people could learn to think nationally, not locally, about the United States. In 1948, the problem is how the people can learn to think internationally, not nationally, about the United Nations."

The task that faced the delegates to the Federal Convention in 1787 was almost insuperable. They accomplished it, however, and in so doing created a system of government which is among the greatest accomplishments of the human mind. The parallel between 1787 and 1948 is not exact, but the founders of a United States of Europe can find in our Constitution not only inspiration but the outline of a federal system of government which has stood the test of time and which is unsurpassed in human annals.

Certainly, the Marshall Plan offers the sixteen participating nations a strong incentive to unite. In fact, its success postulates at least the creation

of some sort of a partnership in reducing tariffs, co-ordinating production, adjusting import and export programs, and regulating currency.

Steps toward a United States of Europe will be gradual and difficult, but if with our help and co-operation the economic obstacles are overcome, then political unity can be achieved. Success of such a union in Western Europe would inevitably act as a magnet attracting to itself the countries on the edge of the iron curtain, such as Czechoslovakia and Poland. In fact, with the withdrawal of the Red Army from Eastern Europe, countries much farther behind the iron curtain will feel a powerful attraction to the freedom and prosperity of the Western union.

We Catholics should take a particular interest in efforts to create a United States of Europe. The principle of absolute state sovereignty is an inheritance of the Protestant Reformation, and it has been a curse to Europe for centuries. Now that men are beginning to recognize that present anarchy and chaos are the fruits of this evil principle, they are returning with faltering steps to the Catholic idea of the unity of Europe.

AND that unity of the West, while attacked and weakened by the Reformation, has never been destroyed. It has been held together by the strong bonds of Christian moral values, it has been based on the Christian revelation and way of life which came to men from the Catholic Church even though they had rejected the authority of that Church.

If ever there has been a time when Europe can and should unite, it is now. Churchill was using more than his usual ample supply of rhetoric when he said recently of a United States of Europe: "This is the supreme opportunity, and, if it be cast away, no one can predict that it will ever return or what the resulting catastrophe will be."

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Acme Photos

Gale Storm, right, presents Mrs. William Shearer with a check to buy vegetable seeds for hunger-stricken Europeans. This is a very practical way to help Europe help itself.



If we want peace, we must present our story to the Russian people. Tatania Hecker and Victor Franzusof are doing just that, as they give the real facts over "Voice of America."

IN HIS memoirs, former Secretary of State Cordell Hull tells how when he was a boy in Tennessee there were two neighbors of his who had been long a-feuding. He identifies one as Jenkins, the other as Jones. No one could recall why it was they would not speak, whether they met in church, on the street, or along the country roads. It so happened

Reciprocal Trade Agreements

that one of Jenkins' mules went lame in the spring, just at the time he needed the animal most for plowing. And it also happened that at the identical time Jones ran out of corn for his hogs. Now Jones had his plowing done. Jenkins had bins of corn. A friendly third party, taking note of the situation, brought the two together and Jones let Jenkins use his mule for plowing and Jenkins in return gave the corn needed for Jones's hogs. The story ends that the two enemies after a while became the best of friends. And the moral Mr. Hull points out is, "A common-sense trade and ordinary neighborliness had made them aware of their economic need of each other and brought them peace." The analogy, of course, is that the nations of the world are economically interdependent, that they can make a major step toward peace through common-sense trade and ordinary neighborliness. It was with this principle in mind that Cordell Hull labored so long and so well to construct the network of reciprocal trade agreements that first started back in 1934.

In the barest outline, the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act as a corrective to the Smoot-Hawley tariff schedule contains three main points. First, agreements can be negotiated with other countries without the need of submission to Congress, as is the case with treaties. Second, existing tariffs can be reduced as much as one half and since 1945 as much as three-quarters. The only condition is that corresponding concessions be made to us. And third, these reductions apply to all countries that do not discriminate against us. Thus if tariff reductions are granted one country for a commodity of which it is the principal producer, a like reduction is granted all other countries for the same commodity so long as these other countries grant equivalent concessions. The result of the Trade Agreements Act in the years since it first was passed has been scores of millions of dollars to American exporters.

Every session of Congress seems to find some who delight in sharpshooting at this Trade Agreements Act. Just a year ago, for example, Senator Hugh Butler of Nebraska called it a "gigantic hoax on the American people" and tried to do something about having the Act repealed. This year another Nebraskan, Representative Carl Curtis, a member of the House Ways and Means Committee, has joined the Chairman of that committee, Representative Harold Knutson, in obtaining a formal resolution demanding that the State Department explain before March 1 the manner in which it negotiated the eighteen-power trade agreement that went into effect the first of this year. What promises to be a bitter fight over the future tariff policy of the United States is slowly shaping up. The Act itself will expire by limita-



General Bradley is all smiles as he sleighrides with Carol Van Overberghe. The General will not smile when he sees many of the crumbling, leaky, "new" houses sold to our veterans.



Mrs. Ada Fisher is shown as she was refused admission to the U. of Oklahoma. The president said a new school was opened for her. Sheer bunk. Law schools don't grow like mushrooms.

tion June go unless its life is prolonged at this present session of Congress.

Time and again in these columns we have urged that the economic barriers of tariffs and quotas be reduced, that the reciprocal trade agreements be extended. We do so again now. For ultimately the question rests on the fact that there can be and is either charity or selfishness among nations as among individuals. As Pope Pius XI admonished eleven years ago this month: "In international trade relations let all means be sedulously employed for the removal of those artificial barriers to economic life which are the effects of distrust and hatred. All must remember that the peoples of the earth form but one family in God."

IN MARCH of 1944 was published one of the most fascinatingly terrible books ever to come out of the war. It was Therese Bonney's *Europe's Children*. There were less than a thousand words of text. The book got its bulk from

The Bishops' Fund for Victims of War

page after page of pictures of children—pathetic children, derelict children left in the backwash of the tides of war, babies

with bloated bellies and arms and legs no thicker than a man's thumb. The book was not done by a soldier, it described no battles. It merely showed what the war had done to children, and its effect was more eloquent than crumbled cathedrals.

It is sad that it should be so, that it should be childhood's happy years that are blasted by grownups' inability to keep peace. It is sad that even yet the children of the world are the victims so long after the last bomb fell. Miss Bonney could put out another volume in 1948 of Europe's children and Asia's children, and the pictures would be little different. What is more poignant than to see desolation looking out of the eyes of a child, a child who is malformed by hunger, stunted by disease, clothed in tailored rags, with feet that have never known shoes even in winter? All over Europe the cry is for shoes. A bishop in charge of relief supplies in Poland requested 100,000 pairs of shoes from War Relief Services—National Catholic Welfare Conference. When asked if that was not a rather large order, he replied: "There are twenty-four dioceses in my area, so that would mean about 4000 pairs of shoes for each diocese. Each diocese has about 200 parishes, so that means about 20 pairs of shoes for each parish. The average parish has about 1000 members, but some have as many as 3000. Even though about 20 families in a parish would get a pair of shoes, there still would be many barefooted ones left."

It is because shoes are lacking, it is because human bodies are ill clad and hungry, it is because human souls are weary from so much heartbreak that on Laetare Sunday, March 7, a nationwide collection is being taken up for the Bishops' Fund For Victims of War. The goal is \$5,000,000. May the thought of Christ suffering in so many little ones compel compassionate generosity in every heart.

EVERYONE is still talking about inflation, and still very little has been done about it. Despite the February dip in the grain market, the best opinion seems to be that the over-all cost of living will

And Still We Have Inflation

probably go even higher, at least until the middle of the year. Particularly will this be true of manufactured goods. At the same time wage demands are piling up

to offset increased living costs. Already the auto workers, steel workers, radio and electrical, rubber, oil, packinghouse workers, woodworkers, and other big groups like the mine, mill, and smelter union are asking for increased hourly rates. This third round was not unexpected. Everyone knew it was coming. And for all the advice that inflation is harmful to the workers themselves and is dangerous to the very life of the nation, even the admitted fact that the advice is true is of small worth when a man's pay envelope is not as big as his weekly bills.

Last month we suggested that rather than legislation what is needed is for representatives of management, labor, agriculture, and the public consumers to get together in conference to tackle the problem of inflation. In the hearings on inflation held by the Senate Banking Committee, the AFL's William Green indicated labor's willingness to forego a third round. He proposed that the working day be one hour longer at existing overtime rates as a way to increase production and combat inflation. Propositions of this sort if made in such a conference would go further toward licking inflation than all the weary Congressional hearings ever will.

When Chesterton paid his first visit to America, he remarked that the bright lights of New York's Broadway would be a wonderful sight if only a man couldn't read. Such a man might

A New Role for the Advertisers

fondly imagine that some great truth which makes America a land of liberty was being blazoned against the starlit sky, where in reality there was only an ad for Maiden Form undergarments, Maxwell House coffee, or Four Roses whiskey. Indubitably, modern advertising has commandeered the finest twentieth-century inventions and called forth the best services of art and brains to hold before our eyes and to din into our ears the most fatuous messages ever inflicted upon the mind of man. It has succeeded in making people more frightened about being found with dandruff on their coat collar than about being burdened with sins on their souls. And while it blatantly gives away all the secrets whereby American womanhood heightens its charms, it subtly inculcates the mentality that there is no acquisition in life quite so important as glamour.

Last month, through the Advertising Council, Inc., modern advertising took a step toward redeeming itself. It pledged itself to an all-out fight against one of the ugliest and most festering social sores of our time. With language which is happy, if somewhat unrefined, the Advertising Council announced a campaign for "making racial prejudice as unpopular as B.O."

In a land which is remarkable today for its convenient plumbing, tile-paneled bathrooms, and abundance of soap, people have become acutely conscious of the need for meticulous personal hygiene. The guttural tones of that warning heard over and over again on the Lifebuoy program have inspired a positive horror of the possibility of one's being socially offensive. It would be no small accomplishment if the "best brains in the advertising profession" could inspire a similar horror of racial prejudice. And the effort certainly deserves to be lauded. Not only because racial prejudice produces such a disgusting stench among people whose moral values are properly ordered. But even as another expedient investment toward our present effort to sell the world the American way of life. As long as people see no incongruity in looking upon some of their fellow Americans as second-rate citizens, the cause of democracy will be hurt from within its own camp. All the Voice of America programs in the world will never successfully brush aside the finger of our accusers as long as it remains true that some men cannot get a job in America, or a fair trial, or a chance to vote just because their skin happens to be black.

The first week of February brought with it a spotlighting of race relations in the news. On the second of the month President Truman delivered his message to Congress recommending ten proposals for the securing and protection of civil rights of minority groups in America. Among his legislative suggestions were an anti-poll tax law, an anti-lynching law, and the establishment of a permanent Fair Employment Practice Commission. In face of the facts, it is hard to see how honest minds could object to such proposals. Only one statistic is enough to indicate the need of anti-poll tax laws: dur-

A Bombshell and a Scandal

March, 1948



Two hundred white-hooded members of the Ku Klux Klan are seen before a courthouse in Georgia. Prejudice and bigotry will always be with us as long as the Klan exists



As a symbol of the new Japan, we hope that this child will be taught real democracy instead of being considered a god. For he is the first grandchild of the Emperor Hirohito.



This large group of Chinese Reds was captured in central China. These Reds have already killed forty-nine priests and, if not soon defeated, will destroy the Church in China.



Dr. Hsue Jen Wei, shown with Andre Gromyko, warns of the atomic race among nations. We should heed the words of the Holy Father and use atomic energy for peaceful projects.



Residents of Berlin watch as a trainload of German-made locomotives is sent to Russia. Such large-scale removal of rolling stock should stop as it is crippling travel.



France made a realistic approach to the problems of inflation and the black market by her recent monetary change. Here we see a chef and a mademoiselle discuss it over the counter.

ing the last Presidential election only 10 per cent of the potential voters in the seven poll-tax states were able to cast their ballots, whereas in the free-vote states 49 percent went to the polls. The lynching situation also speaks for itself: in 1946 (the latest year with complete statistics) there were six successful lynchings and twenty-three attempts; in every case but one the victim was a Negro; and of the six people murdered three had not even been charged with an offense, one was accused of stealing a saddle, another of breaking into a house, and the last of stabbing a man. Finally, the wartime record of FEPC makes a good argument for its right to permanence: at the height of its activity it closed an average of 250 cases a month, of which about 100 were satisfactorily settled—a good performance when one considers that the Commission acted merely as a mediation board in disputes involving deep-seated antipathies.

But facts or no facts, racial prejudice is stubborn and nasty. Not since Al Smith's candidacy or the announcement of Roosevelt's fourth term aspirations has such a bombshell fallen among Southern legislators as these modest proposals offered by the President in the name of ordinary decency. Southern governors threatened a bolt from the Democratic Party and talked about withholding electoral votes from the Party's candidates next Fall. The ten-point program was stigmatized by Governor Wright of Mississippi as "an absolute disregard for the party loyalty of the people of the South" and an attack on "our institutions and our way of life." The mere fact that the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee scheduled Mr. Ives' FEPC bill for discussion evoked from Louisiana's Senator Ellender this outburst of crude bigotry: "This proves that organized mongrel minorities control the Government. I'm going to fight it to the last ditch. They're not going to Harlemize the country." And then almost as a kind of symbol of the ignorance and hypocrisy which underlie racial prejudice, Ku Klux Klansmen in an area which has notoriously degraded Negro womanhood burned a cross on a courthouse lawn and amidst sanctimonious hymn-singing uttered the pledge: "May we rededicate our lives to the protection of white womanhood." Only benighted Southern bigotry could formulate such a pledge.

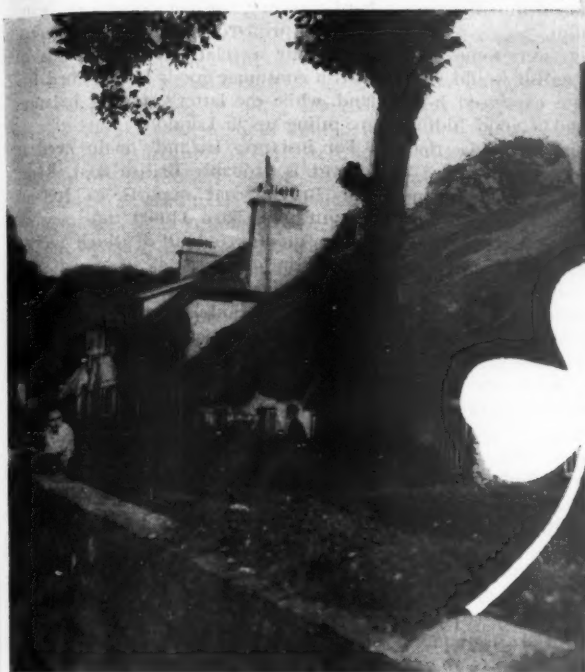
All this blindness, hatred, and hypocrisy is a scandal to the world. A scandal laid at the doors of the very teachers of democracy. As long as even a segment of our people harbor such a spirit in their hearts we must hang our heads in shame. For basically it is the same spirit which created chanel houses at Dachau and which scatters the Soviet version of chain gangs all over Siberia.

ACCORDING to the present Congressional schedule it looks as if discussion on these laws for protecting civil rights will be going on just about the time when the whole Christian world will

Only Christ Can Cure It

be recalling an event which supplies the only adequate formula for curing racial prejudice. An FEPC law or an anti-poll-tax bill can help, and we ought to put legitimate pressure on our Congressmen to make sure that such bills get the attention they deserve. But they won't supply a cure. The cure can come only when men accept the message of one Man who died that all men might be free. It is foolish for us to think that the ideals of democracy can do service for the deep Christian convictions which make a man see in every Negro a dark-skinned brother or sister of Christ. Of a Christ who thought it worth His while to die for the most slovenly, illiterate Negro living in the poorest packing-case home in Mississippi. It makes no difference whether or not that Negro can read a few lines from the Constitution, or whether his piety takes the form of a frenzied outburst of Hallelujahs, or whether his ill-matched clothes are sour-smelling for the want of a good washing—he is still the brother of Christ. And not until he is seen as such will he get his due. For only in Christ can there be a society where "there is neither Gentile nor Jew, . . . barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free."

The quiet loveliness of a typical Irish village



Acme photos

And the bewitching beauty of a cool Killarney Lake

IRELAND TODAY

**Ireland's character as a nation is
profoundly influenced by serious economic
problems. But her message is still spiritual**

by ANTHONY MOORE

JUST a hundred years ago, the Great Famine held Ireland in a grip of death. Starvation, disease, and the effects of misrule reduced the nation's population by two million. But today, on the Irish air liners that leave London for Dublin, a smiling stewardess hands out chocolate bars to candy-starved Britons headed for Ireland's glorious scenery and good food. To Britons there is no greater luxury than chocolate, and it is pathetic to see the delight caused by this gesture. Truly, time marches on. . . .

There is no need to go back a century in order to see how times have changed in Ireland. A wanderer, returning after years of absence, cannot fail to be struck by the amazing progress made in a bare generation. This is particularly true of housing. Social services

have improved. The standard of living is higher, even if much remains to be done. And this progress is the more remarkable when it is recalled that just twenty-five years have elapsed since the burning of the Four Courts and the many other tragedies that darkened the hour of Ireland's rebirth.

Perhaps the most striking change in recent years is the altered political outlook. Much water has flowed under Dublin's bridges since the signing of the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921, and the subsequent modifications have had a good effect. The thankless post of Governor General has been abolished, together with the oath of loyalty to the King of England formerly required of members of the Dail (Parliament). The right of appeal to the British Privy Council no longer exists. Land Annu-

ties do not have to be paid to London. Thus, a number of thorny issues that caused considerable ill feeling in their day no longer bedevil Ireland's relations with Great Britain.

This in turn has led to a mental stock-taking in Ireland. For years after the Treaty, suspicion and hostility toward Great Britain lingered on. Many Irishmen regarded the Treaty as a necessary compromise rather than a victory. Nor was this attitude confined to supporters of Fianna Fail, the Republican Party long in power, or the more extreme supporters of the Irish Republican Army, commonly called the I.R.A. Today fears have been set at rest. British acceptance of Irish neutrality during World War II did more than anything to convince Irishmen that there had been a real change of heart across the Channel.

Clearly, memories of seven centuries of alien rule and misrule do not fade overnight. Irish traditions go far back into history. The souvenir of century-long persecution of the Church is still kept alive by the numerous Mass Rocks, as well as ancient churches and cathedrals now in Protestant hands. The

ANTHONY MOORE, contributor to New York, London, and Dublin papers, helped to found the London Christian Democrats. He served in the Royal Air Force and in our own OSS.

countryside is strewn with the ruins of former grandeur, mute witnesses to a nation's tragedy and a turbulent past. It will take time before these old scars heal.

Then, too, there are many survivors of the struggle for independence. Thirty-four years have passed since Yeats wrote: "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone," but these survivors are there to prove him wrong, and their memories will die hard. However, death has removed many of the leading figures who played so conspicuous a part in the troubled days of yesterday. Michael Collins, Arthur Griffiths, Constance Markievicz, Kevin O'Higgins, Jim Larkin, Carson, Lord Craigavon, "Wee Joe" Devlin, and many another have passed into Irish history. A generation has now grown up that never knew the bitter strife, and it is their outlook that is modifying the Irish political scene.

ONE of the factors making for change has been the realization that the Britain of today is a far cry from the imperialist Britain of former days. In 1948 British imperialism is virtually a thing of the past. Already in 1921 there were many British who were disgusted by Britain's record in Ireland. Indeed, Irishmen often overlook the large number of Englishmen who have persistently challenged their government's actions in Ireland. Since the signing of the Treaty, the majority of British have forgotten Ireland, and Irish issues arouse scant interest among the present generation of Britishers. Irish neutrality during World War II puzzled and embittered many Britons, but that, too, is forgotten, by and large. Ignorance and indifference do exist in England, but neither ill will nor imperialist dreams. They belong to a bygone age.

In actual fact, *An Taoiseach* (Premier) Eamon de Valera pursued the only possible policy for Ireland during the recent war. Public opinion never would have allowed him to abandon neutrality, failing an attack upon Ireland. Only a tiny minority advocated intervention, and even many of the Anglo-Irish (often more British than the British) saw the advantages of neutrality. But in practice Irish neutrality was more than a little slanted in favor of the Western Allies.

The Irish Government turned a deliberately blind eye to enlistment, and no less than a hundred and fifty thousand Irish served in the British armed forces. British airmen forced to land in Ireland, and interned in accordance with international law, were soon released. On occasion, the Irish authorities proved quite amenable to British and American suggestions. Irish food supplies proved a godsend to a beleaguered Britain. And it is doubtful whether Britain's war in-

dustry ever could have turned out the necessary armaments without the willing help of the thousands of Irish men and women who streamed into Britain's factories and workshops.

During the war, there were some Irish who hoped that the English would win, but not, as one prelate expressed himself, "Until they've had a good hiding first." Today there is a feeling that England has had that hiding.

Ireland's deep dislike of Communism is a further factor making for a *rap-prochement* with her traditional enemy. Rejection of Communism is a point that unites virtually all Irishmen and certainly all Irish Catholics worthy of the name. Particularly in Church circles, there is a strong feeling that the British Commonwealth of nations is one of the most effective bulwarks left against Soviet penetration.

The economic facts of life are also speaking as they never spoke before. For better or worse, geography has located Ireland on England's flank. In the past, England's difficulty was claimed to be Ireland's opportunity, but right now England's difficulty is Ireland's difficulty. Ireland's agricultural economy complements Britain's industrial economy. Ninety per cent of Irish exports go to

long since disappeared in England, may be seen in Irish shopwindows. But these are negligible. England's great need is hard currency, and her exports are being directed primarily to nonsterling areas. Thus only a relatively thin trickle of British consumer goods has reached Ireland, while the latter's sterling balances are piling up in London.

For instance, Ireland's main need at present is probably British coal. Right now British coal exports to Ireland amount to a bare 11,000 tons a week of poor-quality coal, all of which goes to essential industries.

Thus economic, not political, issues dominate Anglo-Irish relations at the moment. Ireland may or may not be a member of the British Commonwealth of nations, but it is very much part and parcel of the sterling area. There are those who argue that Ireland need never have based its currency upon sterling, but so far few practicable alternatives have been suggested. Apparently, the general feeling is that Ireland should try to make the best of its bargaining power within the sterling bloc, while not neglecting any opportunity to develop its trade with hard currency countries, particularly the United States.

A further economic factor affecting



While the seldom-photographed Mrs. De Valera looks on, her celebrated husband greets Colonel Brennan at a Dublin reception

England, and hitherto, Irish efforts to find alternative outlets for her exports have met with scant success.

Here comes the rub for Ireland, however. England is only too pleased to take as much Irish agricultural produce as possible. Indeed, negotiations are proceeding now with a view to stepping up the volume. The difficulty is the *quid pro quo*. At the moment Britain is not in a position to supply Ireland with adequate quantities of consumer goods. True, British consumer goods that have

Anglo-Irish relations has developed since the war. Ireland has become a vast feeding-ground for hungry Britons who are eager to sample good food in generous quantities once more and escape for a while from the rigors of all-embracing regulations and restrictions. Such were the crowds seeking to visit Ireland last summer that it was almost impossible to get an Embarkation Permit on any of the numerous cross-Channel steamers. Hotels, restaurants, and shops reaped a golden har-

vest, and tourists' purchases threatened a serious dislocation in the supply of consumer goods. A strict ban was imposed on the export of such goods and enforced with extreme rigor.

Despite the huge amounts of British sterling thus accumulated and the handsome profits accruing to hotel proprietors and shopkeepers, there is some dissatisfaction. In reality all the sterling spent by British tourists cannot increase the amount of consumer goods obtainable from England. In some quarters, it is argued that if Ireland is to continue to feed Britons without prospect of any adequate return in consumer goods, as opposed to paper money (and no Irishman grudges this altruism), surely it would be more in keeping with Ireland's Christian traditions to see that really poor and hungry Britons are the recipients, and not, as is usually the case with tourists, the more prosperous who can afford what are often sky-high prices.

One problem that is causing widespread uneasiness is the increasing number of British who have bought real estate in recent years. England's Socialist regime, combined with Ireland's lower income tax of seven shillings in the pound (35 per cent), as against England's nine shillings (45 per cent) has driven numbers of wealthy Britons to Ireland, and the result is a phenomenal rise in real estate values.

It would be idle to expect any marriage of minds between two such very different races. That can never be. The Irish mentality is one that the Englishman, with the best will in the world, cannot fathom. That is indeed the great weakness of the English. Even now they frequently fail to understand the mental scars left by the wounds of long ago, wounds that mean nothing to the English of today, but have had a lasting effect on the descendants of those who suffered. Many Britons have still to learn why Ireland has never ceased to want at all costs to be "a nation once again," and to understand the emphasis on complete independence.

EQUALLY, the Irishman is apt not to give the English sufficient credit for evolution and good will. While some of the Irish in England tend to abandon their Irish traditions and become "West Britons," others make little or no effort to understand their Anglo-Saxon neighbors. The difference between the two civilizations is undoubtedly very great, the more so as British religious traditions are rapidly evolving into agnosticism. But there is certainly room for a more conscious effort on the part of many Irishmen to appreciate the degree of change in the outlook of the modern Englishman. Nevertheless, tolerance and understanding have grown

apace, even if fundamental cordiality would be too much to expect as yet.

The virtual loss of the old language may be a reason for some remaining bitterness that still rankles deep in the subconscious. Age-long efforts at anglicization culminated at the time of the Great Famine, which reduced native Irish speakers by almost 90 per cent.

Many Irish turned their back on the national language. By the end of the nineteenth century it had reached the lowest possible ebb. But in 1893 Dr. Douglas Hyde, Ireland's first President, joined forces with Father O'Growney of Maynooth and formed the Gaelic League.

No trouble has been spared to make Irish the national language once again. It is compulsory in primary and secondary schools, as well as for admission to the Civil Service. Moreover, reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught through the medium of Irish. Abbey Theater players must know Irish. Newspapers and magazines carry at least one Irish article, although up to now, with very rare exceptions, English still remains the accepted medium for Irish literature. Irish is the official language and English the secondary language of the country, official notices and street-signs being usually published in both

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► If you look back too much, you  
will soon be heading that way.  
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languages, although in some instances only Irish is used.

Professor Tierney has described the object of the language movement as being "... the re-establishment of historical continuity, the undoing of the spiritual damage of centuries." That is unquestionably the aim behind the restoration of Irish to its proper place in the national life. Unfortunately, however, results are not commensurate with the zeal displayed.

The Irish Government is facing many difficult problems, apart from the language. "Dev" has dominated the national scene for fifteen years and his personal position remains unchallenged. But this does not mean that the Government is by any means universally popular. The elections last month demonstrated that Fianna Fail has lost popularity in the country. As in the case of relations with Great Britain, economic issues are uppermost at the moment.

Prices have very nearly doubled since the beginning of World War II. Despite epidemic after epidemic of strikes, wages and salaries have not kept pace with prices. A strenuous effort is now being made to enforce price controls and reduce the price of certain staple foods by means of subsidies. It remains to be

seen whether the Government's tax increases will succeed in putting over this program. Up to now, little effective effort has been made to deal with the problem of soaring prices and profits, although British *de facto* control of Ireland's currency makes such action difficult. Irish rations are more generous than British, but many cannot afford to buy at present price levels, which in most instances are well above their British equivalents. It has been estimated that 80 per cent of Irish wage-earners do not receive more than \$600 a year. There is widespread grumbling among Dublin's poor at the prices of clothing, footwear, meat, and vegetables in particular; and drastic action will have to be taken forthwith if real hunger is to be prevented, at least in the cities.

EMIGRATION is still a running sore. Speeches are made year in, year out about the necessity for keeping Irish youth at home; but thousands and thousands of the flower of Irish youth continue to head for England every year, in the vast majority of cases never to return save possibly for a vacation. The reason for this is simple. The economic opportunities do not exist in Ireland and, until they do, emigration will continue on the present scale.

Wages in the United Kingdom are such that an Irish worker can usually live and eat better there than at home, despite the stringent British rations. Social services, too, are better in England. Old-age pensions, for instance, amount to \$5.20 a week, as opposed to \$2.00 in Ireland. In England, children's allowances are payable at the rate of \$1.00 a week from the second child, whereas in Ireland the rate is 50 cents, from the third child. Moreover, as things are, jobs are just not to be found in Ireland.

At the moment of writing, emigration seems to have become a permanent feature of Ireland's economy. The status of Irish-born citizens abroad is thus of paramount importance and may be one of the main reasons why an Irish Republic has never yet been officially proclaimed. De Valera has stated more than once that he regards Ireland as an independent republic, but the fact remains that care has been taken never to snap the tenuous link binding Ireland to the British Commonwealth of nations. From one angle at least, this may be useful, as it allows Irish citizens to work in the United Kingdom without any danger of expulsion as aliens, and at the same time insures a plentiful supply of labor for British industry. Time will show whether this is beneficial to Ireland, but there are many who regret the situation.

The link with the British Commonwealth of nations is worth examination.

(Continued on page 78)



"I'll put them in their playpen, Anna," she said quietly

FRANK NOVACK was mending the fence around the chicken house when Mrs. Hoyt drove her big sedan up his dirt driveway. She waved to him and flashed him one of her quick smiles.

"Hello there, Frank."

He nodded his greetings and continued his work with fumbling fingers. Mrs. Hoyt's visits to Anna and the twins always made him uneasy. A rich lady like her didn't drive over fifteen miles of bad road to see a former hired girl for nothing. But Anna wouldn't believe when he told her that. She was proud as a peacock every time Mrs. Hoyt came to visit her.

Anna, a twin tucked under each arm,

Anna was a simple, uneducated woman, but she was the only one who really understood the "Colonel's Lady"

was striding across the yard to the car now, her head high, her blond hair flying in the wind, her hearty voice booming welcome to the smartly dressed young woman stepping out of the car.

"Mrs. Hoyt, how nice you come today. I just bake apple cake."

"Wonderful! My favorite . . . Stevie . . . Marie . . . Darlings!" Mrs. Hoyt held out her arms to the twins. They went to her willingly, grabbing for her hair and the scarlet feather on her hat,

while she cooed with delight and Anna stood by beaming approval.

"They're growing beautifully, Anna, just beautifully. Are you giving them an egg every day as I told you to?"

"Sure thing," said Anna. "Cod liver oil too."

"That's right. They need that for their bone structure. Anna, there's a carton in the car. Bring it in."

"Mrs. Hoyt, you don't bring the kids presents again?"

The Rich Mrs. Hoyt

by MAXINE WOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY S. HARTMAN

"Why not? They're not mine, so I can break all the rules and spoil them. But there are other things in that box too. An overcoat of Mr. Hoyt's. I hope it will fit Frank. And a dress of mine. But I don't know if you can wear it, Anna," Mrs. Hoyt said, frowning at Anna's buxom figure. "You should be careful. You're eating too many carbohydrates."

"I eat all the time," laughed Anna, as she rested the big carton on her hip. "I got one big appetite."

"I wish I had," sighed Mrs. Hoyt. "I certainly miss your cooking, Anna."

"Your new cook—she's no good?"

Frank was glad he didn't have to hear any more of their conversation. He would get it all secondhand from Anna anyway. Proudly she'd show him the presents and tell him what Mrs. Hoyt said about the twins, and then she would tell him Mrs. Hoyt's latest household worries.

"It is one big shame, Frank," Anna would say. "Two years now since I leave her and still Mrs. Hoyt don't find a girl to keep her fine house right. Worry she's got from day to night. And with Mr. Hoyt so nervous! He likes everything just so."

"Worry!" Frank pulled the wire tight and fastened it to the post. That Mrs. Hoyt was young, almost as young as his Anna. She was lazy, that's what. Too lazy to have kids of her own, too lazy to do her own work. If that's the kind of life she wanted, all right, that was her business. But she should leave his Anna alone.

It had taken him two years of steady courting to persuade Anna to marry him and to move to his farm. "I like best to live in city, where you have things nice, and to work for Mrs. Hoyt," she used to say. "She is good to me, like a sister. And how will she do without me? Every day she goes to meeting. All day she does good work for poor people."

At first it was true, Anna didn't like the farm. She was always running to the city to see Mrs. Hoyt, and two or three times a week she'd want to go to Endbury to the movies. But that was before Stevie and Marie were born. Now it was different. Now she was too busy baking, washing, sewing new clothes for

the twins or curtains for the house. Sometimes she even helped him in the fields. And all the time she'd sing. Slovak songs she learned in the old country, and American songs she heard on the radio.

They were getting along fine. Already they had three cows and a hundred chickens, ninety acres of good land and fifteen hundred dollars in the bank.

In a little while, if the night work at the machine shop in Endbury kept up, they'd have enough money to build a barn—a big one, big enough for thirty head of cattle. Even Anna said first they should build a new barn before they painted the house and put in a bathroom.

"Frank, Frank!" Anna was calling from the window. "You come in now. Supper is ready."

He had a good notion to jump into his car and drive to work without eating. But that meant he'd have to go without his midnight meal too. Anna always packed a better lunch than he could buy at the cafeteria. No. He'd show that Mrs. Hoyt that she didn't

mean anything to him. He'd be polite to her—she was a guest in his house—but that was all.

Mrs. Hoyt was sitting on the couch with the twins on her lap. They must have been playing rough. Her blue linen suit was a mass of wrinkles and the neat roll of hair around her head was half down. But now she was just cuddling the twins, trying to pick the appliqué ducks off the sunsuits they were wearing.

She smiled at Frank. "That's a fine new pump you put in the kitchen. It makes it easier for Anna, now she doesn't have to carry water from the yard."

"That's why I do it," Frank said. "Next year we have plumbing. The best."

He went to the sink to wash his hands. It was piled with coffee cups and plates. Every time that Mrs. Hoyt came, she and Anna had a party together. But she never stayed for a meal. She ran charity bazaars, but she was too good to eat with working people.

"You don't say nothing about the twins," Anna said, as she brought him a plate of steaming lamb stew. "Mrs. Hoyt dress them up cute, huh? Like rich kids at the seashore."

"We don't go to seashore this year."



Mrs. Hoyt's visits always made him uneasy



Not Particular

► The most logical "boner" we've run across was made recently by a laborer in applying for a factory job.

He struggled through an application form and came to the query: "Person to notify in case of accident?" He wrote: "Anybody in sight!"

—This Week

"But these suits aren't just for the beach, Frank," said Mrs. Hoyt. "The children can wear them when they play in the yard. They need sun on their little bodies, just as they need cod liver oil and orange juice."

As if he didn't know that! But she pronounced each word carefully, like a school teacher explaining a lesson. She flashed her smile at him again and started to tuck in the stray ends of hair. Stevie started to whimper.

"Why Stevie, sweet, what's the matter?"

"You take your arm away from him, just when he goes for your bracelet," Anna laughed.

"You want my bracelet, darling? Then you shall have it."

Mrs. Hoyt slipped one of the slender bands from her wrist and gave it to him.

"Look at him!" she cried. "He thinks it's a teething ring! He put it right in his mouth!"

"Better take it away," Anna said. "He's got a good bite already."

"Oh but he can have it! He needs a teething ring. And here's one for Marie, too."

"No!" In three long strides, Frank was across the room. He hadn't meant to shout. Mrs. Hoyt was startled. Marie started to cry. But Frank was determined to put an end to this nonsense.

"YOU keep bracelets," he said, prying Stevie's fingers from the one he was gripping. It wasn't easy. Stevie clung to his treasure, crying bitterly when Frank freed it from his grasp.

"Please don't make him cry over such a little thing," pleaded Mrs. Hoyt. "I don't need the bracelet, really I don't."

"They want teething ring. I buy in Endbury tonight," Frank said, handing it back to her. "You keep it." He went back to his supper.

Anna began slamming kettles around on the stove. That was her way of telling him she was sore. All right, let her be sore. He knew what he was doing. That Mrs. Hoyt was just trying to turn Anna's head. Maybe she was thinking that when the twins got older Anna would come back to work for her again. She always said Anna could keep a

house cleaner and cook better than anyone she knew. Well, he had taught that Mrs. Hoyt something for once. She wasn't acting so smart now as she sat there in her fine clothes, patting the children.

"I'll put them in their playpen, Anna," she said quietly. "They might take a tumble if I leave them here on the couch. I have to be running along."

"But you say, today you stay to put them to bed."

"I will some other time. It's getting late. Mr. Hoyt worries if I'm late."

"Yes, you go now," Anna said slowly. "But I see you next Wednesday."

"Perhaps we'd better not plan on that," Mrs. Hoyt said, her eyes on Frank.

"I say I come, I come," said Anna firmly.

But that didn't seem to satisfy Mrs. Hoyt. She went to Frank. "Mr. Novack," she said politely—it was the first time he could remember she had ever called him anything but Frank—"I've invited your wife and children to spend a day with me, if it's all right with you."

"Sure, it's all right," Anna said before he could say a word. "I fix his lunch and supper before I go. He can get along for one day. We take kids out to car to say good-by. You want to carry Stevie?"

"Oh yes!" said Mrs. Hoyt, holding out her arms for him.

From the window, Frank could see the two women laughing and playing with the twins. But when Mrs. Hoyt finally drove away and Anna came into the house, all the laughter was gone from her face. Without a word, she put the children in their double highchair and started to feed them their oatmeal.

It was always that way. After Mrs. Hoyt left, there was silence between them. They might as well have it out right now. Anna was a smart girl. She should know that Mrs. Hoyt wanted something, that in this world you don't get anything for nothing.

"So—you go in to the city again Wed-

nesday," he began, in an accusing tone.

"You hear what she say," Anna answered harshly. "She calls for me in her car. I catch five o'clock bus from city for Endbury and take taxi home for one dollar."

"What do you do in city all day?" He almost added, "Scrub her floors?" But the look in Anna's eyes made him cautious.

"I take kids to doctor."

"We got doctor in Endbury."

"Small town doctor. He brings babies into world. That's all he knows. Special doctor in city tell how to make kids grow right. That's how they do in America."

When Anna said, "That's how they do in America," it meant the argument was over. Like the time when Mrs. Mylonas down the road said they could borrow her playpen for the twins and Anna refused to take it. "Too old," she said. "In America for babies you buy everything new. No germs then."

THIS was different. This was more important than a piece of furniture for the kids. He had started the fight and he was going to finish it. "You go to the doctor, you pay the bill!"

"Sure I pay the bill! What do you think? I take charity?" she flared at him.

"What do you call that?" He pointed to the carton of old clothes.

"Oh, that. Mrs. Hoyt don't bring them because we need them bad. She brings them for excuse to come."

"She use doctor for excuse too—to get you to her house."

"Sure she does. I know that!"

"Then Anna why—why you such a big fool?"

He expected her to snap back at him. Her eyes, like his, were hard with anger, but suddenly, as she looked at him, they changed. Her face softened. Her voice grew soft too.

"You are funny man, Frank. Good husband, good father. But for smart man, sometimes you are dumb."

"Dumb! I'm the dumb one!" he shouted. "That Mrs. Hoyt wants something!"

"Sure she wants," Anna said, without raising her voice. "She wants so bad, she ache all the time."

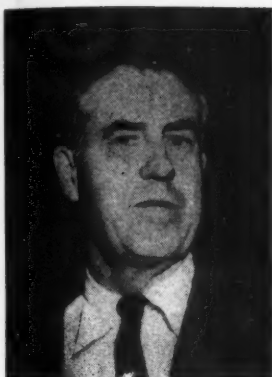
"She's got plenty."

"What's she got?" Anna asked, in that same soft voice. "Big house. Money. Man with flowers. Every wedding day—flowers. What's that? Nothing. No good without babies. She don't say nothing, but I know."

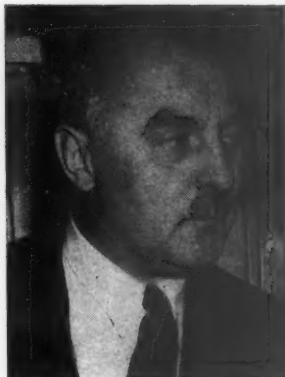
"Anna. . ."

But Anna pretended she was too busy with the children to talk any more. Yet, she was talking to him. As she fed the twins their oatmeal, she hummed a folksong—one of his favorites.

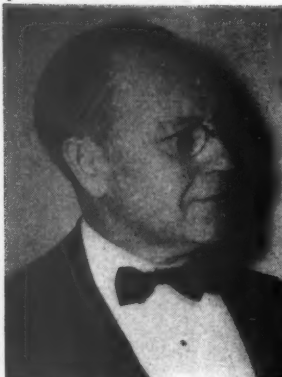
MAXINE WOOD has written and acted for radio and for the theater. She has also had short stories in the *Atlantic*, *American*, and several other periodicals.



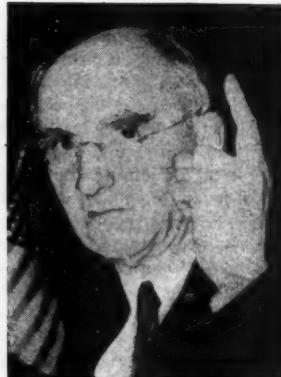
Wallace—the best symbol



Fritchman—"strange case"



Shieler—one of seven



Ward—our own "Red Dean"

One of the mysteries of our times is how
intelligent men can defend Russia, not the U. S.

The treason of some intellectuals

by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

ONE of the most disturbing phenomena of our times is the treason to the cause of Western civilization of many of those educated men and women who should feel the greatest moral and cultural stake in its preservation.

The outer limit of Soviet military and political expansion has traced, as if with a sword, a clear demarcation in our contemporary world. On one side is a perfect barbarism, on the other an imperfect civilization.

In the camp of perfect barbarism the most elementary rights of man as a child of God, his freedom of thought and expression, his freedom of conscience and of moral judgment, are trampled on with all the scientific, uncompromising ruthlessness of the modern totalitarian dictatorship. Such a society, even if it should succeed, which it has shown little capacity to do, in filling the bellies of its citizens, could never satisfy the mind or the soul of anyone who was nurtured in the Western tradition, in the Greco-Roman and Christian heritage. I know from many personal contacts and experiences that few individuals in this unhappy world are so miserable as the poor misguided souls who have gone back to Russia, or to any of its satellite states, from free countries and then have found they cannot get out again.

In the European countries outside the Iron Curtain one finds distress and impoverishment and uncertainty. The fearful consequences of the most destructive of all wars cannot be quickly or easily outlived. But in the camp of imperfect civilization

there is still liberty under law. Parliaments are deliberative assemblies, not gatherings of mechanical robots. Men can discuss public issues freely and criticize government officials without fearing the visitations of an arbitrary and irresponsible secret police. There are no slave labor camps. The immense curative power of freedom is still operative.

One would imagine that in this great confrontation of our time the voice of our intellectuals, of our scholars, publicists, spiritual leaders, scientists, authors, artists, would be a united chorus for the imperfect civilization (with the hope that its imperfections would be eliminated), against the perfect barbarism, which offers no hope whatever, because it refuses to admit its own worst crimes. One would expect from educated men and women the knowledge and perspective to brush aside propaganda sophistries and to recognize that the victory of Communist totalitarianism would be a catastrophe exceeding in its effects the fall of the Roman Empire, involving the loss of every moral and social gain for which free men have struggled and sacrificed for centuries.

Thirty years have passed since the Soviet regime was established in Russia. There is no element of reasonable doubt today about its character. No tolerably informed person can honestly doubt that the Soviet system rests on a basis of espionage and terrorism far more ruthless and far better organized than anything known under the Czars. No one who has seriously studied the available evidence

can honestly doubt that human slavery has been instituted in the Soviet forced labor concentration camps on a scale and with a cruelty unknown in the Western world.

It is one of the weirdest of modern intellectual delusions that "economic democracy" can exist or does exist without a full measure of political democracy and civil liberties. There is only one freedom, and all the regimented mass parades and demonstrations in the world cannot cover up its absence where it is nonexistent.

One might have hoped and expected that America's intellectuals would be in the first line of the struggle for freedom and against totalitarianism, a struggle in which the lines are now so clearly and sharply drawn. A Western-trained intellectual could not breathe spiritually and psychologically in the stifling atmosphere of a Communist or near-Communist tyranny. This fact can be documented by the experiences of many individuals who have escaped at the risk of their lives from the Soviet Union and its satellite states.

One of the most impressive plebiscites in history, as between free and unfree ways of life, is furnished by the million or more uprooted DP's of Europe. They prefer the misery, hardship, and uncertainty of life in refugee camps in a cold inhospitable world to the prospect of returning to their homelands and living under Communist rule. And practically every DP is a refugee from Russia and the lands which Russia dominates. One does not find people from free countries, Americans, British, French,

Belgians, Dutch, preferring a status of permanent exile to the prospect of returning to their homelands.

But the voice of the intellectuals in the United States, and in other Western countries, gives out the sound of a very uncertain trumpet. Some are frankly in the camp of the totalitarian enemy, as their habit of joining transparent Communist-front organizations and signing pro-Soviet and pro-Communist manifestoes indicates. Others are lukewarm and half-hearted champions of freedom and of the institutions which make for freedom.

When I speak of the treason of some intellectuals I am not thinking of outright betrayal of military or industrial secrets to agents of a foreign power. Even this is by no means unknown, as the exposure of the Canadian spy ring showed.

But there is another kind of treason, not so brazen and melodramatic, but treason, nonetheless, to the ideals and values of Western civilization, which is much more common. I am thinking of the hundreds of men and women of more or less intellectual distinction whose names regularly appear in the appeals of the Communist-front organizations, most of which have been belatedly characterized as subversive by the United States Attorney General.

I am thinking of the professors, publicists, scientists, authors who can find no better use for American freedom of speech than to carp at American ideals and institutions and exalt those of an alien dictatorship. I am thinking of pastors, and there are some, unfortunately, who use the pulpits and the religious press to sing the praises of Communist regimes which are not only avowedly atheistic, but which violate the most elementary laws of Christian charity and of common humanity. I am thinking of Americans, whatever may be their occupations, who have become such addicts of foreign totalitarian ideology that they must be considered intellectual and spiritual expatriates in this country.

LET'S consider some concrete cases. Not long ago the *Atlantic* published an article by Ralph Barton Perry, Professor Emeritus of Harvard University, which could fairly be described as a plea for all-out appeasement of Stalin as a solution for American-Soviet differences. In this article, pompously entitled "The Logic of Peace," Perry recommends that in all disputed points "we should give her (the Soviet Union) the benefit of the doubt—and when in such matters there is not room for doubt?" It would be hard to conceive of a slicker formula for unconditional surrender in dealing with a power like Russia, which never gives the other side the slightest benefit of any doubt.

By a masterpiece of semantics Perry defines Soviet expansion, which has already led to the annexation of over 270,000 square miles in Europe and Asia



Dr. Harlow Shapley shakes with Vishinsky after his speech condemning the U.S.

and to the reduction of a much larger area to vassal status as "defensive." He whitewashes this entire process, which was carried out with the most revolting cruelty and with complete disregard for the rights of self-determination of the many ethnic groups, Poles, Finns, Letts, Estonians, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, Germans, involved with the following judgment:

"I see no intent of world conquest, no code of militarism, no philosophy of national or racial superiority, no Russian imperialism or Pan-Slavism. What I do see is a determination to consummate her own socialist revolution, within her own wide boundaries, with her own vast internal resources, and without interference from abroad."

The professor displays an unfortunate genius for seeing what is not and for not seeing what is. Ninety per cent of the present strain and friction in international relations would disappear immediately if the Soviet Union would retire "within her own wide boundaries" and attend to her own affairs, instead of clamping down puppet regimes on tens of millions of unwilling east Europeans and trying to stir up division, riot, and civil war in many countries far outside these boundaries.

Professor Perry finally comes up with two concrete suggestions: that the United States, without imposing any preliminary conditions, should offer Russia a ten-year nonaggression pact and a loan. The value of the nonaggression pact may be judged from what has happened to Poland, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia. All these countries enjoyed the supposed pro-

tection of nonaggression pacts with the Soviet Union, concluded at Soviet initiative.

It is interesting to note that the *Atlantic Monthly* gave specific and fulsome editorial endorsement to Perry's plea for appeasement in the following introductory note, published with his article:

"He made these remarks of light and leading to American undergraduates at Bucknell University and Wilson College, and at the *Atlantic's* urging he has expanded his views in this farseeing paper."

It would seem that, despite the *Atlantic's* reputation for genteel respectability, its pro-Soviet slant has not appreciably changed since the time, two years ago, when it published two articles on Poland by the avowed Communist partisan, Anna Louise Strong, and refused to print an article embodying a different viewpoint which it had commissioned from a recognized expert on Poland, the late Raymond Leslie Buell.

Maybe the fairies just arrange it that way or maybe the editors are afraid of being considered "red baiters"; but other serious monthlies, as well as the *Atlantic*, seem to shrink from forthright presentation of the case for Americanism against Communism. Articles which depict life in Yugoslavia as just an idyl of voluntary work or indicate that the Greeks are not much good anyway or that it would be a mistake to support the existing regime in China in its struggle against Communism seem to find readier acceptance than those which offer more support for a vigorous American foreign policy, committed to vigilant containment of Communist expansion.

The dice are still more loaded in the case of our serious weeklies. Leaving aside weekly publications which are devoted mainly to news or entertainment or religious comment, leadership in this field

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN is well known as a writer and lecturer on Russian-American subjects. He is the author of "The Russian Enigma," and many other works.

has been in the hands of the *New Republic*, until recently edited by Henry Wallace, and the *Nation*. Both these publications are predisposed to a critical outlook on American foreign and domestic policies.

Economically they favor collectivism of the British and continental socialist type; in discussions of foreign affairs they are apt to proceed on the assumption that Russia is usually right and the United States is usually wrong. It would be an exaggeration to call them outright pro-Communist; their editors would doubtless profess preference for a combination of socialist economics with democratic politics. But for a long time both magazines, especially the *New Republic*, have followed a pretty consistent policy of giving the Soviet Union the benefit of every doubt—and of a good many points which are not even doubtful.

THEY are unlike the *New Leader*, another weekly, which combines a mildly leftwing and pro-labor attitude on domestic affairs with vigorous and consistent opposition to Communism at home and abroad. But this weekly is handicapped in its access to libraries and newsstands by its narrow financial base.

America, as Abraham Lincoln said, was "conceived in liberty"; and every critical and dissenting voice has a right to be heard. What is to be deplored is not the existence of the *New Republic* and the *Nation*, but their near monopoly in the serious weekly field. The biggest gap in the American publishing field today is the absence of a magazine which, without being blindly chauvinistic or reactionary, would uphold the intellectual case for the distinctive American political and economic system, which would give its readers an interpretation of the international scene unaffected by the pressures of a Be-Nice-to-Stalin attitude.

It must seem grotesque that clergymen in some cases should be Soviet addicts, apologists for atheistic totalitarianism. Yet a number of cases of this kind can be cited. One could mention, for instance, the Rev. William Howard Melish, head of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship—a notorious front organization. Or the Rev. Harry F. Ward of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who is perhaps the nearest equivalent in this country to the "Red Dean" of Canterbury in England. He once took part in a radio debate as associate of William Z. Foster in upholding the glories of Communism. And his fanatical zeal for the Communist cause in this debate, as in other speeches and writings, fully kept pace with that of Foster, the avowed atheistic Communist.

Not very long ago a group of Protestant clergymen, including the Rev. Guy Emery Shipley, editor of the *Churchman*, visited Yugoslavia as nonpaying guests of Marshal Tito. They returned after a brief visit full of expressed enthusiasm over the alleged

"complete freedom of worship" in that country. Perhaps they did not need the visit to make them enthusiastic. Two days after they had arrived in Belgrade, before they could conceivably have made any serious investigation, they were giving out cordial press statements.

A witty commentator referred to "Snow White Tito and his seven clerical dwarfs." Not one of the clergymen possessed any intimate knowledge of Yugoslav history, politics, or language, and what they reported is in glaring contradiction to the testimony of men who could speak with far more authority on the subject. The Vatican is in possession of detailed information about the fate of hundreds of Catholic priests who have been murdered by Tito's Partisans, with or without the formality of a trial. A revoltingly brutal murder of a Yugoslav priest, Father Bule-sich, was reported almost simultaneously with the return of the "clerical dwarfs" and their attempt to convince American public opinion that Tito's dictatorship assured the blessings of religious freedom.

The Serb Orthodox Bishop of Dalmatia, Iriney, who is now in this country, has presented detailed evidence of the persecution of the Orthodox Church.

Before we leave this strange spectacle of clergymen acting as apologists for atheistic Communism there should be some consideration of what a Unitarian minister, Mr. E. B. Wilcox, has called "the strange case of Stephen Fritchman." Mr.

~~~~~  
▶ The only time you realize you  
have a reputation is when you're  
not living up to it.

—JOSE ITURBI  
~~~~~

Fritchman has been a minister of the Unitarian Church for some years and until recently was editor of its official organ, the *Christian Register*. He was nothing if not a joiner. Mr. Wilcox lists no less than twenty-two Communist front organizations with which Fritchman has been identified, often in an active capacity as sponsor, trustee, vice-chairman, etc.

Perhaps the individual who best symbolizes the treason of a part of our radical and liberal intelligentsia to the ideals of Western civilization is Henry Wallace. The most important feature of Mr. Wallace's candidacy is the fact that for the first time in history a man is basing his campaign for the Presidency largely on siding with a hostile foreign power against his own country.

When I listened to Wallace's speech of acceptance I had a vague feeling of having heard many of its ideas somewhere before. I checked up by referring to Soviet Assistant Foreign Minister Vishinsky's tirade against the United States at a session of the United Nations. Parts of it were indistinguishable from Wallace's ranting about

"warmongers," always American, never Soviet, who were preparing the way for disaster. And the following outburst could certainly have been a broadcast from Radio Moscow:

"We hated Germany for looking on herself as the nation chosen to bring German peace and culture to the world under the jungle law of 'might makes right.' Now, under Truman, backed by Wall Street and the military, the United States invokes the doctrine of 'might makes right' as the foundation of American leadership and domination of the world."

But this is not Radio Moscow. It is Henry Wallace, writing in the *New Republic* of January 26, 1948.

This moral and intellectual treason of some of our intellectuals may be attributed to a variety of causes. Communism is a soothing opiate for frustrated sceptics who have lost faith in nobler creeds. It gives to its addicts a sense of purpose and dedication. For mediocre minds who tread the party line, the Communist Party and its assorted front organizations provide ready-made audiences, assured applause. Communism employs a variety of temptations. It appeals to the misguided idealism of potentially good men who are so lacking in factual knowledge and perspective that the faults of free societies loom larger in their minds than the crimes of totalitarian regimes. And it appeals to the lust for power of bad men who dream of the day when they, like their masters in Moscow, can kill, deport, jail, and "liquidate" human beings on an unlimited scale.

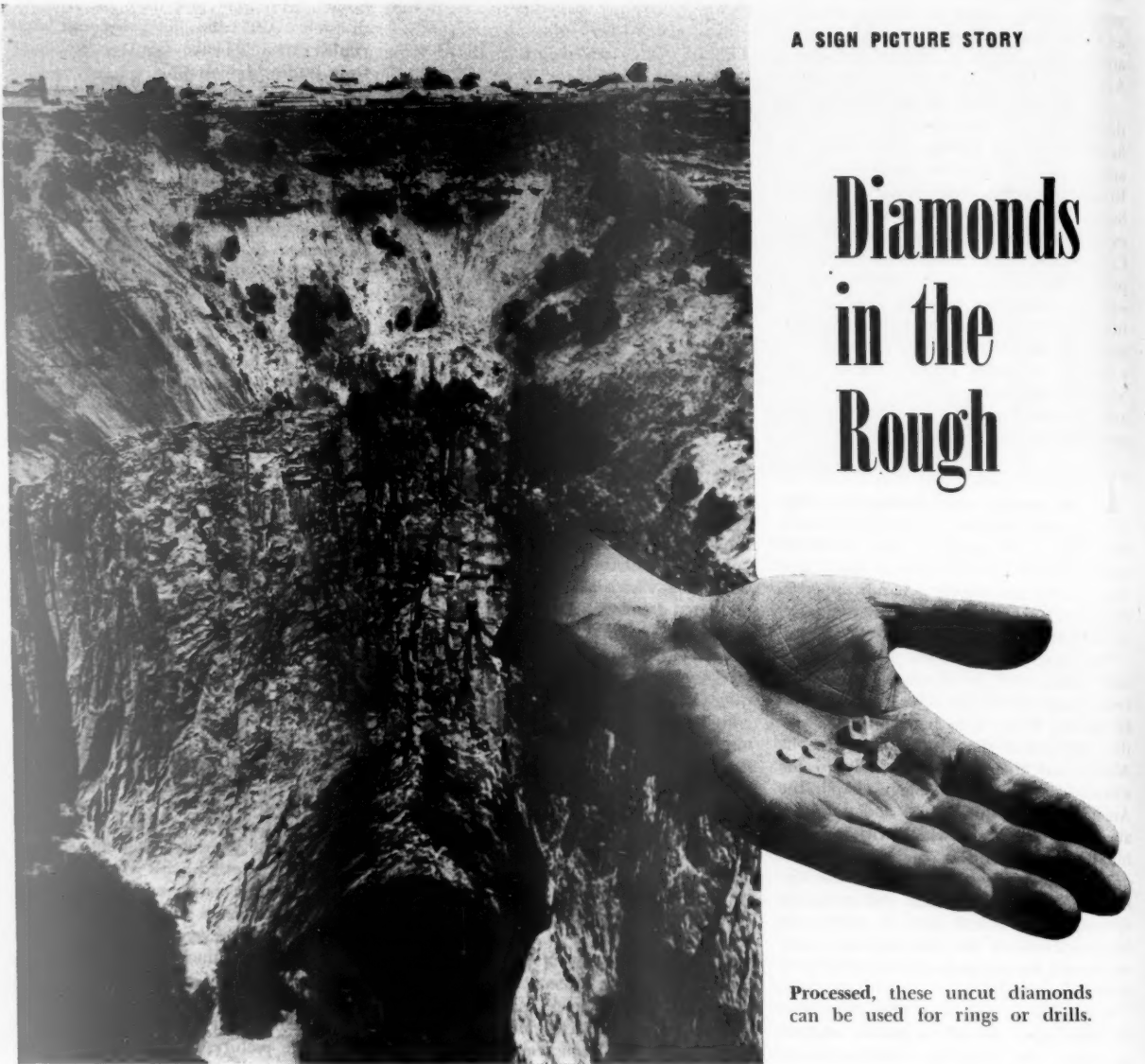
And yet it is hard to explain how a man like Professor Harlow Shapley, an astronomer connected with Harvard University, could be cordial to Soviet Assistant Foreign Commissar Vishinsky beyond all need of courtesy, even posing for photographers at a dinner tendered to that diplomat by the Council of American-Soviet friendship. Professor Shapley was, of course, breaking no law. But one felt on seeing the pictures in the press that he might have made better use of his scientific prestige than to have given open if silent approval to the Soviet diplomat who in his speech that evening charged that American policies in Germany seem to be directed toward "preserving the remnants of Fascism" so that Germany can be "directed against Russia."

THERE are laws against treason and espionage which can be invoked against individuals who commit specific acts of betrayal. But the answer to the subtler moral and cultural treason of some of our intellectuals does not lie in legal repression. It is rather to be found in an informed, alert, and vigilant public opinion.

In order to combat spiritual treason to Western civilization we should sharpen and deepen our thought processes. We should be quick to pierce the camouflage

[Continued on Page 75]

Diamonds in the Rough



Processed, these uncut diamonds can be used for rings or drills.

The largest man-made crater in the world is the "Big Hole" at Kimberly, South Africa. Millions of dollars worth of precious diamonds have been extracted from this great pit.

Centuries ago, Pliny, the historian, spoke of diamonds as, "the most valuable of gems, known only to kings." We still agree with the eminent historian as to the value of diamonds, but since they are more plentiful now they serve not only to decorate the tiaras of the royalty and to bejewel the rich, but are employed in the most difficult jobs of engineering. For besides its brilliant beauty the diamond is the hardest of known substances and can be used in work for which most resistive metals prove unequal. For instance, they are used on the points of drills that are let down into the earth and pierce through layer upon layer of the hardest of rock beds. Steel points

give way in this difficult work, but the beautiful diamond penetrates these layers without evident signs of wear.

Diamonds of old were mined in India. Later they were found in South America and South Africa. Today most of the diamonds are mined in Africa. The great cavern shown above is just a small section of the famous Kimberly mines, the largest man-made cavern in the world. These famous mines were opened in 1870 and are now the center of the diamond area. It was in these mines in 1907 that a workman found the largest diamond yet discovered, the famous Cullinan diamond. This diamond was bought by the



These small heaps of freshly dug diamonds represent a tremendous fortune. An expert is shown carefully sorting them according to carat weight before they are processed.



Worker cuts diamond with high-speed revolving wheel. Outer edge of wheel must be of diamond to cut diamonds.



Weighing uncut diamonds at Birmingham. These scales will weigh a 100th part of a carat. Notice the tiny weights.

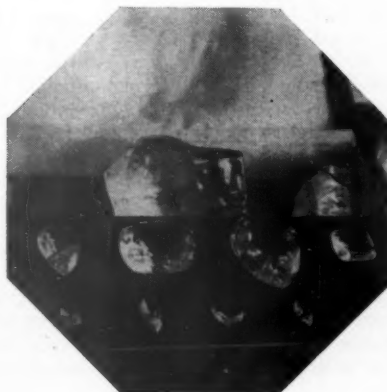


In a Birmingham factory. The worker on the right is engaged in mechanically polishing a diamond. At his left is an expert who is examining a facet on a polished stone.

Transvaal Government and presented to King Edward VII. He sent it to a lapidary in Amsterdam to be processed. It was cut into nine large stones and almost a hundred small brilliants.

While it is true the diamond is the most beautiful of gems, it is not so unless cut properly. It is in the hands of the lapidary that the real brilliance of the diamond must be brought out. This work of diamond cutting is exacting. Not only does the hardness of the gem tax the workman's patience, but the crystal-like formation challenges his finesse in the breaking process.

Here we see a few of the many steps in the processing of diamonds.

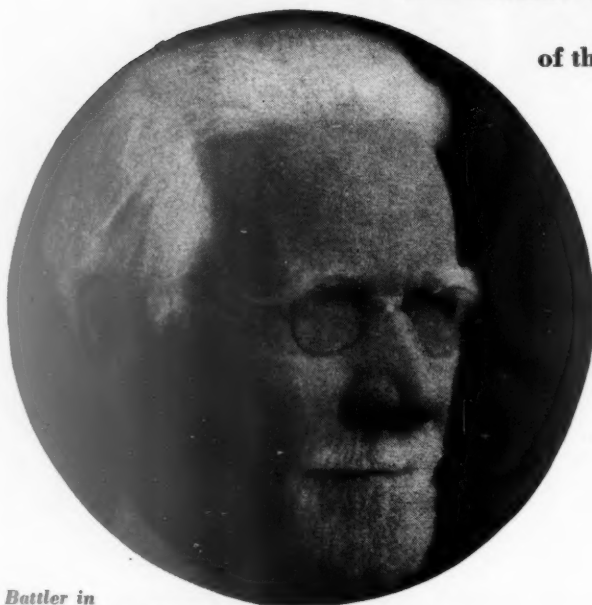


A replica of the famous Cullinan diamond & cuts.

As a one-man vigilance committee, John J. Dillon

of the "Rural New Yorker" at ninety-one

still protects farmers' interests



Battler in print, John J. Dillon

Pitchfork Publisher

by JIM CONNIFF

SOME years ago an angry man, whose name has been tactfully forgotten around the offices of *The Rural New Yorker*, hauled into court the paper's publisher, a slender, spade-calling Irishman named John J. Dillon.

The angry man was an advertiser of mail-order glass eyes. The publisher is a man who has spent his life keeping a conservative grip on millions of dollars worth of Manhattan real estate, wearing pepper-and-salt suits till they fray where the gaff is, getting out one of America's most influential farm papers from a rickety church in the heart of New York's garment district, and vitriolically denouncing anybody and everybody he suspects of trying to hornswoggle the rube. The angry man took him to court anyway.

He had, shrilled the glass-eye merchant, been ground unmercifully between the rumbling millstones of a department in Dillon's paper called "Publisher's Desk." Dillon, who reserves this editorial machinery toward the back of his semi-monthly for his exclusive pleasure, had slugged the man by name for daring to advocate private insertion of glass eyes into so delicate a thing as the human eye-socket. He would have been wiser to take the suit seriously, but in a lifetime of fighting the farmer's battles in print, Battling Jack Dillon had twinkled his one good eye at courtroom walls before.

He just sat back behind his gold-rimmed glasses and looked more like a white-maned Jan Christian Smuts than ever, a resemblance of which he is suspected of

being secretly proud. He yawned comfortably while his attorneys lashed the advertiser to ribbons. When they were through, that smoldering gentleman jerked his head at the bailiff. The courtroom doors opened wide and in filed twelve one-eyed men. Jack Dillon's white goatee dropped in amazement.

Silently, at a gesture from the advertiser, the twelve Cyclops ranged themselves before the bench. Solemnly they produced twelve glass eyes (mail-order models, of course) and, with no trouble at all, screwed them into their empty sockets. Publisher Dillon took his trouncing like a man.

What makes the glass-eye merchant unique is that he, of the many thousands who have brought actions for libel against Dillon and his newspaper, remains the only man ever to win a verdict against the now ninety-one-year-old battle-ax. At this rate, when *The Rural New Yorker* celebrates its 100th anniversary in 1950, the pink-cheeked old man who began spearing unscrupulous advertisers in 1910, ought to have run up an incredible record for bull's-eyes.

This is the way he does it. Readers of the paper, a wholesomely suspicious lot, are devoted to Dillon, who has proved himself their friend. They believe in him. They take his advice, which is always of the Watch-Your-Step, Think-It-Over, Easy-Does-It, Sign-Nothing-In-A-Hurry variety. As a result of his incessant pounding on the theme of caution, hawkers of mail-order insurance in particular, as well

as their smooth colleagues in the dummy lightning-rod, unsexed chicks, and phoney magazine subscription enterprises, are today having a very tough time, by and large, in their efforts to dupe the dilldocks. On the surface it looks, therefore, as though milking's at five, there's hay in the silo, Dillon's in his column, and all's right with the sticks.

Into this pastoral scene, unfortunately, human nature keeps intruding. Somewhere, somebody is not taking Dillon's advice. Men and women, troutlike, insist on mistaking a silver spinner for an honest minnow, and they get hooked. When that happens, and it does with enough regularity to flood "Publisher's Desk" with tears and curses from every state in the union, the muscles under the snowy Van Dyke ripple grimly and action begins. When it ends, everything humanly possible, letters, telephone inquiries, investigation via state, federal, postal, and business channels, has been done to win redress and, much more important, often reimbursement as well, for the victimized subscriber.

Put coldly, this means that in thirty-eight years of operating "Publisher's Desk," Jack Dillon has collected on 48,425 claims for aggrieved readers, to the merry tune of \$1,297,010.25. "The smallest claim," he informs his public in the February 7, 1948, issue of the paper, "was for ten cents—a packet of seeds, ordered but never received. The largest was \$2,595 on a disputed stock claim." Then he continues with the dead-pan dogged-

ness that has made him a household god in rural areas: "One claim, which has been partially collected, was taken up in 1944, and we propose to stick to it until the full amount is paid." At the end of last year he had won 879 of the 1,219 claims for that twelvemonth and gotten back \$30,733.42 of the \$47,921.35 for which slick operators had tried to take farmers for a hayride. For this service he has never at any time charged or accepted a penny.

The personal pitchfork which Dillon has handled so deftly is unique in modern journalism. From the viewpoint of the bamboozled bucolic, his column (often two or three columns) serves as a wailing wall where he (more often she) can pour out the bitterness that comes from having paid \$24.95 for a Nev-R-Dri electric well-pump that dies with a horrible chuckle at the first hint of a dry spell. "Publisher's Desk" is a sword for the rustic widow who hasn't had a word, much less a check, from the insurance people ever since she wrote them how Paw tried unsuccessfully to broad-jump into the seat of a runaway disc-harrow.

The readers seem to think Dillon is their private magician, a crown which he always pushes aside, ever so gently. He,

after all, is the one they've seen *force* a mighty railroad to pay for a paint job when one of its engines splashed hot oil on the new farm truck. When county inspectors insist on clipping the cows in cold weather, Dillon's the boy they rely on to make the necessary growling noises to curb the cruel practice. A recent letter from an upstate New Yorker reveals at once the literary wallop many of his correspondents pack and their gee-whiz attitude toward his powers of persuasion: "Well, I was surprised this week to have a man drive into my yard with a ladder. He stated he had come to fix my roof. It has taken two years to get them to do so and his explanation for his appearance at this time was that 'they had a letter from *The Rural New Yorker* to go out and fix my roof.' I thank you for what you have done for me. I thought I would have to go to court."

If Dillon's efforts fail to get satisfaction or money back for his readers, he, of course, cannot carry his altruism to the point of taking a swindler to court. What he can and does do, though, is something better, in the sense that everybody benefits by it. In two-gun journalese, silencer-equipped for profanity, he pins the ears of the slicker involved to every barn door

where *The Rural New Yorker* is read. Since there are some 300,000 such doors from a few acres in northern Maine to the vast King Ranch in southern Texas, "Publisher's Desk" is so widely circulated that no traveling crook has a chance. Dillon derives positive nourishment from the thought of con men getting their lumps in Pennsylvania months after they figured a little flim-flam deep in New Hampshire had been forgotten.

Surprisingly, no high-powered rifles have cracked in his direction from the bushes of his Port Chester, New York, estate. Nobody has ever tried to shove him under the subway trains he still rides to the ratty ex-church at 333 West 30 Street from his swank Hampshire House apartment on Central Park South.

The lone defeat he suffered at the hands of the glass-eye peddler served only to reassure him of the worth of his ideas. He hawkeyes all advertising copy submitted to his paper to make sure it contains no spurious claims aimed at fooling the farmer. Liquor and cigarette ads are out because, Dillon feels, people have it hard enough being good as it is. Banks don't make the grade, either, since Dillon is a firm believer in local investment, where a farmer can keep an eye on his



The "*Rural New Yorker*" always features a rustic cover photo. These two recent ones are "*Vermont Scene*" and "*Little Boy out on Big Business*."



Forced Landing



of the window and fly around the house."

"Good grief!" exclaimed the patient, "didn't you even try to stop me?"

"Stop you!" said his friend. "I bet five bucks you could do it!"

Elizabeth Phillips

money. Premiums and patent medicines are also taboo. The advertising manager of *The Rural New Yorker* has, in his heart, never quite gotten used to the loss of the \$25,000 worth of sub-Dillon-standard stuff the boss turns down annually.

From his fabulous reserves of energy, Dillon draws generously to lambaste in addition what he is convinced are two big-time traitors to the man with the hoe. The first of these, and perhaps Dillon's archfoe, is the milk combines, which he hates vocally. Himself the first Commissioner of Food and Markets in New York State in 1914, he early joined the Dairymen's League to help the farmer get more money for his milk from the giant milk companies. Later, feeling that the League had sold the farmers down the river, he turned his verbal fury on the League itself and never lets an issue go to press without a blast at the combines and his former ally.

From the day he took over *The Rural New Yorker* in 1898, eight years after joining its staff, he had been saving his choicest wrath for a target worthy of it. That target he found and continues to keep within range in *The American Agriculturist*, a rival paper once owned by Henry Morgenthau, Jr. This sheet, progressive, bouncy, businesslike where Dillon's is sentimental and old-fashioned, draws his heaviest fire for its alleged practice of selling subscriptions and insurance policies as a package. The present owners seem to regard the old man's everlasting warfare as a sort of advertising campaign.

Born of Irish Catholic farm stock in Sullivan County, New York, John J. Dillon was graduated from Albany Normal College into the role of country schoolmaster, a role which he has allowed to color his newspaper just enough to keep it accurately informative without loss of its enduring warmth and charm. The touch of the teacher is seen, too, some claim, in the presence on the staff of a Professor Russell W. Duck, Managing Editor, and Doctor H. B. Tukey, which is close enough to have confused almost everybody. And these names do add color,

when you come to think of it, to a magazine which was founded in 1850 by a man named, prophetically, D. D. T. Moore!

Everybody from the heads of agricultural colleges to bog-trotters is welcome to write for the paper and usually does. Articles are authoritative and very entertainingly written, for the most part, though the token rates provide almost zero lure to writers. Copy that a big magazine would pay enough to buy a cow with, *The Rural New Yorker* gets almost for love, because the people who write it are in love with the country, with animals, with crops, and with that intimate feeling for the land that begets and is born of struggle. A tabloid type paper of thirty-odd pages per issue, its front page is always a huge photographic reproduction of rustic or barnyard scenery, surmounted by a peaceful, old-fashioned woodcut logotype that implies a serenity of purpose invariably denied by "Publisher's Desk." Although some topflight photographers have contributed to this famous front page, they receive the same rate of pay as Jonathan Teaparty of West Cupcake, Massachusetts: Five dollars per print.

MANY of the stories (there is no fiction) are of a technical nature that would floor the city-dweller and probably floor many a grade-school-educated farmer, too. Fortunately, however, for every three articles on such matters as "How to Spray Peach Trees," "When to Sell Pigs," and "Voting on a School Budget," there is only one on something like "Treatment for Cecal Coccidiosis." Much more in the style people have come to love and expect in *The Rural New Yorker* is a blunt title like "Shooting a Chicken Thief."

This particular story was typical of the moralistic strain in Dillon, for he had a hand in it. Farmers who sat down of an evening to relish what promised to be a treatise on how to dispose of the despised coop-raider (shoot him through the brain or just dust his feet with buckshot?) wound up blushing for their inhumanity when Battling Jack, of all people, came right

out and urged that a gun never be used on a human being except when absolutely necessary, "which should mean self-defense." For a man who believes in giving the enemies of the farmer both barrels every time, this was an unusual statement, but Dillon didn't receive a single letter disagreeing with his stand.

The Rural New Yorker's headquarters on Manhattan Island are in an abandoned Methodist church which Dillon is said to have bought because of his dislike for paying rent. Roosting with its presses and personnel among the rafters of the creaking, musty old basilica, the paper enjoys the unique position of keeping its feet firmly but quietly in the dust of the big town while its heart hies forth to the hills. No newsstand carries its biweekly editions, for the only way you can get it (one dollar for three years) is by subscription. People like Paul Whiteman and E. B. White, with farms outside New York, are among the famous gentlemen farmers on the circulation rolls. An R.F.D. number used to be required for new subscribers and still is, pretty much. People who give up their farms and move into town are, once Dillon's staff hears about it, just not reminded when their current subscriptions run out. This is a farmer's paper.

William F. Berghold, Dillon's Editor-in-Chief and, Berghold will tell you with a quick-draw grin, married to one of Dillon's five daughters, is a Lincolnshire lawyer with a friendly manner and the aggressive attitude of an eloquent cougar. An alumnus of Regis High School and Holy Cross College, he talks fast in what could be called only a mellifluous roar and manages to get out alone on the rural circuit in a beaten-up car for ten-day trips about five or six times a year, to keep in close touch with rural life and play personal sounding board for father-in-law's "Publisher's Desk." He is an astute editor who is smart enough not to get modernistic or progressive with a format and an editorial policy which, while strictly 1870 and largely devoted to coal-stove chatter redolent of warm biscuits, sentimental prose on the coming of spring in the country, and technical dissertations on pig-butcherery or gargotty cows, are the deep, chunky foundation stones of Battling Jack's pre-eminence in the field of rural publishing. After all, Mr. Dillon is convinced, to the readers of *The Rural New Yorker*, and especially of "Publisher's Desk," that how to build a manure pit without being rooked on the price of cement means more than all the swimming pools in Beverly Hills. Berghold thinks so, too.

JIM CONNIFF has written for *True*, *This Week*, *Collier's*, etc. He has also done motion picture publicity and, during the war, publicity work for the Merchant Marine.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Not an Institution, but a Home

THE CONVENT WHERE I spent the night some weeks ago is typical of many in the work which Sisters carry out. They are in charge of young girls, sent them by agencies, by courts, by schools. I have no doubt that I would have found the same conditions in any of similar institutions in the charge of various orders of religious. It was typical not only because of the reasons for the work and the method of its dealings, but also because of the children it sheltered.

The chief work of this house is concerned with delinquent children who have been neglected or are in danger because of bad home conditions. I had never been through such an institution, but I had always thought that even in the best of such institutions there must be a system that becomes cut and dried because there are so many to care for.

I saw nothing of that at all. What I saw was very different. Wherever we went through the house we met girls, not uniformed, but in all sorts and colors of dresses, just as one sees them in any school. I saw the long rows of beds in dormitories, but they too were as far from the institutional as any dormitory could be. I saw small girls playing with screaming joy in a big yard. I saw the three-room apartment which one group of girls after the other takes over each week and cares for. The living room and dining room and bedroom were delightfully furnished, and the little kitchen was as up-to-date as a magazine advertisement. The small infirmary was gay with color. There was a little soda bar where one could spend some of one's small allowance for ice cream. I saw the big kitchen where the girls were cooking spaghetti and meat balls for an Italian party. I saw the neat little beauty parlor where each girl is allowed to have a permanent wave when she first arrives. The result to morale, from girls who no doubt expected the modern equivalent of bread and water, is incredible. And I saw the lovely chapel where Catholic girls hear Mass.

I might say here that of course there are others than Catholic children there and it is stipulated that the children go to their own churches on Sundays. This I learned was no trouble to arrange during other seasons but in summer it was different, for the Protestant churches close and there is no place to send the children while those in charge are away on vacation.

Altogether, the chief impression I received was that of sun and light as far as the physical was concerned and laughter and happiness for the spirit. No doubt there were unhappy girls there, for I am not trying to paint a Utopia, but I am trying to show what a Catholic institution feels it necessary to do for the young unfortunates who are there mainly because their own people have failed them. For these are the children mostly of broken homes, whose fathers had no sense of duty, whose mothers had no sense of morals. These are the children of loveless homes, of homes which really should not be called that at all.

In the morning, in the assembly hall, I was asked by the Sister Superior if I would speak to the children. I agreed, but when I looked at the three hundred and more faces before me I hardly knew what to say. It was not that it was hard to speak to girls of such varying ages; one can speak simply on any topic if the occasion calls for it. It was only that I suddenly felt a deep sense

of guilt. I felt as if I ought to devote my whole time to helping these children find a place in the world, as if all of us had just one duty: to give justice and love to these children.

They were not in the sad condition of the children of Europe, I knew. They were watched out for, and after they had left this house there would still be people to look out for them—Big Sisters and other interested women. And while they were in this house they were loved. But the world they go back to will be hard and cold and often unloving.

Only One Subject

I LOOKED AT THE orderly rows, and suddenly I knew there was only one subject to speak about. After all, these girls of ten to sixteen would soon grow up. They would have to live in a world of give-and-take; they would be able to vote on the questions before their country. They would be a part of its future.

I spoke to them of love. For a second it crossed my mind that this was an odd topic to speak of to these children who had been victims rather than beloved charges of their families. Then I looked at them—clean, nicely dressed, waiting politely for me to speak—and saw it was right to speak of love. For they had learned what it was, here, in this house. They had found it here, with these women in black and white who took the place of their parents, women whose entire time, being vowed to God, was as a natural consequence vowed to these little ones of His.

I told them that they would go out into a world that might not be peaceful like these quiet rooms, like their big playground. There might be war again and great trouble. But they were always to realize that those evil things were passing things, and that peace and love were the lasting things. "Remember," I said, "no matter what you hear or see, that peace will always come again and that you must all help it to come and help to hold it when it comes. Remember that love is the greatest thing in the whole world and that in the end it is always stronger than unkindness and hate."

I knew that the smaller ones did not really understand what I was saying, but I thought if I repeated several times the simple facts—that they must carry out into the world the love with which they were surrounded in that house, that they must take care of others as they had been cared for here, that, if everyone helped, it would in time change the whole world and make it full of the love of God. I thought perhaps even the smaller ones might remember a little of that. I hoped so. But I found it hard to control my voice at times when I looked in their faces and thought how innocence must suffer for the sins of others.

Then they sang for me, two songs to thank me, and I said good-by to them. When I drove away, I found myself thinking how wonderful are the Sisters of our Church who have made this their life work—to bring to these neglected children love and care. And they are giving them even more. They are bringing up for us our citizens of the future, turning them from possible misfits of society into good and useful citizens. For these children taken from the highways and byways are being taught by these Sisters another set of values, not the harsh laws of the street, but the laws of the love of God, and are being shown their value in actual daily life.

defeat



by KAY BOYLE

Frenchmen could not know defeat while their women refused to surrender. So the young soldier boasted. And perhaps he was right

TOWARD the end of June that year and through July, there was a sort of uncertain pause, an undetermined suspension that might properly be called neither an armistice nor a peace, and it lasted until the men began coming back from where they were. They came at intervals, trickling down from the north in twos or threes, or even one by one, some of them prisoners who had escaped and others merely a part of that individual retreat in which the sole destination was home. They had exchanged their uniforms for something else as they came along—corduroys, or workmen's blue, or whatever people might have given them in secret to get away in—bearded, singularly and shabbily outfitted men getting down from a bus or off a train without so much as a knapsack in their hands and all with the same bewildered, scarcely discrepant story to tell. Once they had reached the precincts of familiarity, trying to button the jacket that didn't fit them or set the neck or shoulders right, like men who have been waiting in a courtroom and have finally heard their names called and stand up to take the oath and mount the witness stand. You could see them getting the words ready—revising the very quality of truth—and the look in their eyes, and then someone coming out of the post office or crossing the station square in the heat would recognize them and go toward them

with a hand out, and the testimony would begin.

They had found their way back from different places, by different means, some on bicycle, some by bus, some over the mountains on foot, coming home to the Alpes-Maritimes from Rennes, or from Clermont-Ferrand, or from Lyons, or from any part of France, and looking as incongruous to modern defeat as survivors of the Confederate Army might have looked, transplanted to this year and place (with their spurs still on and their soft-brimmed, dust-whitened hats), limping wanly back, half dazed and not yet having managed to get the story of what happened straight. Only, this time, they were the men of that tragically unarmed and undirected force which had been the French Army once but was no longer, returning to what orators might call reconstruction but which they knew could never be the same.

Wherever they came from, they had identical evidence to give: that the German ranks had advanced bareheaded, in short-sleeved summer shirts—young, blond-haired men with their arms linked, row on row, and their trousers immaculately creased, having slept all night in hotel beds and their stomachs full, advancing singing and falling singing before the puny coughing of the French machine guns. That is, the first line of them might fall and part of the second, possibly, but never more, for just then the French ammunition would

suddenly expire and the bright-haired blond demigods would march on singing across their dead. Then would follow all the glittering display: the rust-proof tanks and guns, the chromiumed electric kitchens, the crematoriums. Legends or truth, the stories became indistinguishable in the mouths of the Frenchmen who returned—that the Germans were dressed as if for tennis that summer, with nothing but a tune to carry in their heads, while the French crawled out from under lorries where they'd slept maybe every night for a week, going to meet them like crippled, encumbered miners emerging from the pit of a warfare fifty years interred, with thirty-five kilos of kit, a change of shoes, and a tin helmet left over from 1914 breaking them in two as they met the brilliantly nicked Nazi dawn. They said their superiors were the first to run; they said their ammunition had been sabotaged; they said the ambulances had been transformed into accommodations for the officers' lady friends; they said "*Nous avons été vendus*" or "*On nous a vendu*" over and over, until you could have made a popular song of it—the words and the music of defeat. After their testimony was given, some of them added (not the young but those who had fought before) in grave, part-embittered, part-vainglorious voices, "I'm ashamed to be a Frenchman" or "I'm ashamed of being French today," and then gravely took their places with the others.

There was one man, though, who didn't say any of these things, probably because he had something else on his mind. He was a dark, short, rather gracefully made man, not thirty yet, with hot, handsome eyes and a cleft chin. Even when he came back without his uniform and without the victory, a certain air of responsibility, of authority, remained because he had been the chauffeur of the mail bus before the war. He didn't sit talking in the *bistro* about what he had seen and where he had been, but he got the black beard off his face as quickly as he could, bought a pair of new shoes, and went back to work in stubborn-lipped, youthful, almost violent pride. Except one night he did tell the story; he told it only once, about two months after he got back, and not to his own people or the people of the village but, as if by chance, to two commercial travelers for rival fruit-juice firms who were just beginning to circulate again from town to town in the Unoccupied Zone. They sat at the Café Central together, the three of them, drinking wine, talking about the anachronism of horse-and-mule-drawn cannon in Flanders and the beasts running amok under the enemy planes, and saying how they had all believed that the French line was going to hold somewhere, that it wasn't going to break.

"At first we thought it would hold at the Oise," one of the traveling men said. "We kept on retreating, saying the new front must be at the Oise, and believing it too, and then, when we dropped below the Oise, we kept saying it would hold at the Marne, and believing it, and then we thought it would be the Seine, and even when we were south of Paris we kept on believing about some kind of a line holding on the Loire. . . ."

"I still don't know why we stopped retreating," said the other commercial traveler. He sat looking soberly at his glass. "We can't talk about the Italians any more. I still don't see why we didn't retreat right down to Senegal. I don't see what stopped us," he said. Then the quiet-mouthed little bus driver began telling them about what had happened to him on the fourteenth of July.

He had been told, he said, that in some of the cities the enemy hadn't taken or had withdrawn from, processions formed on the fourteenth and passed through the streets in silence, the flagstaffs they carried draped with black and their heads bowed. In some of the villages, the mayor, dressed in mourning, laid a wreath on the monument of the last war's dead while peasants kneeled about him in the square.

"I was in Pontcharra on the fourteenth," said one of the traveling salesmen, "and when the mayor put the



ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

"If you're one kind of woman any kind of uniform looks all right to you"

wreath down and the bugle called out like that for the dead, all the peasants uncovered themselves, but the military didn't even stand at attention."

"By that time none of the privates were saluting their officers in the street anywhere you went," said the other salesman, but the bus driver didn't pay any attention to what they said. He went on telling them that he'd been taken prisoner near Rennes on the seventeenth of June, and that there he saw the tracts the Boche planes had showered down the week before. The tracts said, "Frenchmen, prepare your coffins! Frenchwomen, get out your ball dresses! We're going to dance the soles off your shoes on the fourteenth of July!" He told the commercial travelers exactly what use they made of the tracts in the public places there. He was more than three weeks in the prison camp, he said, and on the night of the twelfth of July he and a *copain* made their escape. They went in uniform, on borrowed bicycles. They kept to the main road all night, wheeling along as free and unmolested in the dark as two young men cycling home from a dance, with their hearts light, and the stars out over them, and the night air mild. At dawn they took to the side roads, and toward eight o'clock of the new day they saw a house standing alone, a little in advance of the village that lay ahead.

"We'll ask there," the bus driver had said, and they pushed their cycles in off the road and laid them down behind a tree. The house, they could see then, was the schoolhouse, with a sign for "*Filles*" over one door and for "*Garçons*" over the other. The *copain* said there would be nobody there, but the bus driver had seen a woman come to the window and look at them, and he walked up to the door.

THE desks were empty because of what had happened and the time of year, but the bus driver said he knew it must have been the schoolmistress who was standing in the middle of the room between the benches, a young woman with fair, wavy hair, eyeing them fearlessly and even sharply as they came. The bus driver and his *copain* said good morning, and they saw at once the lengths of three-colored stuff in her hands and the work she had been doing. They looked around them and saw four French flags clustered in each corner of the classroom and great loops of bunting that were draped along three sides of the room. The first thing the bus driver thought was that she ought to be warned, she ought to be told, and then, when he looked at her face again, he knew she knew as much as, or more than they.

"You ought to keep the door locked," he had said, and the schoolmistress



*Something as crazy as tears
was standing in his eyes*

looked at him almost in contempt.

"I don't care who comes in," she said, and she went on folding the bunting into the lengths she wanted to cut it to drape across the farthest wall.

"So the village is occupied?" the bus driver said.

"Yes," she said, but she began cutting the tricolor bunting.

"There's one thing," said the *copain*, looking a little bleakly at the two others. "If you give yourself up, at least you don't get shot."

The schoolmistress had put her scissors down and said to the bus driver, "You'll have to get rid of your uniforms before there's any chance of your getting through." She glanced around the classroom as though the demands of action had suddenly made it strange to her. "Take them off and put them in the cupboard there," she had said, "and cover yourselves with this stuff while you wait," and she heaped the blue and white and red lengths upon the desks. "In case they might come in," she said. She took her hat and *filet* off the hook as she said, "I'll come back with other clothes for you."

"If there would be any way of getting something to eat," the bus driver had said, and because he asked this, the tide of courage seemed to rise even higher in her.

"Yes," she said. "I'll bring back food for you."

"And a bottle of *pinard*," said the *copain*, but he didn't say it very loud.

When she was gone, they took their uniforms off and wrapped the bunting around themselves, doing it for her and modesty's sake, and then they sat down at the first form's desks, swathed to their beards in red, white, and blue. Even if the Boches had walked into the schoolhouse then, there probably wasn't any military regulation made to deal with what they would have found, the bus driver had said to his *copain*—just two Frenchmen in their underwear sit-

ting quietly inside the colors of their country's flag. But whether he said the other thing to the teacher as soon as she brought the bread and sausage and wine and the scraps of other men's clothing back, he didn't know. Sometimes, when he thought of it afterward, he wasn't quite sure he had ever got the actual words out, but then he remembered the look on her face as she stood by the tree where the bicycles had lain and watched them pedaling toward the village just ahead, and he knew he must have said it. He knew he must have wiped the sausage grease and the wine off his mouth with the back of his hand and said, "A country isn't defeated as long as its women aren't" or "until its women are" or "As long as the women of a country aren't defeated, it doesn't matter if its army is"—something like that, perhaps saying it just before they shook hands with her and cycled away.

That was the morning of the thirteenth, and the bus driver told how they rode all day in the heat, two what-might-have-been-peasants cycling slowly hour after hour across the hushed, summery, sunny land. The war was over for them, for this country the war was over; there was no sound or look of it in the meadows or the trees of grain. The war was finished, but the farmhouse they stopped at that evening would not take them in.

"Have you got your bread tickets with you?" the peasant said, and even the white-haired sows behind his legs eyed them narrowly with greed.

"We're prisoners escaped. We've got a bit of money," the bus driver said. "We'll pay for our soup, and maybe you'll let us sleep in the loft."

"And when the Boches come in for the milk they'll shoot me and the family for having taken you in!" the peasant said, and the bus driver looked at him bitterly a moment before he began to swear. When he had called the man the names he wanted to, he said, "Look here, we were soldiers—perhaps you haven't got that yet? We haven't been demobilized; we were taken prisoner, we escaped. We were fighting a little war up there."

"If you'd fought it better, the Boches wouldn't have got this far," the peasant said. He said it in cunning and triumph, and then he closed the door.

THEY slept at the next farm (the bus driver told the commercial travelers), eating soup and bread and drinking red wine in the kitchen, and when they had paid for it they were shown up to the loft. But they were not offered the side on which the hay lay; the farmer was thinking of next winter and he told them they could lie down just as well on the boards. They

slept heavily and well, and it was very light when they woke in the morning, and so that day, the day of the fourteenth, they did not get far. By six that night they were only another hundred kilometers on, and then the *copain's* tire went flat. But a little town stood just ahead, and they pushed their bicycles toward it through the summer evening, and down its wide, treeless street. They hadn't seen the uniform yet, but they knew the Germans must be there. Even on the square in the heart of town they saw no sign, but still there was that unnatural quiet, that familiar uneasiness in the air, so they pushed their wheels through the open doors of a big garage, past the dry and padlocked gas pumps, and stood them up against the inside wall. There, in the garage's half-security and semi-dark, they looked around them; twenty or more cars stood one beside the other, halted as if forever because of the lack of fluid to flow through their veins. The war was over, everything had stopped, and out beyond the wide-open automobile doorway they saw the dance platform that had been erected in the square, and the dark, leafy branches twined on its upright beams and balustrade, and the idle people standing looking. There were no flags up, only this rather dismal atmosphere of preparation, and it was then the bus driver and his *copain* had remembered it was the fourteenth.

"It's a national holiday and we haven't had a drink yet," the *copain* said. He stood there in the garage with his hands in the pockets of the trousers that didn't belong to him, staring bleakly out across the square.

The bus driver took a packet of cigarettes out of his jacket pocket and put one savagely on his lip. As he lit it, he looked in hot, bitter virulence out to where the Germans were hanging strings of bulbs among the fresh, dark leaves.

"Frenchmen, prepare your coffins!" he had said, and then he gave a laugh. "They've made only one mistake so far, just one," he said, and as he talked the cigarette jerked up and down in fury on his lip. "They've got the dance floor and the decorations all right, and they've probably got the music, and maybe the refreshments too. So far so good," he said. "But they haven't got the partners. That's what's going to be funny. That's what's going to be really funny."

THE bus driver sat in the Café Central telling it to the two commercial travelers, perhaps because he had had more to drink than usual, telling them the story, or perhaps because it had been weighing long enough heavy on his heart. He told them about the dinner the garage owner gave him and

his *copain*: civet, fried potatoes, salad, and four kinds of cheese and armagnac with the coffee. He said they could scarcely get it all down and that then their host opened a bottle of champagne for them. That's the kind of man the garage owner was. And during the dinner or afterward, with the wine inside of him, it seems the bus driver had said it again. He had said something about as long as the women of a nation weren't defeated the rest of it didn't matter, and just as he said it the music struck up in the pavilion outside.

The place the garage owner offered them for the night was just above the garage itself, a sort of storeroom, with three windows overlooking the square. First he repaired the *copain's* tire for him, and behind him on the wall, as he worked, they read the newspaper cutting he had pinned up, perhaps in some spirit of derision. It exhorted all Frenchmen to accept quietly and without protest the new regulations concerning the circulation of vehicles.

"Without protest!" the garage owner had said, taking the dripping red tube out of the basin of water and pinching the leak between his finger and thumb.

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**► Friendship between man and dog is lasting, because the dog cannot speak his mind.**

~~~~~  
 —IRISH CATHOLIC

"I'll have to close the place up, and they ask me to do it without protest." He stood rubbing sandpaper gently around where the imperceptible hole in the rubber was. "We weren't ready for war and yet we declared it just the same," he said, "and now we've asked for peace and we aren't ready for that, either." When he had finished with the tire he showed them up the stairs.

"I'll keep the light off," he said, "in case it might give them the idea of coming up and having a look," but there was no need for any light, for the illumination of the dance pavilion in the square shone in through the windows and lit the rows of storage batteries and the cases of spare parts and spark plugs. From outside, they heard the music playing—the exact waltz time and the quick, martial version of swing.

"Somebody ought to tell them they're wasting their time," the bus driver had said, jerking one shoulder toward the windows. He could have burst out laughing at the sight of them, he explained, some with white gloves on even, waiting out there to the strains of music for what wasn't going to come.

The garage owner shook out the potato sacks of waste on the floor and gave them the sacks to lie down on, and then he took one look out the window at the square, grinned, said good night, and went downstairs. The *copain* was

tired and he lay down at once on the soft rugs on the floor, but the bus driver stood a while at one side of the window, watching the thing below. A little group of townspeople was standing around the platform where the variously colored lights hung, and the band was playing in one corner of the pavilion underneath the leaves. No one was dancing, but the German soldiers were hanging around in expectation.

FOR a while there wasn't a woman anywhere," the bus driver told the commercial travelers. "There was this crowd of people from the town, perhaps thirty or forty of them looking on, and maybe some others farther back in the dark where you couldn't see them, but that was all," and then he stopped talking.

"And then what happened?" said one of the traveling men after a moment, and the bus driver sat looking in silence at his glass.

"They had a big, long table spread out with things to eat on it," he said in a minute, and he didn't look up. "They had fruit tarts, it looked like, and sweet chocolate, and bottles of lemonade and beer. They had as much as you wanted of everything," he said. "And perhaps once you got near enough to start eating and drinking, then the other thing just followed naturally afterward—or that's the way I worked it out," he said. "Or maybe, if you've had a dress a long time that you wanted to wear and you hadn't had the chance of putting it on and showing it off because all the men were away—I mean if you were a woman. I worked it out that maybe the time comes when you want to put it on so badly that you put it on just the same whatever's happened, or maybe, if you're one kind of a woman, any kind of a uniform looks all right to you after a certain time. The music was good, it was first class," he said, but he didn't look up. "And here was all this food spread out, and the corks popping off the bottles, and the lads in uniform, great, big fellows, handing out chocolates . . ."

The three of them sat at the table without talking for a while after the bus driver's voice had ceased, and then one of the traveling men said, "Well, that was just one town."

"Yes, that was just one town," said the bus driver, and when he picked up his glass to drink, something as crazy as tears was standing in his eyes.

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KAY BOYLE has published seventeen books and has written short stories for many outstanding publications. She has twice won first prize in the O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories.



Cardinal Spellman's birthday party. Every year His Eminence celebrates his birthday with these smiling boys at Lincoln Hall

A SECOND CHANCE

**As the Christian Brothers celebrate a centenary,
we call attention to one of their great works—
helping delinquent boys to have a second chance**

by N. ELIZABETH MONROE

HIS name was Nick Romano and he lived in a Chicago slum. At twelve he was an altar boy, but an unedifying priest spoiled the dream Nick had built around the altar. Stealing pies and baskets of apples was Nick's introduction to junior gangdom. And a stretch in a reform school, where he was shocked and embittered by the brutality of sadistic masters, left young Romano a confirmed cop-hater. The lure of easy money made him an apt pupil at learning all the ugly rackets he heard about in poolrooms. Before his mid-teens, he had crystallized his rule of life into a hard, cynical motto: "Live fast, die young, and have a good-looking corpse." And he lived that way. Till they strapped him into an electric chair, an impenitent murderer.

For almost nine months now American novel readers have been gobbling up the story of Nick Romano. Willard Motley's hardboiled *Knock On Any Door* has cut out a berth for itself on the best-seller lists. Many will condemn its graphic portrayal of slum-section morals; some will detect its deterministic philosophy; but almost all readers will finish it with an undefined feeling that poor Nick never had a chance. And perhaps they will give a few sobering

thoughts to the other Nick Romanos whose loveless days are spent in drab areas where crime comes easily and it is hard to get a second chance.

During January, the CYO Club of Champions Award for 1947 was given to a man who has spent twenty-five years working with boys who might have become like Nick Romano were it not for the second chance he helped to give them. He is Brother Charles Austin, F.S.C., director of Lincoln Hall, a school for boys in Lincolndale, N. Y. Not the least of the splendid achievements wrought by the Christian Brothers since they came to this country just one hundred years ago is this home for delinquent boys, which a casual observer might easily mistake for

a school for rich men's sons. Nestling amidst seven hundred and fifty acres of upper Westchester's beautiful rolling land, Lincoln Hall is more than a well-equipped school; it includes three shops, eleven cottages, a gymnasium, and a farm which supplies plenty of eggs, milk, butter, meat, and vegetables for the boys.

As my friends and I waited outside the gym for the boys who were going to show us through the cottages, we would never have guessed that all two hundred and fifty of these contented looking youngsters had been committed to Lincoln Hall by the courts of Westchester and New York. There certainly was little of the reformatory about the place. The environment was friendly and casual, a place for un-

conscious growth and development. There were no walls, except those bordering the highway. And no guards. The boys, ranging from eleven to sixteen, had none of the browbeaten look so often associated with schools of correction.

Two small boys sauntered by the base ball diamond where a game was going on. Their eyes were glued on the pitcher, who had all the mannerisms of a seasoned big-leaguer.

"Gee, that guy can pitch! Lookit the smoke he has on that ball!"

"Yeah, but he has no stuff, just speed." This from a junior Connie Mack.

"He don't need no stuff with speed like that, boy. He's got so much smoke on that ball you wouldn't even see it."

We laughed at the vocabulary and the grammar and the seriousness of it all. One woman called our attention to a handsome little fellow to whom she had been talking a few minutes before. "These boys haven't done anything bad. They're too innocent for that. Look how polite that youngster was."

"But that little sawed-off kid you were talking to stole an automobile. That's a sizable crime, I'd say."

Somehow or other, we felt that the first woman was right. These boys were too good to be what they were, potential enemies of society. They were too good to waste their talents before they had really learned to use them. That's the pity of it; many of them haven't even had a first chance.

But why, then, are they at a reform school? That's a hard question to answer. At least 85 per cent of them, according to the psychologists, have been rejected or feel that they have been rejected. It may be because of a second marriage or favoritism among the children, but it is enough

to make a boy lose his sense of security. And, having no one to turn to outside, he becomes an easy prey for the forces of evil. Many of these boys come from foreign homes, where the parents speak a foreign language and cling to the customs of the old country, and as a result they have lost their prestige with the family. One of the boys, when asked about his mother, drops his head and mutters, "She's Spanish."

"But the Spanish are the most beautiful women in the world," and the boy's head goes up. "Gee Lady, I never knew that."

BROKEN homes and loss of parental control are not all. There are regimented schools where a boy is a mere cipher, schools where the taxpayers' money goes into lavish buildings and expensive guidance system, used to cover up rather than cure the deficiencies of the system. There are slums too where there is no outlet for a boy's energies except through crime.

The staff of social workers at Lincoln Hall does not discuss the general causes of delinquency; they are interested in finding out why Tim O' Hara won't go to school, why Johnny Smith steals, why Buddy Brown is so eager to please. Any other course would be unscientific. Delinquency is all too often the product of society's failure to use a boy's energies creatively. It is our own failure to provide the opportunity for him to develop and use all of his gifts. A boy doesn't want to be a thug; he wants to be a hero, and, if our values were right, a full man, which is another way of saying, a saint. The doctor may discover and cure his maladies, but no boy is happy until he finds the place where he is needed.

At Lincoln Hall a boy is set to work in a classroom, shop, and on the farm.

He is not part of a large system, but is encouraged to think of himself as a person with a high destiny. Hence he must develop all his abilities to their highest point. Teacher, priest, psychologist, doctor, and social worker are all important in this work of rehabilitation.

These boys live in cottages with a prefect or Christian Brother in charge. Each cottage has its dormitories, reading room, game room, rough-house room. The remodeled farmhouses have many little touches that make them seem like home—low ceilings, cozy little rooms, statues, and flowers. Many boys bring from their own homes pictures, plants, records, and books to add beauty and comfort to their cottages.

All the cottages have pets, a dog, cat, canary, pigeons, rabbits, even white mice, and they do much to keep the boy from loneliness and to provide an object for his affections. The last time we visited Maple Cottage four ducks came quacking to meet us; they stared at us foolishly, then, lining themselves up behind their leader like so many solemn but harmless Nazis, they marched off to the strains of an invisible band.

It is hard to say in advance what a boy's reaction to this environment will be. Some of them dislike it at first and head for home at the earliest opportunity that offers. They always fail, and, not learning by experience, try it again. There are no bright lights, no noise, no corner drug stores, no cellar gangs, merely acre on acre of beautiful rolling land.

Some of them run away because they have been running away from something all their lives. Not long ago a boy who had tried it twice was being brought back by a policeman, who exclaimed as Lincoln Hall came in sight, "Why, that's a

Part of Lincoln Hall's secret is to make boys know that someone is interested in their work



Strange as it sounds, the boys have quite a rivalry over which group keeps the neatest cottage



fine place." "Sure is," his victim agreed readily. "But you ought to see it from the other side. Believe me, that's something."

Other boys appreciate the advantages of Lincoln Hall from the start. Nature speaks to them through tree and bush, bird and flower, the starlit nights and early mornings. For the first time in their lives they have room to expand, and no one tries to "push them around" or tells them to keep quiet. Many of them feel, for the first time in their lives, the confidence that comes from developing a new skill. There are three shops—printing, woodwork, auto mechanics—arts and crafts, a good business course, gardening, dairy work, waiting on tables, and maintenance work. Any boy can find something to excel in here.

Lincoln Hall goes back scarcely forty years, but the Catholic Protector, which it replaced, dates back to Civil War days. The development of this organization reflects the changing times: first a home for destitute boys, then a farm school, and, when the present site was bought, a vocational school, one of the most enlightened of its kind in the country.

Its distinctive features are worth noting. There is no crowding; every boy is the concern of every member of the staff; there are no sex cases and no mental cases, though sex aberrations are likely to appear as part of a boy's maladjustment. There is no attempt to force a boy's confidence, as is the way with some lay confessionals, but the boy learns very soon to trust his teachers, doctor, priest, psychologist, psychiatrist, and social worker.

The school is under a Board of Managers, of which His Eminence Cardinal Spellman is chairman, Mr. Robert Louis Hoguet is president, and Miss Vera Warren is executive secretary. It is staffed by the Christian Brothers under Brother Charles. To the intelligent leadership of this staff the school owes its success.

Every year His Eminence Cardinal Spellman celebrates his birthday at Lincoln Hall. This is a festive day—no classes, no work, a lively entertainment, and a chance to hobnob with His Eminence. Think what it will mean in the future for these boys to say, "Sure, I know Cardinal Spellman. He's a regular guy."

THE spirit of the Church hovers over these celebrations, with its wisdom, charity, and willingness to forgive. Sometimes it seems as though a boy has only to hold out his hand and there is the hand of God to give him a new direction, a second chance. After that he may fail again and again, but he never need fail altogether so long as he remembers the hand held out to him.

Once a month the Women's Auxiliary, under the devoted leadership of Mrs. Robert Louis Hoguet, has a birthday party for the boys born in that month, and these are occasions to remember. They

arrive in time for lunch, a birthday cake, and almost all the ice cream a boy can eat. Then comes the birthday basket with flashlights, missals, fountain pens, cigarette lighters, cards, identification bracelets, and sometimes pets. A boy stands beside Mrs. Hoguet, unable to make up his mind. There is no hurry, nothing stereotyped about the occasion, but instead the boy feels the warmth and tenderness of home, of the home that should have



If a boy doesn't like books, he can learn a trade in the machine shop

been his. Perhaps he has set his heart on something else, and Mrs. Hoguet promises to get it for him if she can. After the last choice is made, the women visit the cottages with the boys and later write, send small gifts, take an interest in the boy's record in class and cottage.

At a recent annual dinner Mr. Hoguet described Lincoln Hall as more nearly a hospital than a school. He did not mean that these boys are not responsible for what they do, but that to teach them is not enough. They must be re-formed in the light of a supreme ideal. Those who undertake this process must know more than is taught in the schools, for they must get down to the roots, pull out the tangled undergrowth, and re-direct the tender shoots.

This is why so many people interest themselves in the boy from beginning to end. Trained social workers, under Miss Warren, visit the boy's home during and after his stay at Lincoln Hall. The most difficult part of his adjustment comes when he is returned to his home. Parents aren't likely to change very much, and, if the conditions are too bad, the boy is boarded out, though every effort is made to fit him into his home.

Many families of Lincoln Hall boys have

fallen away from the faith or at least failed to instruct their children in its realities, so that the position of religion as the very center of things at Lincoln Hall is extremely important. Religious instruction here, as with other children, requires more finesse than you might think. The Chaplain is always aware of the boy who seems almost excessively pious or who, wishing to please teacher or priest, assumes a piety he does not honestly have, the boy who is scrupulous or morose or despairing. The important thing is to relate religion to life, to make it part of every action, and here classroom, shop, and Church must combine.

THE educative process at Lincoln Hall differs radically from that of public and parochial schools. As indicated before, it is the whole person who matters at Lincoln Hall. Teaching is not enough—the whole staff assists in the boy's rehabilitation. Roughly three quarters of the work in arithmetic and language is remedial. Once a boy masters the essentials of these subjects he begins to build up the right kind of confidence. Forming a correct sentence no longer takes him to the edge of an abyss. In the first flush of victory he is likely to exclaim, "I done it. I done it."

Moreover, it is not enough for a Lincoln Hall boy to know what is in the books—he must become something, the person God meant him to be. Of course in two years, the longest period a boy stays, this change is not complete. The important thing is that this is the direction his education takes. There are other differences too. Lincoln Hall takes advantage of every opportunity for informal education—nature study, music, the dance, the monthly birthday parties with their varied entertainments—all these are worked into the boy's education.

Many boys at Lincoln Hall have musical or literary talent and are at their best when asked to entertain. I remember a little colored boy who danced and sang at the Cardinal's birthday party, winding up a full five minutes before his accompanist. Instead of being embarrassed, he stood there, turning his eyes upward, until the piano had caught up with him, then ran off stage. They like to entertain as a group too, but when the whole school yodels or a number of them sing the choruses of *The Pirates of Penzance*, the audience sometimes feels that its only proper reaction would be to go out and commit a few murders.

But isn't this work expensive, you ask. The answer is yes, but not nearly so expensive as not doing it and not so expensive as the work of many other similar institutions. Then too, it is wonderfully satisfying to do something for a small boy. It is as though God had said, "Because you are My friend, I place in your keeping his second chance."

STAGE & SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER



Ella Halman of the D'Oyly Carte Company as "the Fairy Queen" in Gilbert & Sullivan's "Iolanthe"

The Imports

REFLECTING the confusion and fears of the international scene, the motion picture industry is currently grappling with a serious economic and ideological situation. At an hour in world history when the better American films might have a most beneficial effect on the depressed and frustrated in other lands, the doors have been practically closed to the Hollywood product. At the same time the American market is being flooded with foreign-made films, approximately two hundred such productions to be released here in 1948.

Aside from the economic repercussions in this reversal of position, there is a more serious aspect to the situation in the low moral tone of a major portion of the imported films. For every French and Italian movie that receives a stamp of approval in the moral department, there are a dozen or more that must be rated objectionable either wholly or in part. Concepts and cultures may differ, but basic morality is the same everywhere, so the foreign producer cannot find valid excuse on those grounds, as some have endeavored. Just glance over your Legion of Decency list next week to confirm the percentage of imported productions that fail to make the grade as morally acceptable. Technically, most of the foreign products do rate a passing grade, for the simple reason that they strive for a realistic effect that their Hollywood contemporaries seldom even bother to think about. If, in a foreign-made production, the star is appearing as a charwoman, she is dressed and made up to look like a charwoman. Unfortunately, in Hollywood the same character more resembles a refugee from a chorus line. But realism can be carried too far, and that is exactly what a great many of the European producers tend to do. Vulgarly, even obscenity, colors far too many of the movies now being released in this country.

In the interests of international amity and brotherhood, the exchange of motion pictures should be a two-way proposition. But, before we get too deeply involved, we should notify the continental producers that there are two items we intend to bar from our screens. One is blatant immorality, be it under the guise of art, realism, or what-have-you. The other is subtle ideological infiltration of the very sort we are

eliminating from our own movie industry at the present moment. The agents of totalitarianism have made greater strides in the European movie industry than they ever did here, and their zeal is unbounded. We had best make our feelings in the matter quite clear.

Reviews in Brief

TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE is a movie adventure that is both different and distinguished. Grim, occasionally brutal, its study of the effects of gold fever on three prospectors is not recommended as general entertainment. Brilliant photographic work in the Sierra Madre range; the acting of Humphrey Bogart, Walter Huston, and Tim Holt; clear-cut direction by John Huston and a skillfully woven script mark this far above par for either outdoors drama or the psychological appraisal. A combination of both, deftly blended, it is a vivid study in moral disintegration. (Warner Brothers)

In ALBUQUERQUE the villains are especially villainous; the good folk particularly heroic; the shooting, riding, and side complications so familiar you can almost recite the lines with the players. With all its familiarity, however, it is passably entertaining and the presence of such reliables as Randolph Scott, Russell Hayden, Barbara Britton, and George "Gabby" Hayes in the cast gives it a certain solidity. Shot in Cinecolor, with eye-filling backgrounds to take your mind off the gun-play and villainy, it will probably keep the avid action fan moderately engrossed. (Paramount)

The musically inclined will find SONG OF MY HEART a rare treat, and audiences of every age will enjoy its amiable, leisurely depiction of selected episodes in the Tchaikowsky career. High light of the production is the musical score, with many of the composer's works played wholly or in part. The czarist Russian background provides novelty, and Frank Sundstrom is impressive in the leading role. Recommended for those seeking freshness and an artistry all too rare in our assembly-line screen biographies of famous composers. (Monogram)



Jeanne Crain and Dan Dailey enjoy a rainy-day indoor picnic in "You Were Meant for Me"

The murder story with psycho-overtones takes over again in *THE SECRET BEYOND THE DOOR*, in which Joan Bennett and Michael Redgrave run the gamut of emotions without restraint or conviction. This is the old one about the girl who marries a modern Bluebeard. Her turn is next, but she gets him to a psychiatrist just in time and all ends well—or so they would have us believe. As the junior set would say, "this is mur-der." (Universal-International)

Oscar Wilde's *AN IDEAL HUSBAND* makes an interesting and novel excursion into the whirl of Victorian society, with all the superficial wit and brittle epigrams of the original play retained. Time has tarnished the Wilde reputation, and it has also dimmed the luster of his epigrams and clever satire, to a very large extent. Produced in England with brilliant Technicolor photography to highlight the colorful costumes of the era, it enlists the services of Paulette Goddard, Diana Wynyard, C. Aubrey Smith, Constance Collier, Hugh Williams, and Michael Wilding, under Alexander Korda's direction. Hewing to the dramatic style of the period in question, it is worth the attention of the discriminating adult in search of nostalgia and novelty. (20th Century-Fox)

Claudette Colbert, Robert Cummings, Don Ameche, and Rita Johnson are far more effective than the story they enact in *SLEEP, MY LOVE*. A familiar affair about a philandering husband who would murder his wife via the drug route, its moments of genuine suspense are confined to the final sequences. By then it is too late, for the prior machinations are neither original nor substantial enough to cover up the bleak spots in the plot. This is one of the first films released since the amendment to the Motion Picture Production Code permitted the narcotic angle to be used. On the mediocre side. (United Artists)

Walter Pidgeon and Deborah Kerr are co-starred in a remake of A. S. M. Hutchinson's maudlin novel, *IF WINTER COMES*. The only appreciable change in the stilted tale is the era in which it has been set. The story remains the same nonsensical study of an unhappy marriage and its effects. Divorce and remarriage supposedly solve the problem for all concerned. That typical Hollywood distortion is only one reason why you can stay at home the night this is featured on your neighborhood marquee. Acting, direction, and scripting are on the unimpressive side, too. (M-G-M)

Ronald Colman (shown with Signe Hasso) capably fills a demanding role in "A Double Life"



Jeanne Crain and Dan Dailey give a decided sparkle to the simplicities of *YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME*. Another excursion into the recent past, this time the post-flapper period of American social life, it has a certain spontaneity in its youthful hijinks that almost makes you forget the tired plot. Such song hits as "I'll Get By," "Crazy Rhythm," "Good Night, Sweetheart," "Ain't Misbehavin'," and the title number supply the nostalgic touch to a friendly adult musical frolic. (20th Century-Fox)

A DOUBLE LIFE gives Ronald Colman the most demanding role of his lengthy screen career. It is also an impressive and exciting adult drama that stands well above the usual run of Hollywood's melodramatic binges. Colman appears as a famous stage star whose personality is affected by the role he plays—in this instance, Othello. Under no circumstances should the youngsters see it, but for mature moviegoers in search of a novel approach to a familiar theme, this brilliantly acted, deftly directed character study is absorbing fare. In addition to Colman's splendid characterization, Signe Hasso, Edmund O'Brien, and Ray Collins contribute first-rate portrayals. (Universal-International).

Once again the cynical Hollywood approach to marriage mars an otherwise effective offering. *CALLING NORTHSIDE 777* is the latest in the currently popular series of semidocumentaries based on actual records from the criminal files. (This one is the story of a mother's unswerving loyalty to the son she believes innocent of a crime for which he has been sentenced to life imprisonment. Through the years, she has scrubbed floor to secure reward money to be offered for information proving his innocence. She succeeds with the aid of a cynical reporter, played by James Stewart, and a story-hunting city editor. Many of the scenes were shot in the actual locations, Chicago and Joliet. The acting is of high caliber and Henry Hathaway's direction excellent, but the unfortunate and entirely unnecessary handling of the marital situation relegates this to the partly objectionable category. (20th Century-Fox).

In *THE PARADINE CASE*, Alfred Hitchcock utilizes every trick of his trade to give audiences a session of suspense-packed drama such as they will rarely encounter in the average courtroom story. Without the Hitchcock fastidiousness and his way with a camera, this would not have been the tense, tight melodrama it is, despite the very fine perform-

Margaret O'Brien captivates George Murphy as well as her audience in "Tenth Avenue Angel"



A couple of New Yorkers hold a serious conference in the rain with Margaret O'Brien

ances of Gregory Peck, Ethel Barrymore, Charles Coburn, Charles Laughton, Leo G. Carroll, Britain's Ann Todd, and two screen newcomers, Italian actress Valli and the French star, Louis Jourdan. Expert though their delineations are, the real star of this adult mystery is the rotund director who has done so much toward eliminating the staid technical pattern of Hollywood's cinematic clichés. (David O. Selznick)

TENTH AVENUE ANGEL serves Margaret O'Brien well. Surrounded by a cast of first-rate players and given a story with a strong human interest angle, the sprouting star proves once again that she has little to fear from adolescence. While other baby stars have lost appeal with their first teeth, Margaret's unusual ability and innate charm continue to outwit the so-called awkward age. This story is slightly on the somber side at times, but there is a most impressive and satisfying climax to send audiences of every age out of the theater just a bit happier. George Murphy, Phyllis Thaxter, Angela Lansbury, and Rhys Williams are the adult principals involved. (M-G-M)

The New Plays

Once again, Sonja Henie brings her flashy, colorful HOLLYWOOD ICE REVUE front and center. Surrounded by a cast of rink experts including icedom's top comic, Freddie Trenkler, Miss Henie goes through her ever-popular repertoire with expected grace and precision. The production is both spectacular and thrilling, with particular appeal for those who enjoy the frozen glitter of the ice revues. Michael Kirby, the Uksilas, long a fixture of the Henie productions, Geary Steffen, John Jolliffe, and a group of ensemble performers take over when the energetic star is not in the spotlight.

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, making its first American tour since the war, is in fine form, vocally and visually. It has been nine years since the group last appeared on these shores, but the difficulties and troubles of the period haven't affected the brilliant Savoyards. Such old favorites as Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt are better than ever, or perhaps it just seems so after such a long absence. The entire company does full justice to the Gilbert and Sullivan classics, with the combination of *Trial by Jury* and *The Pirates of Penzance* being, perhaps, the best offering on the list. *The Mikado*, *The Gondoliers*, *Iolanthe* and *H.M.S. Pinafore* are sung in the best D'Oyly Carte tradition, too. G & S fans throughout the country have a genuine treat in store.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS has earned from the critics such descriptive adjectives as "bawdy," "lusty," "rowdy," "racy," and "earthy." These little snatches from the *Thesaurus* are naturally intended as complimentary and no doubt the authors, Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, have accepted them as such. Their attempt at farce can be rated as successful only if you find laughs, leers, and comments about sex so fascinating that you are willing to overlook the presence of any worth-while idea. San Francisco of the Barbary Coast days is the setting; woman's suffrage the motivation; *Lysistrata* angle provides the denouement, and the net result is strangely unfunny, resolving itself into a flurry of thrice-told gags and generally objectionable situations.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Ice-time; The Winslow Boy.*

(On Tour): *Sonja Henie's Hollywood Ice Revue; The Song of Norway; D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. (Gilbert & Sullivan).*

FOR ADULTS: *Oklahoma; Harvey; Medea; Man and Superman; The Heiress; Antony and Cleopatra.*

(On Tour): *Joan of Lorraine; The Red Mill; State of the Union; I Remember Mama; Showboat; An Inspector Calls; Lady Windermere's Fan; The Medium and the Telephone; Power Without Glory.*

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *Annie Get Your Gun; Born Yesterday; Brigadoon; Finian's Rainbow; Call Me Mister; Happy Birthday; John Loves Mary; Young Man's Fancy; Allegro; High Button Shoes; Command Decision; Music in My Heart; Angel in the Wings; Crime and Punishment; Make Mine Manhattan.*

(On Tour): *Angel Street; Anna Lucasta; Carousel; Chocolate Soldier; Another Part of the Forest; The Fatal Weakness; Sweethearts; Burlesque; Dream Girl; Private Lives; Student Prince.*

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *The Voice of the Turtle; Strange Bedfellows; For Love or Money, A Streetcar Named Desire.*

(On Tour): *O Mistress Mine; Blackouts of 1948; Mary Had a Little; Tobacco Road.*

QUEEN VICTORIA abolished Bolivia. Wroth at the La Paz government for a slight to her envoy, Her Majesty ordered the British Fleet to inflict condign punishment upon the South American nation. When the baffled First Lord of the Admiralty brought a chart to prove that Bolivia was immune from his guns, having no seacoast, Victoria was equal to the occasion. Wielding a pencil, the Queen divided the Republic's territory among the surrounding countries, thus wiping Bolivia off the map to her satisfaction.

We may smile at the foibles of royalty and ignore the beam in Uncle Sam's eye. In fact, we may be smiling too soon. Victoria could get along without Bolivia. But can we get along without Spain? Not if the Marshall Plan is to succeed.

The Marshall Plan is a desperate device, a last-minute attempt to save civilization from the forces of materialism, never so fearsomely arrayed since Alaric and Attila ravaged the Roman world. The Plan is given a bare chance to accomplish its objective—if all anti-Communist elements in Western Europe are enlisted in its support. But if the United States blacklists the nation that above all others has proved its detestation of Red Fascism, the country that can aid us immeasurably now and in case of a World War III, morally, materially, and militarily, then the Marshall Plan will sow the whirlwind with wasted billions. And a ruined Europe, hating us for blundering, may fall ripe prey to Stalin. Will we emulate Victoria? Washington's record to date is less than encouraging.

It is obvious that if Red armies and governments can follow the Communist parties anywhere into Western Europe, freedom's solid front along the Iron Curtain will be breached. Nothing succeeds like success; a Red triumph in France or Denmark, for example, would spread like plague into neighboring countries and force an American diplomatic retreat, possibly requiring abandonment of Europe to Communism.

The Marshall Plan aids Europe; it also seeks to insure us against a Communist world hemming in the United States. We so need all the strength Europe can muster against the Red Colossus that western Germany is included among the Plan's beneficiaries. How unrealistic it is, then, to ignore and neglect the strongest nation! Strongest because there is no doubt as to where the Spanish people stand. They know the Reds at first hand—there's hardly a family that did not lose one or more members in the three frightful years 1936-39 when the columns of the Spanish press were crammed daily with black-bordered notices: "*Murió por*

The Marshall Plan without Spain

If the Marshall Plan to help

Europe is security insurance for

ourselves, we must not ignore Spain

by JOHN E. KELLY

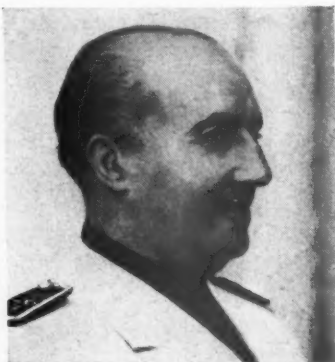
Dios y por España" (Died for God and Spain). Stalin relies on and understands force. Behind the Pyrenees stands the world's only army that has fought and routed Communism, 600,000 battle-tried Spanish youths with a half million more in reserve. No wonder Stalin bends every effort to destroy Spain and its Government! What is incomprehensible is that the United States joins in the scheme.

Since the birth of the United Nations, and before, the Washington Administra-

tion—the memory of her resounding defeat of 1936-39 is too galling. Washington's grounds are reputedly "moral." It is unnecessary to rehearse all of the shoddy allegations; suffice it that if everything claimed of Spain's contacts with Hitler were true, they were not a tithe of Stalin's, and Washington found him a boon companion long past the limits of expediency and national self-respect.

The United States seeks to remove the present Spanish Government and impose one of its own choice. The functionaries of such a regime must be imported from among the exiles in France and Mexico and would be almost certainly non-Catholic, indeed anti-Catholic, with a hard core of disciplined Communists.

Washington seems never to have read Spanish history. The Spaniard is among the most individualistic of mortals, but none is more intolerant of foreign usurpers. Napoleon's downfall began in Spain. The Moors and Saracens swept into Spain in 711 with an impetus that carried them nearly to the Pyrenees. From King Pelayo to Ferdinand and Isabella the struggle lasted; Columbus' discovery was overshadowed by the surrender of the last Moorish king. Never during those seven centuries of the Reconquest was there a day of peace throughout the Iberian Peninsula. Each year saw the Christians pushing nearer to Gibraltar. Those in Washington, Lake Success, and elsewhere, who would impose a puppet government upon



Acme

Francisco Franco—pseudo liberals will never forgive him for spoiling Red plans in Spain

tion has joined with Soviet Russia and the police regime in Poland to overthrow the Spanish Government, a government which, as shown by plebiscite, is preferred by over 80 per cent of the voters. Russia's reasons for hating Spain are

Spain may ponder Moscow's recent attempt. A million Spaniards died in three years, but the Hammer and Sickle were hurled into the sea.

One of the most urgent reasons for the Marshall Plan is that the Iron Curtain cuts off the granary of Europe from the western industrialized nations, which cannot—at least do not—feed themselves. Although short of wheat and other foods, Spain can assist with essential products. Spanish olive oil is a must for European cooking. Oranges from Valencia and Seville have long guarded British health.

The billions that the Marshall Plan provides Europe will not be in bundles of currency, but (except for wheat, etc., which it is proposed that we buy from Canada and the Argentine for European consumption) in things, products of American factories and farms. Agriculture and mining are the basic industries. All else depends on their output. To lessen objection that our soil and mineral deposits are not inexhaustible but it will be seriously depleted by the tremendous export inherent in the Marshall Plan, Government spokesmen have proposed optimistically that Europe ship us ores, minerals, and metals in partial recompense for the drain on our

resources. Their idea is a good one.

The fact is, however, that save for coal and iron, of which we have a plethora, all important European mining areas lie either east of the Iron Curtain—or in Spain and Portugal. The Iberian Peninsula is one of the richest mineral regions in the world. Julius Caesar took seventy millions in gold and silver from one small area. Seven centuries B.C. the Phoenicians worked Spanish tin mines that are still in operation. The world's largest deposits of mercury, an essential element of munitions, located at Almaden, are the property of the Spanish State. Spain has also in abundance coal, iron, sulphur, strontium, tungsten, and copper. Just across the Straits of Gibraltar, in Spanish Morocco, are the famous Riff iron mines that nearly caused an Anglo-German-French war in 1908. In the world race for atomic power, the Russians are feverishly looting the radium ore mines of Bohemia. The only other known radioactive ores in Western Europe are in the mountains of the Spanish-Portuguese border.

Spain's wealth in minerals is no secret to Washington. During the late war (and not only to keep the Germans from getting supplies), the United

States bought all tungsten and strontium ores offered and much mercury and other mineral products. Purchases often ran at the rate of fifteen million dollars a month. Spain needs cotton, oil, railway equipment, and other American exports. Here is the making of a mutually profitable trade, which would pay its way and require no loans or gifts.

If Secretary Marshall fails to find Spain on the map of Europe, the Kremlin has sharper vision. Lenin's testament read, "After Russia, Spain," for he saw clearly that it is Spain, not France, Italy, or even insular Britain, that holds the key to mastery of Western Europe. The Spanish section of the Communist International was formed in 1920; its first act was the assassination of the Spanish Premier. Since then, Russian intrigue has fomented separatism, Godless "crusades," massacres of religious, mutinies, upheavals culminating in the Civil War, and world-wide anti-Spanish propaganda, using the United Nations as a sounding board.

CONGRESSMEN and other returning travelers report that in case of war, Russian hordes could overrun Western Europe in forty-eight hours. That may be true north of the Pyrenees where disillusioned troops, infiltrated by Communism, might give way. But in Spain there is no fear of the Red Army. Spaniards took Stalin's measure a decade ago, stalling his tanks with blankets, shooting Red planes out of the Iberian sky, driving Soviet Generals home in disgrace to be shot for failure. If we fight Stalin in Europe, we will need a beachhead and friendly troops to hold the enemy off while we land and organize. Spain, with its devoted people, its seaports and mountain wall, is a strategic "natural."

The choice before America is plain. With Spain on our side as a strong right bower, the Straits of Gibraltar are secure, and contact with North African wheat and minerals is maintained. With Spain in Red hands, even though we succor the other sixteen nations with twenty billion dollars, they would be caught in a vise between Reds in the east and Reds in the west. We could not save Europe, for Stalin would be behind our lines and Soviet submarines in the Atlantic. If through American official policy, Spain is excluded from the Marshall Plan and the Spanish Government is overthrown, World War III takes on aspects of inevitability. Now that the United States fights Russia in the "cold war," must we continue to wage Russia's fight in Spain?

JOHN E. KELLY, engineering consultant and economist, has spent much time in Spanish-speaking countries and has written two books dealing with Latin America.



No country has been vilified in America so consistently as Spain. These pickets parade outside the Embassy

International

March, 1948



PEOPLE

Eileen Farrell, intelligent, energetic soprano of CBS.



The Reagans, showing Robert, one of New York's Finest, Eileen, and their baby.

On the distaff side, *THE SIGN* presents the lovely soprano, Eileen Farrell. To all who enjoy better music on the radio, Eileen's is a familiar voice. For the past six years, this twenty-seven-year-old singer has been heard on her own song recitals over CBS, and she has been guest star on many other programs. For the past five summers, she has been the star on the popular "Family Hour." Her work also includes fulfilling weekly concert engagements in and around New York, which, she says, are often complicated by the unpredictable Staten Island Ferry.

Miss Farrell's singing career has been distinctive because of her unusual ability to interpret the most varied kinds of music. Her musical expression and vocal technique are equally right whether the song be an operatic aria, a Schubert lieder, an aria from a Handel oratorio, or the gayest of popular ballads. On her new program on Sunday afternoons, she specializes in the lilting selections from light opera and musical comedy.

Miss Farrell was brought up in Woonsocket, R.I., where her mother gave her the first singing lessons. Later she studied under a famous Metropolitan Opera star in New York. Her first audition earned her a spot on CBS' "New Voices in Song."

Miss Farrell in private is Mrs. Robert Reagan. As a good Catholic mother, she considers her most important career the proper raising of her young son, Robert Jr.

You listened, no doubt, to the exciting Louis-Walcott fight? Well, here is the handsome young man who gave you the thrilling description. He is Don Dunphy of the "Gillette Cavalcade of Sport." Don is a Manhattan College graduate who was quite an athlete in his own right. He held several intercollegiate track titles, and played baseball and football. However, his one ambition was to be a big league ballplayer, but a sharp curve proved to be his nemesis, so he followed his father's footsteps to the *New York World*. This soon folded up, and Don tried radio. His big break came when Gillette held a contest for a sportscaster. Don, with his crisp, clear voice, won this contest despite the stiff competition. Today he rates among the top men in this field.

Don is an intelligent, practicing Catholic who resides in Jackson Heights, L. I. His off-mike hours center around his charming wife and their two children.



Don describes a fight at Madison Square Garden.



The Dunphys on their porch. Don holds Don Jr.; while his wife, Muriel, holds the baby, Bobby.

They wanted her to weep, but Maggie had traveled a long road with Brian O'Hara, and her heart was too full of sweet memories for sadness to enter in

My cup brimmeth

by ALICE LAVERICK

TOWARD the end, he began to mutter to himself and to babble. He was clear out of his mind, they said.

"What will Mother ever do without him?" she heard them whisper to one another. And they gathered about her anxiously, solicitously. Her wonderful sons and daughters and their fine wives and husbands, all standing by to give her comfort and consolation when she broke down.

Only she didn't break down. And that seemed to upset them.

She was vaguely sorry; they were so dismayed by her calm. But for the most part, and for this once, she just put them out of her mind and gave all her thought and prayer to their father, who had been anointed for death and who lay there mumbling words that only she could hear. And only she could understand.

Once Bart's wife sobbed aloud, and that did rouse her for the moment. Poor little soul, she thought. Such a pity Ellen had to be here at all, and she still a bride just home from her honeymoon.

She laid her own wrinkled hand on the girl's firm young one. "Don't cry, Elleneen," she murmured. "He had a good life, a fine, long life. Longer than a great many do," and was slightly startled when Ellen choked and fled from the room, with Bart at her heels looking distressed, the dear lad.

Ah, the girl was so young, so young. She'd been like that herself once. In-

deed, hadn't Bart said to her when he first spoke of Ellen. "She's like you, Mother, like you were when you were her age. Little and sweet, and she's got the bluest eyes you ever saw."

"Little and sweet?" she had scoffed. "And what makes you think I was that?" And he had opened up the old album to her wedding picture as proof.

"There you are, Maggie my love," he'd said gayly. "Little and sweet." He often called her Maggie to tease her, though his father hadn't like it and, of course, she had to pretend she didn't, either.

She smiled to herself, and sighed, remembering. And Nora, the eldest, swift to catch the sigh, implored her to go and rest.

"You'll be worn out, Mother," Nora said.

"Indeed, I'm not tired at all." Which was the truth, she was not. And even if she were ready to drop, would she leave his side now? "Why don't you take a little lie down yourself, dear?" she said. "You and Josie, the both of you."

The daughters, looking like a pair of patient martyrs, suggested a cup of tea, rather hopelessly. And seemed quite cheered when she said yes, she would like that. A cup of tea. Yes, that would be very nice, indeed.

Let them go and be making themselves busy with the tea. It would give them something to do besides twisting their handkerchiefs and watching her.

They held a whispered consultation. They must not leave her alone. "We'll get Dorothy, she'll stay for a little while."

Ach. Dorothy. Dorothy would squirm and fidget and be dropping her crystal rosary on the floor, when she wasn't putting red on her mouth and seeing were the seams straight on her stockings. A scatterbrain, that one. You'd think she was one of those debutantes instead of the mother of grown-up sons, though, to be sure, Larry thought Dorothy was a wonder.

Ah, if only they would leave her alone. She couldn't hurt their feelings, but how she would love to be alone with her own man for just a little while. To say her decade in peace and brood over his thin face there on the pillow. To sit beside him and hold his emaciated hand in hers and recall the strength that had once been in it. To dream along with him of the old days, days that he in his

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO



... sounded strange, so soft it was in her ears. And lightly then, "Why not, Maggie?"

delirium had mentioned over and over again. With half a century melting away as if it had never been. Life here in the new country with all its joys and vicissitudes fading from her mind like smoke in the wind. And she, Maggie Lynch, might be a girl again, running lightly through the pine glen and across dry ditches and fields. . . .

Tang of turf smoke mingled with the tender Limerick air, bogs purple with heather, bright with furze, white-washed cabins and farmland, the river reedy at low tide, and then the chapel bells sounding the Angelus in the first dim radiance of the stars. . . . Home.

At first she hadn't wanted to marry Brian O'Hara. She'd been a bit afraid of him, this tall man eight years older than herself, with his fine education, his gifted tongue. A schoolmaster, indeed, and she with very little schooling. There was also the way her grandfather took note of every word Brian spoke. Slight

heed the old man paid to the talk of others who came to the house. His own word was law at such times, and they listened, smoking their dhudeens and nodding approval now and then.

Grandfather's was the meeting place, with Brian O'Hara there more often than anyone else. At least once a fortnight he came and sat talking with Grandfather beside the hearth, their voices rising and falling, as she and Aunt Min walked back and forth between them, fixing the meal.

Sometimes in the heat of an argument the dhudeens went cold on the two men, and they had to be called twice and three times to the meal. And then she and Aunt Min would chide them.

"Wisha, for goodness sake," Aunt Min

ALICE LAVERICK, mother of three young daughters, lives in a Boston suburb. With this story, she makes her fourth appearance in the pages of "The Sign."

would scoff, "the famine's over and done with these many years."

"Aye," Grandfather would say grimly, "over and done with. But not the consequences of it." Grandfather was one of the famine survivors, and he had a long memory.

"Well, there's no famine here today," Maggie would speak up, "so eat, let you both, before the food is stone cold on you."

Brian might look up then and give her one of his rare quick smiles that always surprised her and made her cheeks burn for some reason. There was very little fun in Brian at that time; he was a serious lad with brooding dark eyes and a sensitive mouth. And a passionate loyalty to the Cause.

"The Cause." How often in those days she had heard the words.

Brian O'Hara had worked for the Cause. Worked and suffered for it. Indeed, it had almost been his death, and

that she remembered well. That dark night of wind and rain when for long hours her grandfather watched and waited for the lad's return from some secret mission. Watched and waited, smoking his pipe furiously and no word out of him. He was like a man waiting to be sentenced.

Once, mumbling something under his breath about the new-born calf, he had taken a lantern and gone out to the shed where the little creature was bedded. She could see him standing outside for some time afterward, motionless in the rain, in the midst of the outbuildings, looking carefully about him with those little blue eyes of his that could see in the dark. Then slowly returning, he had blown out the lantern and taken off his wet clothes, still silent.

From beside the hearth, she and Aunt Min had watched him, murmuring together over their mending, but not disturbing his silence with any talk of theirs.

Later, her heart nearly choked her when the two horsemen rode up and rapped on the cottage door. Ever afterward she would remember that moment. She and Aunt Min sitting rigid, not even glancing up, while her grandfather opened the door. The sharp, quick voices of the two uniformed men, the soft, slurring tones of the old one.

Yes, he was Simon Lynch, and would they kindly step inside out of the wet?

And Aunt Min's terrified gasp, her trembling whisper, "God save us, Maggie, he's asking them in."

Then the strangers were inside and the door was shut on the wind and rain.

"My daughter and my granddaughter," old Simon was saying. And she and Aunt Min were forced to look up and speak to the two who, gimlet eyed, were inspecting the place.

They had been on the trail of two men all day, they told Simon. One of them had been caught and he was now

jailed, the other was still at large, no doubt in hiding. And they had traced him to these parts.

Not by a muscle of his face did Grandfather betray the tumult that must have been inside of him. He was a wonder, everyone always said, at hiding his feelings, old Simon Lynch. Ah, well, he'd had long years of practice.

"We'll have to search the place," one of the officers went on curtly.

"Aye, to be sure," Simon agreed. "I'll tell you beforehand, sir, you'll not find a living soul hiding here. But you'd be neglecting your duty did you not search for the missing man. I'll help you myself."

It took only a little while to search the two rooms and the loft and the few small outbuildings, though it seemed a long time. And they found no one.

THERE was one bad moment. It came just as the men were about to leave. They all heard it, the sound outside the door as of someone stumbling, a sound that made her blood freeze in her veins, and Aunt Min give a little cry and put her hand to her mouth.

"What was that?" The searchers were at the door immediately, and she saw that even Simon blinked once or twice and that his hands were rigid, clutching his blackthorn cane.

Then the door was flung open and in her relief she nearly laughed aloud. For, God be praised, it was only Uncle Patch who swayed there in the doorway with a foolish look on his fat face, and a goodly portion of the liquor from the village pub inside of him.

"My son," said Simon, recovering at once, and with a withering look at Patch. "Though I'm saying it with no pride, gentlemen, my only living son."

Patch grinned at them amiably and lurched into the room. And suddenly Aunt Min, who had seen Patch drunk three times a week for over twenty

years, now began to set up a great wailing and lamenting over the terrible condition of her brother, her only brother. Ach, he was a disgrace, a disgrace to them all, she howled. And Simon at the same time rapped with his blackthorn on the floor and thundered at her to be quiet. She kept up the wailing and Simon the shouting until the two officers hastily took their leave.

Aunt Min hushed her screaming as the sound of the horses' hoofs died away, and Grandfather stirred the fire and returned to his thoughts. No one paid the slightest heed to Patch, who by some miracle got himself up into the loft, where he began at once to snore loudly.

Aunt Min sighed after a while and put away her mending. "It's been a long day, Maggie," she said. "Come along to bed, let you."

And she went obediently, though all night she was wakeful, knowing that her grandfather was still sitting there beside the hearth, keeping his vigil. Keeping the fire going and plenty of water steaming in the black kettle.

And just before dawn, Brian came. Simon saw him staggering up the lane, and flinging the door wide, he caught the lad in his arms before he should fall to the floor in utter exhaustion. And she and Aunt Min came running from their bed to stare, horrified, at the sight of him.

Soaked through and through, he was, and chilled to the bone. He had hidden in the ivy thicket all night long, not daring to leave before for fear the searchers would return.

"They got Rod," he told Simon between hoarse, gasping breaths.

"Aye, I know they did, lad," the old man said, but Brian did not hear him. He was past all hearing by then, and it was as much as they could do to get him to bed. Nor did he utter another coherent word after that for many a long day.

Exposure and hunger had worked their evil, and Brian O'Hara was a desperately sick man, wracked with fever. Between the three of them, the two women and the old man, they nursed him back from the very edge of the grave. And even Patch took a hand during his infrequent sober spells. It was a long and wearisome struggle, and sometimes they feared they were beaten. But finally he took a turn for the better and there was the long, slow recovery, though it was months, indeed, before he was more than a wraith of the man he had been.

And it was almost a year from that rainy night when Grandfather uttered those astounding and long-to-be-remembered words to the little gathering of loyal ones there in the room.

Brian, Grandfather said, was through. He had done his share, aye, and far



Soaked through and through he was, and chilled to the bone

more than his share. Furthermore, it was best for him to leave the country. He was still being sought after; there had already been one or two narrow escapes, as they all knew.

America was the place for Brian now, he said, and there was a general assenting murmur. They had scraped together the passage money, and Simon had been in touch with Donahue in Boston.

"Donahue will meet you, or he'll have you met, at the boat," said the old man. "And there'll be a job for you. He'll see to it."

Brian said nothing. He had remained silent, biting on his cold pipe, a slight scowl on his face, throughout all of Simon's speech.

From the corner a little apart from the men where she and her aunt were sitting, she had a sudden feeling of desolation. The same feeling she'd had a few months ago when she feared Brian was dying. Somehow she could not imagine life without his visits, without his long arguments with her grandfather, his rare smiles at her. It would be dull, very dull indeed, and lonely. She would even miss his bitter tirades.

Her eyes blurred a little so that she could hardly see the piece of lace she was making. Then the lace fell from limp hands at Simon's next words.

"You'll not go alone, Brian," he was saying. "A man needs a wife alongside of him to start a good life in a strange country. Take Maggie with you."

Her head came up with a jerk of amazement. And across a dim sea of faces in the smoke-filled room, she looked straight into brilliant black eyes in a thin dark face. The eyes of the man she had just heard was to be her husband. And in that moment he was a stranger to her, a man she had never known.

He still didn't speak, nor did she. She was, indeed, stricken dumb for the time. And after that one upward glance, she sat very still, not daring to raise her eyes again.

THEY were all talking at once, now. Nothing made any sense to her, her mind was reeling, and she was only vaguely aware of Aunt Min's leaving her side, sniffing a little, and closing the bedroom door behind her. But every time she heard Brian's voice, it was like another tiny shock.

She closed her eyes and tried to realize this unbelievable, this soul-shaking change that was to come into her life.

It was all so terrifying. The thought of crossing the black Atlantic filled her with horror. She had once gone up to Cork and stayed overnight with cousins in the city and had seen the harbor at night, and an awesome sight it had been, to be sure. And she had heard of some who died on the way over, and of

others who were not well treated there.

And added to all this, and worst of all, was the sickening thought that Brian might not want her. Why should he care to be burdened with a girl like herself, an ignorant creature with so little book learning? More than likely he wanted no girl with him, least of all herself.

But what was there he could do or say? "Take Maggie with you," her grandfather had ordered him, in the hearing of a roomful. Grandfather, whose word was law among them all.

The tiniest shred of decency would forbid Brian's saying, "I'll do no such thing," much as he might have wished to say the words.

► Ego is about the only thing that can continue to grow without nourishment. —MAGAZINE DIGEST

To Grandfather and Aunt Min, who had bidden farewell to hundreds of kin throughout the years, it meant only one more sorrowful parting. They would miss her, to be sure, but they had sent others just as dear to them out into the world, calmly hiding heavy hearts.

"The sooner you go," she heard Simon say now, "the better."

The passage money was there in the blue sugar jug on the dresser. The passage money was always kept in the blue sugar jug at times like this. Anyone could reach out and take it, though, of course, no one would. No one ever had, through all the years.

She laid down her thread and lace and glanced about her. The room was thick with the blue haze from the smokers. After a moment, she slipped quietly out the door, in the midst of all the talk. Down the lane she went and across the barnyard to where the larch trees swayed in the sweet breeze from over the gap.

A grand night it was, with just enough coolness and a slim curve of a moon trying out one bed of clouds after another.

She leaned against the biggest larch and gazed up into the sky, and wondered if the air over there in America could be as soft and lovely as this. And wondered how it would feel to be looking up at the sky from the deck of a ship with a husband, her husband, beside her. With Brian O'Hara. And shivered a little, though she was not cold.

She stayed there leaning against the tree for some time. She heard the voices of the departing men and her grandfather bidding them Godspeed.

And after a moment, Brian's footfalls coming down the lane and across

the barnyard. She did not move, nor did she look up, until he was beside her, looming tall and shadowy under the larch. A fleeting touch of moon glow gave his face a saintly look, somehow, so that she scarcely recognized him, as he gazed down at her. He had a look of Saint Anthony, she thought, the finest statue in the whole chapel, and pushed the thought aside at once. She must be getting fanciful. Then, before he could speak, words rushed to her own lips.

"Set your mind at rest, Brian O'Hara," she told him, "for I haven't any intention of going to America with you."

"Haven't you so, Maggie?" His voice sounded strange, so soft it was in her ears. And lightly then, "Why not, Maggie?"

She tossed her head and tried to laugh. "And why should I? I'm content here with my own kind," she said, defying him to believe her. "But you have all my prayers for a good voyage, Brian, and may God's blessings be showered on you in your new life." And was furious with herself because her voice and lip trembled so.

"There's only one way that could happen," Brian told her quietly. "And that would be if you were there by my side, Maggie Lynch."

BRIAN O'HARA saying this to her! She could only gape at him in unbelief. Ah, but he couldn't mean it. It was only because Grandfather. . . .

"He took me by surprise, the old one," Brian went on, "but I was going to speak for you, Maggie, if the day ever came when I could rightfully have a wife. Not while I was on the run. A man has no right to ask a woman to share that kind of life. I saw my father and my mother—how it was with them. . . ." He paused and his mouth tightened and pity rushed into her heart. For they'd been martyrs to the Cause, both of them, she'd always known that.

"Ah, Maggie," Brian said, and his voice was pleading, "I need you so. Say you'll come with me. I couldn't leave you behind me."

And suddenly there was a singing peace in her heart. She had never felt like this before. She almost laughed aloud, joyously, ecstatically. What ever had made her fear this poor, forlorn, this dear, dear, lad?

Ah, he needed mothering, someone like herself, to take care of him. She had no book learning, to be sure, but there would be things she could teach him.

And whatever made her dream for an instant that she could let him go off without her? To America or anywhere else? She knew now she could not.

"Say you'll come, Maggie," he said again. "Say the word."

The voyage held no more terror for her, it now seemed the most natural thing in the world and the finest, to be going half across the world with this man. Her own man, with his serious dark eyes and his hurt-looking mouth that rarely smiled.

"Margaret O'Hara, Mrs. Brian O'Hara," she said softly, considering. "It's a good name."

He was smiling now, a wide and joyous smile.

SHE had to stand on her toes and she had to bend his back when he kissed her; indeed, he almost swept her from the ground.

"You're so little, Maggie Lynch," he whispered. "So little and so sweet."

The moon slipped into another cloud and the shadows were kind, caressing. It was wonderful to be kissed by Brian O'Hara. Wonderful to feel his arm about her as they walked back to the house in a dreamy silence. A silence that was shattered into a million pieces by Simon, as he flung the door wide.

The old man was in a terrible rage, and Aunt Min was weeping, with her head on the table.

Simon shook his blackthorn at them and shouted, "Did you see anything of your Uncle Patch?" he demanded. And she, startled, said, indeed, she had not seen Patch nor given him a thought all evening. Nor had Brian.

"Then he's gone, the blackguard! Took the passage money, the passage money, no less, and off to the pub for himself. Bedad, if I could lay my hands on the drunken sot, I'd wring his wretched neck for him."

She was horror stricken.

"Oh, no, Grandfather. No!"

"This is the worst he's ever done, bad cess to him. I've a good notion to go after him and drag him every step of the way home by the hair of his head. I didn't think even he..."

"But he didn't. Listen to me, will you? Patch didn't take the money." She had to shout, too, to make herself heard. "I'm trying to tell you. I did, I took it. Wait."

Aunt Min's head came up from the table and Simon brought the blackthorn to the floor with a thump, as before their unbelieving eyes she turned away and took the money from the pocket of her petticoat.

"I was going to hide it." She couldn't look at Brian, as she spoke. She could feel his eyes on her, as she turned back to her grandfather and handed over to him the little wad of notes. "I was going to hide it, to delay the trip a bit—until I was sure I was wanted." Then she gave Brian a quick side glance and was dazzled by the laughter in his eyes.

"Ah, poor old Patch," said Brian. "You'll have to say some extra prayers

for him this night, Simon, my friend."

And right before her aunt and grandfather, Brian swept her into his arms, and the rafters echoed to his laughter.

That was a rare moment, long to be remembered, when laughter rang out long and loud from Brian O'Hara, and Simon Lynch was speechless.

In after years, Brian often reminded her that she had stolen the passage money to keep from going to America with him. Indeed, he never let her forget it.

Once, years later, some of his friends wanted him to run for district attorney, declaring that such a gift of eloquence as his should not be wasted on heedless school children. Brian had refused to think of it. He had told them he'd be no good at the job at all. His sympathies would be entirely with the prisoner in the dock, he said. Not only because he remembered the times when he himself had been constantly in fear of arrest, but also because he had once seen a poor wretch caught red-handed. And he looked at her with a delighted gleam in his eye.

She had gazed back at him serenely. "The poor thing reformed, didn't she?" she'd said. "Like yourself?"

"Like myself? And how is that?" he had demanded.

"You've learned to laugh now and then," she'd told him. "Not to be always looking on the dark side of things."

It was the truth. He had, indeed. The years had mellowed him, had turned him, except on rare occasions, into a genial man, had given him patience. The years and herself.

She had never forgotten that one word of advice Father Mahar had given her on her wedding day. "Teach the lad to laugh," he'd said. "He doesn't seem to know how now."

She often thought if he had seen the pair of them laughing at nothing on the trip across, while so many poor souls were seasick, the good priest might have thought they had paid too much heed to his words.

Ah, well, they had had their share of laughter afterward. Of weeping, also, but that, too, was part of living, wasn't it?

All her memories were precious, though they had never been wealthy. Brian was no money-maker. He was a thinker, a dreamer, idealist. She herself had been the practical one. But she wouldn't have had it different. They were rich in friends and family, in sons who were as eager to defend this new land as their father had been the Old Country. And when, wounded and lonely in far-off places, the lads had dreamed of home, it had, of course, always been of America, of Boston. But somehow, throughout all the years, and in spite of her love for her new home, whenever they gathered around and sang, "Be it ever so humble," the song to her meant Ireland and a village in Limerick, though she had never had the chance to return. Had never again seen Aunt Min or Grandfather since she left them on her wedding day.

Brian and herself—in sickness and in health—until death—us do part.

He was going on a little ahead of her, this time. In a little while she would join him, and they would laugh together again. And it might be a bit like Ireland. Mightn't it?

SHE closed her eyes and rested her head against the chair back and sighed. She was so weary, so weary.

"Here, Mother, drink your tea," Nora said softly in her ear.

Ah, Nora was a grand girl, they were all wonderful, her dear, dear children.

They were hovering about her, they cherished her.

"Mother," Josie whispered, "Rose had a son. We just heard from Mark."

Ah, God be praised. Another grandchild for Brian and herself. The tears came then for the newborn, for the dying.

She looked at Brian again, lying there on the bed. It was the end. The end and the beginning.

THE END

High Cost Of Living

► "How do you budget your expenses?" the clerk asked a Negro applying for a loan.

"Well, suh," the applicant replied, "ah 'lows 40 puhsent fo' eatin', 30 puhsent fo' rent, 20 puhsent fo' clothes, 10 puhsent fo' savin's, and 20 puhsent fo' insuhdentials."

"But that adds up to 120 per cent," the clerk said.

"That's impossible."

The applicant sighed.

"Brothah, is you tellin' me!"

Frances Whelan





The hands of Christ have touched the cross and wrought in it a change which should gladden the heart of man

*A Cross-bearer led the way; and men
will follow Him until the world is no more*

Parade of the Cross-Bearers

by
NORBERT HERMAN, C.P.

EVERY great cause has its symbol. The attainment of each lofty goal is enjoyed in advance through the ministration and display of some sign which aims to make that particular goal ever visible, tangible, and more colorful. A family will rally around its coat-of-arms as readily as any Roman legion assembled under the standard of the silver eagle. A fraternity or civic organization will proudly feature its distinctive badge or insignia as a challenge to rival groups. Any nation will sense a thrill of patriotic pride at the unfurling of its flag. The symbols men invent and the signs they flaunt are but the outward expression of the philosophy they have espoused and the hidden realities they believe in.

During His life on earth, Our Blessed Lord had recourse to the world of symbols in order to enlighten the minds of His audience. He could tell a story and explain its inevitable moral better than any of His contemporaries. He could extract all the local color of His own shifting environment and superbly concentrate it into a sign or symbol of some phase of His mission. If a countryside in Palestine could proudly display its shepherds and sheep, its hens and chicks, grapevines and husbandmen, seeds and sowers, and treasures buried in fields, so could the vast expanse of God's spir-

itual world boast of these realities, and without human limitations. In the divine pastures Christ was the Good Shepherd and the Mother-Hen; Christ was the Vine and the Divine Sower; His Father was the husbandman and the kingdom of heaven was the hidden treasure. Every material being was to be invested with a new and more sanctified meaning once it humbly directed human minds and hearts to the invisible world of God and His saints. Even the sacramental system instituted by Christ would be dependent upon the beauties of material creation, upon water, oil, wheat, and wine.

There was one symbol, however, which He wrested not from Nature but from the cruel art of man's fierce inhumanity to man. It was the symbol of the cross. On the way to Calvary He shouldered that symbol. It was the beginning of a parade the world never had seen before, never had guessed possible, never had wanted to see: the parade of an army of cross-bearers, with Christ in the lead and millions of stalwart men in the ranks behind Him. On that day, by some unseen divine control of events, the path to Calvary broadened, as it were, into a spacious avenue, making room for the other crusaders of the Passion who would heroically follow their Sorrowing Master even to death.

Men, unlike Christ, might never be expected to carry a cross of wood on their death march, but the invisible crosses sent by God's benign providence would be as real and as heavy as any crucifixion beam.

In Christ alone both the symbol and the reality symbolized attained a perfect unity of intensive effect. The material cross with which men ruthlessly burdened Him crushed Him as He stumbled along the way, but far more ponderous was the immaterial cross of atonement for sin which He magnanimously assumed. The visible cross could be measured and weighed according to human calculations. The heavy beam had only to be seen to cause a tremor of pain or produce an unnerving shudder. But the invisible cross lacked both measurement and weight. It was a cross of infinite proportions, its depth and width and height never to be determined by human science. The cross on Christ's shoulders bruised primarily His sacred body, but the unseen cross on Christ's heart wounded His anguished soul and gave concern to His divinity.

The crowd which swarmed the road outside the walls of Jerusalem on that fatal Friday, which men now call Good, were predominantly of one mind and purpose: to witness and to enjoy the harrowing humiliation of a young

prophet who claimed to be not only a king but actually God! The punishment of crucifixion was no novelty for this hard, curious rabble. In times past they had seen other condemned men transport crosses. They had heard these social misfits curse and snarl as the death-dooming beam was flung across shoulders already blood-scarred from the scourge. With gleeful zest they had mistreated these criminals whom the law itself had already reduced to a subhuman level. Now three such men pass by, and one is Christ. The impending fate of Jesus, trapped between the political compromise of Roman authority and the religious hatred of the Sanhedrin, promises an unusual and interesting experience.

The two robbers are briefly noticed. In their case official justice is performing the routine function of enforcing a penal law. But in Christ's case there is evident a clear-cut violation of law, for Pilate the Procurator had declared Him innocent and then, about-facing, had condemned Him to the cross in order to please the rabble. Christ passes before the crowd, a victim of unrestrained hatred, the tragic target of injustice forced into a legal mold. He attracts attention mainly because the erring conscience of human hatred is uneasy in His presence. Even on His death march, when men have reduced Him to so pitiable a figure, Christ cannot be ignored for a moment!

The spectators lining the *via dolorosa* strain to watch the tragic procession. The customary centurion and his detachment of four soldiers accompany Jesus, while immediately preceding them walks a servant of the court who carries the tablet which proclaims in large letters the apparent crime of Christ: "Jesus of Nazareth, the king of the Jews." Our Blessed Lord journeys slowly, for He is weak and the cross is heavy. The soldiers try to hurry Him along, for Calvary is waiting and another day's routine job must be completed. As Jesus suddenly falls the crowd becomes hushed. But once He slowly rises from the ground the mob is goaded on to more clamorous shouting.

Somehow, men cannot fathom the mystery of what they see: a man supremely patient, uncomplaining, without bitterness of heart or proud contempt of speech, even in His lowliest defeat. Those who watch, eager to detect in Him some slight sign of vindictiveness or emotional retaliation, cannot help admiring the majesty of His bearing and the pathetic charm of His unprotesting manner. But hatred has its own way of blindfolding human eyes so that they no longer see what is plain. This jeering, unrestrained, and contemptuous crowd will not admit that an innocent man is about to die, that

God is about to atone for the sins of men, that the world is about to be baptized with blood, that a fearful tree is about to become a sacred symbol. To them His cross is only the terrifying instrument of shame and torture which He rightly deserves to carry and die upon.

But for us who visualize this scene from afar, the cross glows with an unearthly light reflected from the face of Him who carried it. No longer does it strike terror in the hearts of men or appear as a gruesome and inhuman weapon of punishment. The hand of Christ has touched it and by His contact a transformation has ensued. It becomes the standard of a new and everlasting army, the trophy won for humanity by the greatest of athletes, who graciously and perpetually makes His victory ours; the spiritual sword which God plunges into the heart of the world, even into the heart of every man's personal world, not to wound and to kill but to cut away all that is ungodly in order that what is virtuous might become more vigorous and what is without strength might become strong.

The wood of His material cross is now split up into a thousand and more fragments. Christians throughout the world have housed these miniature crossbeams in precious receptacles. They have enshrined relics of the true cross for the veneration of all who will kneel in thankful prayer and sweet remembrance of Christ's Passion and Death. Indeed, the fortunate fate of His splintered cross of wood reminds us of His spiritual cross which too has been broken up, as it were, into multitudinous parts that all men might have a sharing in His Passion and Death, that all men might march cross-laden to new Calvaries whence the power of the Crucified will never depart.

There was no ending to that sorrowful pilgrimage when Christ finally reached Calvary and there mounted His cross to suffer and to die. His dolorous destination did not terminate the procession He had begun when He started wearily to trudge along a Jerusalem

highway, his back weighted under a heavy crossbeam. The parade of crucifiers continued. It still goes on. It will never stop until the world is no more, until the last heroic Christian has become another Christ Crucified. In eternity only, will it be replaced by the spectacle of God's appearance and presence, that unsurpassed vision of the Trinity in heaven, where men finally find joyful rest after life's weary march. In the meantime, however, saints must struggle to keep the parade moving and to make the review a display worthy of Him who now gloriously stands by life's roadside, watching and encouraging their lowly efforts.

There is no day, however joyful, when cross-bearing Christians might not stumble and fall never again to rise, tragically counting the cost of their sacrifice and finding it too inhumanly high. There is no night, however long and dismal, when sinners cannot again re-enter the ranks, eagerly shouldering their cross anew, that this panorama of the Passion might never end. There is never a moment of time when divinity does not graciously render a reciprocal courtesy to mankind: for, just as Simon the Cyrenean helped Christ to carry His material cross (although requisitioned by the Roman soldiers) so too does Christ eagerly help us lift our spiritual crosses when we become faint-hearted and weary.

On the road to Calvary there need not be any discouragement or dispiriting anxiety. We need not fear that the path will turn ominously or tragically be swallowed up in oblivion, for there is no divine deceit which could direct us to a worthless goal. We will never be abandoned by God in whose image creation has stamped us, nor be deserted by God's Son, according to whose sorrowful image we must be patterned. With a cross on our back, we can follow a sure and sanctified road, for beneath our feet there is sketched in vivid red the trail of the Saviour's blood, through whose power and wisdom every cross-bearer can endure a crucifixion and enter at last into His glory.

TO THOMAS THE APOSTLE

by CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

*Not yours the cynic sneer
But a redeemable doubt—
A plaintive, sad, sincere
Passion for finding out;
And so to you He came
Past bolted doors to chide
With sanctifying shame,
And let your fingers hide
Within His wounded side.*

What Price Christianity?

by FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C.P.



Three were murdered, a fourth died of disease

FOREIGN Mission work must be conceived essentially as a battle line. Out on the fringes of the Catholic Church, men labor and die. The hazards of the mission field front lines bring exhaustion to many, and to the rear they must go for recuperation.

For centuries the Mother Church of Europe bore the burden of manning the front lines of the Church. America was still in swaddling clothes, so to speak, as yet incapable of filling her own needs and forced to meet these needs with recruits from Europe. The American Church owes much to Ireland, Germany, France, and the other nations of Europe for the solid foundations that she now enjoys.

Not too many decades ago, the Commander in Chief, the Holy Father, pressed for men to fill the needs of the far-flung mission front, looked to the young member in the Mystical Body of Christ. The call was issued to America to engage in foreign mission work. Tired Europe, suffering from the ravages of the first world war, was unable to meet his needs.

Men wondered. Could the priests and nuns of a nation with the highest standard of living on earth endure the hardships of the front line? In other words, could the American clergy and Sisterhoods take it? The history of the Maryknollers, the Franciscans, the Dominicans and Benedictines, the Society of the Divine Word and the Vincentians, together with a host of societies of our Sisterhoods is the answer to that question. The relatively young Church of America could take it. From the ports of the Pacific, year after year, bands of missionary priests and nuns sailed for the front lines. The American Church had come of age. She had matured. Not only was she self-sufficient; she could give to countries in need.

Twenty-six years ago, the call came to the Passionists of America. With enthusiasm the call was answered. The superiors of the Congregation mustered their resources, and in a short time the vanguard of five priests and one lay

brother sailed for China. Within twelve months, eight more priests joined their brothers, and within thirty months of the first sailing a large band of thirteen swelled the contingent at the front to twenty-six. The sector allotted to the Passionists was adequately manned.

Scarcely were the priests established in the mission field, when valiant women, Sisters of Charity and Sisters of St. Joseph, came to render service in work best done by women. Orphanages and dispensaries, schools and catechumenates were staffed by these noblewomen of God.

Casualties began to manifest themselves. China was turning Communist. A priest and a Sister had died. The strife and the turmoil began to take its toll. Men were becoming incapacitated. Other priests and Sisters were sent to reinforce the thinning lines. The fight continued. Three priests were murdered, a fourth died of disease at the same time. Cholera took its toll among the Sisters. More reinforcements were needed. More were sent. Superiors realized that foreign mission work was not a mere initial sacrifice, but one that would have to be sustained throughout the years with the youthful blood of the Congregation. The sacrifice was made willingly. Always the mission field was adequately staffed.

Thus the history of the Passionist sector continues through the years. When twenty-five years of missionary endeavor had been completed, sixty-one priests had gone to China. Of those sixty-one, thirty-four were listed as casualties—54 per cent! Of the thirty-four casualties, thirteen are dead, the others physically unable to carry on the strenuous work of the mission frontier.

Twenty-eight Sisters had gone to the front. At the end of this period, fourteen were casualties, seven of these dead, from cholera, typhus, and typhoid or the sheer rigors of life at the front.

It was my privilege in 1928 to be the thirty-fourth priest to sail for China. Today I am ninth in point of seniority. Twenty-three of my predecessors have

succumbed in twenty years. These figures speak for themselves. The life of the foreign missionary runs out fast. And what is true of the record of the Passionists is likewise true of the other Orders. There is ample proof that the priests and Sisters of the American Church have what it takes.

Now the burden of responsibility has reached its peak. As never before, Europe is prostrate, and the Holy Father looks to America for the men and the means to carry on this age-long struggle. We cannot say that we have done enough, or that we are doing enough. The need today to man the front is as urgent as it was the first Good Friday. Souls by the millions still await salvation through the Sacraments. Duly ordained priests must be sent to make this physically possible for every human being. Where will the recruits come from? Spain lost priests by the thousands during the Communist regime; France lost thousands at the front and in prison camps. Poland was bled white of her ecclesiastics. Hungary is bound and gagged and rendered helpless. Ireland continues to maintain her glorious position of sending her priests to every land under the sun. But where else can the Holy Father look? His pool of clerical manpower has been woefully drained by the ravages of war and political upheaval. Where will he get the reinforcements so urgently needed?

Who can blame him when he casts a pleading eye upon relatively unscarred America? She alone has been spared the horrors of invasion and aerial warfare. She alone has maintained a semblance of civilized living in this distraught world. She alone has the men and the means to answer his needs. Shall America let the Holy Father down? God forbid. America owes it to Holy Mother Church to do her utmost in this hour of dire need. As the Holy Father recently said: "This is America's hour."

For God and country. . . . As a nation, Americans twice shed copious blood for their country. Shall they do the same for their God?



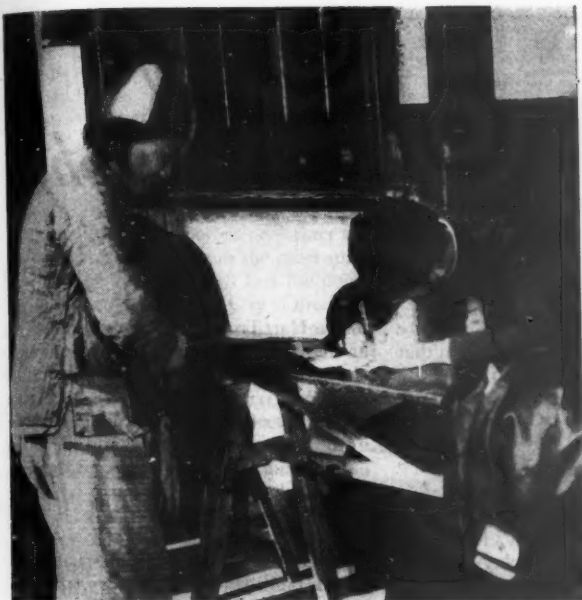
A farmer votes. Voting in China, although light in comparison with the numbers eligible to vote, brought out a fairly representative cross section of the population from farms, shops, offices, and schools. Here an official explains the regulations to a farmer.

Members of a University faculty and students cast votes together. There were no private booths, and ballots were left unfolded and inserted in a box.



China's new Constitution demands no literacy requirement and many voters, as the one shown here, unable to write, put a fingerprint by their names.





Not only the farmer, but the farmer's wife went to the polls to help elect an Assembly representative.



A worker votes. No holiday was declared, but all work virtually halted to give citizens time to vote.

The voice of the People, heard in the recent elections in China, marked that country's first national election. It was reportedly a weak voice (weak, perhaps, as the voice of any newborn is weak). Interest was confined mostly to politically-minded residents and the well-to-do class. The poor showed very little concern about exercising their rights. Those who did leave the shop, office, school, and farm to ballot went through the new experience in democracy with mixed reactions.

A member of China's Labor Union casts his ballot for representative. Girl Scouts guard ballot box.

In China today there is no better influence for democracy than the Catholic Church. For hundreds of years her missionaries have been laboring ceaselessly to bring the light and love of Christ Crucified to this pagan people. Progress has been slow but sure. Not the least of these missionaries are the American Passionist Fathers, whose work has flourished under the most discouraging circumstances. May their labors bring even greater honor and glory to God.

Guard of honor made up of Boy Scouts stands at attention to receive dignitaries at a voting place.



SPORTS...

by
Don Dunphy

Osmanski of Holy Cross

Back on a rainy Saturday afternoon in October 1936, we were taking part in a broadcast of the Dartmouth-Holy Cross football game at Hanover, N. H. For three periods and most of the fourth, the teams battled in midfield as the sloppy going stalled the attacks. Then the stands roared as the home team started to move. One first down and then another. Across the fifty-yard line went Dartmouth as the little band of Holy Cross rooters implored the Crusaders to hold, hold until time ran out on the game. For at this point, with victory too remote to think about, the Purple followers would have gladly settled for a tie. But the Indians had other ideas. The fleet Dartmouth backs hacked away at a tiring Holy Cross line and wilting secondary that had played itself out stemming the vaunted Big Green for most of the game. To the forty they went and then to the thirty. A crash off the tackle brought five more yards. The teams lined up again. But hold it! Here comes a substitute for Holy Cross. Number Twenty-five. A back. Osmanski, William T. He's a sophomore. First appearance in the game. Dartmouth cracks the line again. Three yards this time. Third and two on the Holy Cross twenty-second. They line up again. Time's running out now. Look out! The Dartmouth tailback is fading back. He's going to pass. He lets it go. It's a long one. It's intercepted. A Holy Cross man has it on his own ten. It's that Twenty-five. Osmanski. He's starting up-field. Over to the sideline he races with eleven Big Greens in pursuit. Across midfield he goes. He's fast. They'll never catch him. It's a touchdown for Holy Cross, and the little group of Purple rooters are going wild. The point after touchdown is missed. But what matter? That's the ball game and Holy Cross' first victory over Dartmouth.

That was my introduction to Bullet Bill Osmanski, the gridiron immortal who last month returned to his alma mater as head football coach. I'm sure that Osmanski has had many a thrill on the gridiron, both as a great star at Holy Cross and later as one of the backfield luminaries of the awesome Chicago Bears. I'm certain that many more exciting afternoons are in store for him as he strives to lead the Crusaders to the top of the gridiron heap.

But I doubt if any of them will measure up to the thrill he must have got from that sensational run he turned in to bring victory from defeat on that rainy Saturday back in 1936.

O'Connor's Lucky Break

You have to get the breaks to become a great star in athletics. You can have all the ability in the world but it's lost if you don't get the chance to display it. Take the case of Herbert Williams (Buddy) O'Connor, for instance. For six years he was one of the most popular players on the Montreal Canadiens hockey team. But stardom eluded him. He was always overshadowed by such as Maurice (The Rocket) Richard, Elmer Lach, Toe Blake, and others. Finally came Buddy's break, when he was traded to the Rangers. It didn't seem too good a break at the time, being sent to a team that had failed to make the playoffs for five straight years. But it gave him his chance to make good. Today O'Connor is the leading candidate

for the Hart Trophy, which means he's right at the pinnacle of the ice hockey world.

Buddy O'Connor was born in Montreal on June 21, 1916. He's a left-hand shot and at 142 pounds, he's the lightest player in the league. He's married and the father of two daughters, Linda, six and Carolyn, three. He's quite a golfer too.

Sports Quiz

(For answers see opposite page.)

1. From 1915-1938 inclusive, the New York Yankees had but two first basemen, Wally Pipp and Lou Gehrig; how many did they have from 1939 to 1947?
2. Who was Goldsmith Maid?
3. What is the forfeit score in the following games?
 - a. Baseball
 - b. Football
 - c. Basketball
 - d. Ice hockey
 - e. Tennis
4. What are boxing's four basic blows?
5. What is "Birlinging?"



Bullet Bill Osmanski, who returned to his alma mater as head coach

Stiffest Test For Gus

Gus Lesnevich, the perennial light heavyweight champion of the world, faces the stiffest test of his long and honorable career when he puts his crown on the line against the onslaughts of Belton' Billy Fox of Philadelphia at Madison Square Garden on March 5. The Cliffside Park, New Jersey, pugilist who turned from a capable but colorless performer to a glamour boy of the ring in the short space of one year, may very well find the power packed wallop from the City of Brotherly Love a much tougher foe than the inexperienced youngster he knocked out in ten rounds a year ago. For at this point of their respective ring careers, time has to be working for the twenty-one-year-old challenger and against the thirty-three-year-old champion. Age, however, could very well be a meaningless item when you consider a chap like Lesnevich who leaves no stone unturned to bring himself into the ring in tip-top shape. There were those who said he was all through a year ago, but he laughed that off by becoming the fighter of the year, with his knockout of Fox, a fifty-nine-second kayo of Melio Bettina, (a new Madison Square Garden record), a decision, and later a knockout of Tami Mauriello. All of which earned him the accolade of "Fighter of the Year" by the New York Boxing Writers Association. But Fox, with fifty knockouts in fifty-one fights (his sole loss was to Lesnevich), is one of the most devastating hitters the ring has ever known. He staggered the Champion in their bout a year



ago, but Lesnevich's great ring savvy carried him to victory. Fox has never been in a bout that didn't end in a knockout, and the chances are that this one will end with one or the other on the canvas. A win for Fox will mean a new light heavyweight champion. A decisive win for Lesnevich could send him on to a match for the bigger crown. Incidentally, we'll be broadcasting this fight on the A.B.C. Network, March 5, at 10 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

Answers to Sports Quiz

1. Twelve. Gehrig, Dahlgren, Gordon, Sturm, Levy, Hassett, Eiten, Lindell, Souchock, Henrich, McQuinn and Phillips.
2. According to Frank Menke's *Encyclopedia of Sports*, Goldsmith Maid was the most amazing trotting horse of all time. A farm horse till she was six, she raced but once till she was eight. Then she went on a record-breaking spree and was still a champion at the age of twenty.
3. a. 9-0.
b. 1-0.
c. 2-0.
d. No forfeit score. Team wins by forfeit.
- e. Same. Player or team wins by forfeit.
4. Jab, hook, uppercut, and straight right or left.
5. Birling is logrolling, a business or trade that has been turned into a sport.

Future Giant

Newtown "Mickey" Grasso—Nickname pinned on him because he somewhat resembles Mickey Cochrane . . . spent twenty-seven months in Nazi prison camps . . . Illness compelled him to re-

Poor Charlie!

► One season Lefty Gomez and Pat Malone of the Yankees quarreled about Billy Herman and Charlie Gehringer. Malone said Herman was the best second baseman in baseball and Gomez took up for Gehringer. They never settled it and until the day he died Malone thought Herman was the greatest who ever played the game. I remember two things Gomez said about Gehringer during an argument on a train.

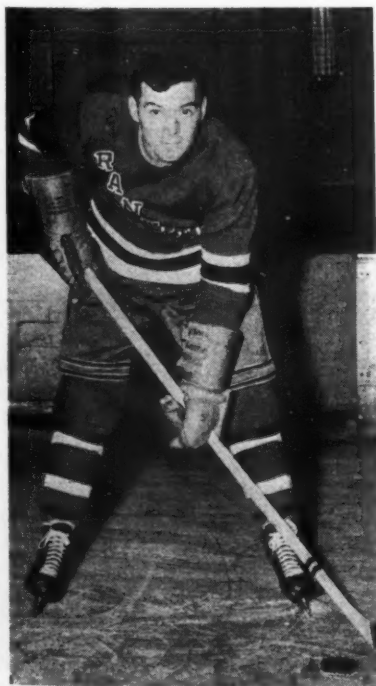
"I don't know if Gehringer is a good hitter," Lefty said, "but every time I look up he's on second base."

"He has no color," Malone insisted.

"Yeah," Gomez answered, "Gehringer's in a rut. He hits .350 the first day of the season—an stays that way!"

—New York Post

main on sidelines for more than a month at the start of last year . . . showed some power when he finally got into the lineup at Jersey City, hitting thirteen homers, nine of these in the expansive Roosevelt Stadium where the Little Giants play their home games . . . Mickey had been playing with the Hilltops and the Zephyrs, semipro teams in Newark, N. J., when he got a trial and joined the Trenton team in 1941 . . . entered service and returned last season . . . He likes to talk about the grand slam homer he hit against Steve Nagy of Montreal last season.



O'Connor, candidate for Hart Trophy

March, 1948



Grasso of grand slam homer fame

What can be done to save the U.N. from the fate of the
League of Nations? A thoughtful and constructive analysis

The U.N.'s time for decision

by ANTHONY B. ATAR

DURING March the Little Assembly of the United Nations is to be in session. It can be the glorious work of this body to save the U.N.

There is much talk about the inability of the United Nations to solve the important problems of world peace. There is growing recognition of the incompatibility of the Soviet East and the Christian West. And there is the cynical admission that the dream of "One World" was only a dream. It is natural that the U.N., which was founded on the principle of unity among the great powers, should be the first to suffer a severe shock under the impact of this East-West crisis. The issue today is: Should the U.N. be allowed to be swept away by the rising tide of Soviet conflict with the West, or should it be salvaged as a potentially valuable instrument of international co-operation?

If the latter is to be the case, and it should be, then the only realistic and effective method seems to be that of a fundamental revision of the U.N., both as to its underlying philosophy and to its Charter. It could be the great task of the Little Assembly to work out these reforms so that definite proposals could be ready for the autumn session of the General Assembly. The absence of the Soviet bloc in the Little Assembly would be no handicap. On the contrary, unhampered by Soviet obstruction, genuine constructive work could be done.

The true source of all U.N. troubles is the foundation upon which it was built. Its whole concept as worked out at Dumbarton Oaks, Yalta, and San Francisco was based on the unlimited authority of the great powers and on their wartime unity. The small nations were relegated to the role of onlookers and talkers. To such a degree was the U.N. concept connected with big power unity that at the time of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference several key people admitted to this writer that, should this unity one day cease to exist, on that day the U.N. would perish.

Any reform in the structure of the United Nations must come to grips with this reality. The bankrupt policy of power politics must be replaced with something more fundamental and lasting: a system of

law under which all nations are equal. Not blocs and contending factions but a moral order of law should determine the course the U.N. shall follow in any particular case. Only then can it become a useful instrument in settling the "cold war" now being waged.

What is truly important is that if law becomes the basis for the authority of the U.N., Soviet withdrawal will do no lasting harm to the organization. On the other hand, if the U.N. continues to be the rudderless vehicle of power politics, a Soviet exit may well wreck it. Should this happen, the Soviet Union would not only deal a severe blow to the Western powers, but what is worse, would ruin the common effort of man toward peaceful collaboration, an effort that started fifty years ago when in 1899 the first Geneva Convention was signed.

There are two fundamental aspects to the problem confronting the Little Assembly. One is the absence of codified rules of international law which would provide criteria for the U.N. in treating such international crimes as aggression, provocation to war, inhuman treatment of population, etc. This should, at least in the essential fields of international relations, be remedied. The other aspect is the necessary revision of the U.N. Charter.

So far as the first question goes, definition of aggression seems the most urgent task. The San Francisco Conference refused to define aggression, possibly because of the embarrassing position in which the U.N. would be placed with Russia, even then a blatant aggressor. (Certainly the publication of the Nazi-Soviet documents should remove any doubts on that score.) The report of the Commission preparing the Charter said: "Several delegations proposed that the term aggression might be defined or explained, but the majority of the Commission thought that a preliminary definition

of aggression went beyond the scope of the Charter and that the modern technique of warfare rendered any definition of aggression impossible."

As the situation stands today, the Security Council has the task of determining whether an act of aggression has been committed, but there is no objective law to serve as a guide in such a decision. It is somewhat as if the mayor of a city had to decide in each case, according to his whim, whether a murder, an arson, or a theft had been committed.

Although international lawyers consider the codifying of international law to be a problem for unending years of labor, it seems that such basic questions as the definition of aggression should be undertaken. After all, there is an excellent text defining aggression contained in the Convention for the Definition of Aggression, signed in London on July 3, 1933 by Rumania, Estonia, Latvia, Poland, Turkey, Russia, and Afghanistan. Its text was provided by Mr. Litvinov, the Soviet delegate, who on the eve of the famous Moscow purges wanted to make sure that there would be no outside intervention in that wholesale massacre. Ironically, this definition points now with precision to Russia as the avowed aggressor.

Art. 2 of the Convention quotes the following acts as constituting aggression:

1. Declaration of war upon another state;
 2. Invasion by its armed forces, with or without a declaration of war, of the territory of another state;
 3. Attack by its land, naval, or air forces, with or without declaration of war, on the territory, vessels, or aircraft of another state;
 4. Naval blockade of the coasts or ports of another state;
 5. Provisions of support to armed bands formed in its territory which have invaded the territory of another state, or refusal, notwithstanding the request of the invaded state, to take, in its territory, all the measures in its power to deprive those bands of all assistance or protection. (Italics are the author's.)
- And forestalling any possible excuse for an act of aggression that could be used

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by the aggressor-nation to explain its act, the Annex to the Convention stresses that no internal or international conditions of a state can be taken as a legitimate reason for committing aggression.

As unpleasant to the Soviet Union and her satellites as the quoted definition of aggression might be, it could very well be used as the foundation for the final draft in the service of the U.N.

Definition of the independence of nations and states appears to be next on the list of necessities. This seems essential in view of the increasing number of Soviet puppets either already members or seeking membership in the U.N. There is no rule now that could entitle the U.N. to oust such puppets or to bar their admission. Definition of the independence of nations and states would also supplement the definition of aggression, since it would point clearly to what rights of nations cannot be violated.

There is already a draft convention before the International Law Commission on the Rights and Duties of States submitted by the delegation of Panama that could be helpful in this line.

Codification of the International Bill of Rights is about complete and awaits adoption. It answers a very important objective of the U.N. expressed in Art. 55 of the Charter, to promote "universal respect for, and observance of, human rights and fundamental freedoms." By tracing violations of the International Bill of Rights and indicting the violator, the U.N. will be able to accomplish a great deal toward protecting victims of persecution, determining the moral and civilization standards of nations, and also unmasking latent threats to peace which are always contained in the practice of forced labor and concentration camps. Neither Nazi Germany nor Soviet Russia would look very innocent in the light of these rules.

Another extremely important and quite new achievement of international law now discussed in the U.N. is the convention on genocide. As international crime, genocide corresponds to homicide in criminal law: it is murder committed on whole nations or their culture. Recognized as an international crime by the December 11, 1946 resolution of the General Assembly, genocide is now in the form of a convention that awaits adoption. Whereas the International Bill of Rights protects the rights of individuals from abuse, the convention on genocide protects the rights of nations as well as national or religious groups to existence. Two complaints against Russia on the basis of genocide were presented at the last session of the General Assembly by the Lithuanian Minister in Washington and by Ukrainian-American organizations.

NO rules of international law can be effective, however, if the U.N. Charter continues to leave the large powers immune from responsibility. What would happen if a wealthy businessman were permitted to commit murder with impunity, while a poor man-on-the-street was punished with death for the same crime? This is precisely the U.N.'s stand today.

Thus the issue confronting the U.N. is to persuade the great powers to yield some of their privileges for the sake of establishing a common order of law before which all members should be equal. The future of the U.N. hinges on this. It is the goal of bringing democracy into the U.N. Russia will, of course, oppose it to the end, but even her withdrawal should in this case be risked.

The rule of unanimity affects all essential decisions of the Security Council, including revisions of the Charter, action to stop a threat to peace, etc., and paralyzes its work. Its source is the Yalta agreement,

root of all world calamities today. Article 27 of the Charter repeats verbatim the Yalta formula on voting. It was at the Soviet request that the veto power was introduced into the Charter, indeed it was a condition on which Russian participation in the U.N. depended.

The veto power is but the symbol of the role the great powers assumed in the Security Council. The division of its members into permanent and nonpermanent is obsolete. As every one knows, it did not help the Geneva League very much. What should be done, is to constitute the Security Council as a real executive body representing equally the wishes of all the members of the General Assembly, which is the World Parliament. Various methods of elections could be devised. An interesting one is suggested by the prominent international lawyer, for many years Supreme Judge of the International Court of Justice in The Hague, Jose Gustave Guerrero. He believes that it should be organized on a regional basis. He divides the world into fifteen geographic regions and grants to the elected representative of each region one seat in the Council. The only privilege assured the great powers would be that each of them should be considered as a region in itself and hence entitled to a full vote. Of course all decisions would be taken by majority vote.

The real issue is to find ways to grant more authority to the small nations than the San Francisco Charter did. This can be achieved through revision of the rules in the Security Council on the above-described lines, or, as a temporary measure, by increasing the power of the General Assembly where no veto rules and no discrimination exists. The latter course was followed by the U.S. Government when the Little Assembly was constituted. It was described by a delegate of one of the small

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The empty chairs at the last meeting of the Little Assembly are those of Russia and the Ukraine

THE sun was hot, and Small Boy watched the fine dust curling between his toes as he crossed the highway leading northward to Nanking. He was tired, but his black eyes brightened when he smelled the good smells of the village market place.

Under one arm he carried a bundle of bamboo sticks, and his shirt bulged with dusty greens plucked from the roadside. He carried, too, an ache inside him, and the market place odors made the ache turn and twist with rumblings like small thunder.

In the market stood tables heaped with sweet-smelling fruits, tables festooned with salt-smelling fish, and tables stacked with strong-smelling chunks of meat. The sun warmed the flat tin roof, and under it the smells eddied like smoke from a multitude of small fires, and then the blended odors rolled out over sidewalk and road.

It was pleasant to walk past the market place at midday, when the road was all but deserted and there were no impatient people to cry, "Watch out! Go away!" Even the chickens in their crates on the sidewalk were quiet in the midday heat.

Pausing beside the stacked crates, Small Boy plucked a green stem from his shirt and allowed a despondent fowl in the bottommost cage to peck the tidbit from his fingers. He had to snatch his hand away quickly—the bird was ravenous.

"No more," he said firmly. "Old Gentleman would scold!" And hearing a hissing noise from the corner of the building he looked up.

The two boys who crouched there were, known to him. They lived only a few doors distant from the shed occupied by himself and Old Gentleman, in the warren of alleys beyond the market. They were his friends. But now, for some reason annoyed by his loitering, they motioned him to be on his way. Quite likely they wished to steal chickens.

Small Boy crossed the road to the shadows of a doorway. He himself was not permitted to steal from the market place. But he could watch. There was no wrong in that, surely.

Ah, but his playmates were sly! On hands and knees they crept toward the crates, all the time keeping the heaped tables of fish and fruit between themselves and the man at the meat table. Only at the end of their journey was there an open space where they might be seen. Upon reaching it they paused, and at the proper moment, when the proprietor leaned back on his stool and yawned into his hands, they pounced!

The chickens set up a great squawking, especially the two which had been seized by their scrawny necks. The owner bounded from his stool with a tremendous shout. But too many tables loomed between him and the sidewalk. Before he could pick his way among them, the boys had vanished with shrill taunts into the warren of alleys and were gone.



Golden Bird

Old Gentleman was poor in wordly goods

but he had something to give Small

Boy that wealth can never buy

by

HUGH B. CAVE

The man ran only a little way after them. Then, muttering and shaking his fists, he returned to his stall. The flies droned again under the tin roof. The good smells flowed out across the road. Everything was as it had been.

But, thought Small Boy enviously, the families of those two will be feasting on tender chicken tonight while Old Gentleman and I are eating rice and boiled weeds again. And he wondered for the thousandth time why Old Gentleman would not permit him to take food when the taking was so easy.

The answer was simple, perhaps. Old Gentleman was somewhat foolish in the head. Not so foolish, of course, as he had pretended to be when Small Boy's honored parents had been marched away by the Japanese, but a little bit foolish, certainly.

Small Boy trudged homeward, past the buckets of used nails on the sidewalk before the second-hand hardware shop. He gazed solemnly into the cubicle where young Mr. Wang sat painting pink flowers on small squares of cloth. He loitered past the shop of Mr. Wu.

Suddenly, his left foot began to sing.

He looked down, startled. Before Mr. Wu's shop stood a small bamboo cage, and inside the cage sat a golden bird. The bird's singing was like a tinkle of tiny bells. Never had Small Boy heard anything quite so exquisite.

Well—almost never. Old Gentleman had owned a singing bird once, he remembered. But that had been long ago, in the days when Old Gentleman lived in a fine house and taught school in Nanking, and could afford such incredible luxuries. There was no bird today. There were not even little luxuries today. Now Old Gentleman had nothing, and spent his days making cloth shoes for Small Boy to sell.

Poor shoes at that—hardly fit to walk in.

Small Boy listened in awe to the golden bird's singing and then glanced up. The chair in the doorway was vacant. Mr. Wu was somewhere inside, hidden from view behind the merchandise displayed on his window shelves. Sidewalk and road were deserted.

What a difference a singing bird would make in the dark shed where Old Gentleman and Small Boy lived! How the old man's eyes would glow!

"It is a gift from one who thought your shoes most excellent," Small Boy whispered, rehearsing the speech he would make. Old Gentleman would never know. He rarely left home.

And it would not be like stealing a chicken. Certainly not! No one would eat the yellow bird.

He looked again at the vacant chair. Shifting the bundle of bamboo sticks to his left hand, he snatched the cage with his right. His bare feet flew!

But as he ran, a bellow shattered the noonday quiet. In the market place across the road, the watchful owner of the chickens had seen him and was now erect, shouting hoarsely, "Thief! Thief!"

The cage thumped against Small Boy's legs. His heart pounded as though the frightened bird were fluttering inside him. Then he all but died in his tracks. From the shop doorway behind him darted Mr. Wu, to give chase!

For an old man Mr. Wu was agile. Moreover, he wasted no breath in shouting. Having neither a cage nor a bundle of bamboo sticks to hinder him, he was



ILLUSTRATED BY MAY BURKE

For an old man Mr. Wu was agile. He wasted no breath in shouting

only a few paces behind when Small Boy turned at top speed into the alleys.

Mr. Wu knew the alleys as well as his quarry did. He did not pause. His slippers churned the brown earth into clouds of dust as with one bony hand outthrust he closed the gap.

Nevertheless, with a frantic burst of speed Small Boy arrived first at the shed and scurried inside.

Old Gentleman, working at his table, put down his needle and looked up in bewilderment as Small Boy fled past him to the darkest corner of the shed and crouched there. He eyed the cage to which the boy still clung. Puzzled, he said softly, "Now what have we—?" and then was silent. Mr. Wu stood like an avenger in the doorway!

"The singing bird," said Mr. Wu, addressing himself coolly to Old Gentleman, "is mine. I would thank you for asking this thieving one to return it!"

Old Gentleman turned to Small Boy and his eyes were bright, and his dry tongue touched his lips. "Is this true?" he asked incredulously.

Small Boy nodded. He could not speak.

"You stole the bird?" asked Old Gentleman, leaning forward.

"I—I thought to give it . . . Yes," admitted Small Boy, "I stole it."

Old Gentleman took the cage and handed it to Mr. Wu, who was getting his breath back, and for an instant both men peered at the culprit in terrible silence. Then both men went outside.

They did not go far. Small Boy, crouching in his corner, saw them through the doorway. They stood and talked. Then they sat on their heels and talked. And then Mr. Wu departed, apparently content, and Old Gentleman re-entered.

At first Old Gentleman said nothing. It was as if Small Boy were not there or had ceased to exist. Old Gentleman worked at his table, sewing his cloth shoes. But at last he put down his work and turned on his stool.

Wonderingly he said, "The golden bird was for me?"

Small Boy nodded, fearing an outburst of wrath.

"Because I once possessed such a bird?" Old Gentleman murmured.

"Yes . . ."

Old Gentleman slid from his stool and went to the cupboard behind his bed. The cupboard contained little of value; mostly it held books. He moved some of the books and from behind them took out a bird cage at sight of which Small Boy's eyes widened.

It was a large cage and beautiful—oh, beautiful! Beside it the cage of Mr. Wu was a poor thing indeed. It was the cage which had once hung in Old Gentleman's fine house.

"You see," said Old Gentleman, "I have saved it. If the truth be known, I saved it for you."

Almost, but not quite, Small Boy understood. "It—is beautiful!" he whispered. "So very beautiful! But—but there is no golden bird . . ."

Old Gentleman studied him for an instant in silence, and then smiled. "There is no golden bird," he agreed. "But you are young, and I have a small hope that someday you will discover one." He turned to the wall, where his whipping-stick hung from a bent nail. "Come here," he said sternly, "and be punished for stealing!"



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Is Woman Inferior To Man?

(1) Will you please explain what St. Paul meant when he wrote these words to Timothy: "For I do not allow a woman to teach, or to exercise authority over men; but she is to keep quiet. For Adam was formed first, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman was deceived and was in sin" (1 Tim. 2:12-14).

(2) When the Apostle adds, "Yet women will be saved by child-bearing, if they continue in faith and love and holiness with modesty," does he mean that woman will be saved through the service of man?

(3) Am I on firm ground when I contend that a friend is wrong when he uses this verse to prove that women can be saved only through the service of man?—H. E., NASSAU, N. Y.

(1) In this passage St. Paul is excluding women from the role of a public teacher in the Church of Christ. As evidenced in other passages of his epistles, St. Paul recognized that men and women are equal as human persons and consequently have equal rights to develop their personalities freely within the framework of their Christian vocations. But their Christian vocations are pursued within ecclesiastical and domestic societies, i.e., the Church and the family, and within these societies men enjoy a God-given pre-eminence of authority. The priestly functions of teaching, governing, and sanctifying are reserved within the Church to men. Hence the Apostle considered it a shameful performance for a woman to presume to set herself up as a public expounder of the Gospel. So he commanded her to be silent in church. The need for this command will be better appreciated if we recall that in the early Christian assemblies people with the gift of prophecy frequently claimed the attention of all and gave the benefit of their personal inspirations to the entire group. This sometimes caused disorder, especially in the case of talkative women.

When explaining why the role of a public teacher is reserved to men, the Apostle alleges two reasons: man's natural headship in the human family and woman's defeat when she matched her wits against the devil. By saying that Adam was formed first, then Eve, he points out the fact that it was a man whom God established as the head of the human race and the custodian of its supernatural inheritance; woman was given to man as a help-mate; consequently in the very constitution of domestic society the right to govern belonged to the man. By adding the observation that woman, not man, was deceived in the first sin, St. Paul reminds his hearers that it was Eve who was immediately tricked by Satan and for a short time she was in sin when the human race, as such, had not yet fallen. That fall came when Adam, drawn in part by his natural love for Eve, joined her in her disobedience.

(2) Although excluding women from an authoritative office in the Church, St. Paul is not reducing them to the status of second-class members of Christian society. He immediately points out that women, in general, will sanctify themselves and sanctify others through a career of motherhood. Such a career is not being proposed as a menial subjection to men but as an opportunity for achieving that identification with Christ which is expected of all His followers. In other words, if women faithfully and lovingly accept from God the discomforts, pains, and worries involved in begetting and rearing their children, such self-sacrifice will sanctify them and enable them to help sanctify the children committed to their care.

(3) You are definitely on firm ground when you contend that your friend is wrong in using this passage to prove that women can be saved only by becoming the servants of men. Quite apart from the women who are called to sanctify themselves by lives of virginity, your friend's opinion reveals a misconception of woman's place in a Christian marriage. She is not her husband's servant but his companion, equal to him as a contributor to and sharer of the richness of that communal life which is achieved only within the bonds of Christian wedlock. Accordingly, she is no more his servant than he is hers, as St. Paul himself teaches when speaking of the marriage debt: "The wife has not authority over her body, but the husband; the husband likewise has not authority over his body, but the wife" (1 Cor. 7:4). While she is obliged to obey the reasonable commands of her husband who is the natural head of the family, a wife's obedience is not servile or demeaning but an ennobling contribution to that larger life which neither she nor her husband can enjoy unless both develop their personalities in keeping with the proper characteristics of their sex. Pope Leo XIII nicely summed up the relationship between a man and a woman in marriage when he wrote: "The husband is the chief of the family, and the head of the wife. The woman, because she is flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone, must be subject to her husband and obey him; not, indeed, as a servant, but as a companion, so that her obedience shall be wanting in neither honor nor dignity. Since the husband represents Christ, and since the wife represents the Church, let there always be, both in him who commands and in her who obeys, a heaven-born love guiding both in their respective duties."

The Morality of Gambling

An office associate, a Catholic, maintains that all gambling is immoral for everybody because of its moral consequences. I maintain that gambling is not immoral provided one does not make risks beyond one's means. Which one of us is right?—M. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Your office associate is mistaken in her unqualified condemnation of gambling. But in view of her stress upon "moral consequences" it would seem that you too neglected to make a few qualifications.

When seeking legitimate relaxation of mind, men and women have always quite naturally turned to games. And a moderate participation in games endows a person with that congeniality which is akin to both the virtue of justice and of temperance.

Interest in the game and congeniality among the persons playing are naturally heightened by the presence of a stake. So gambling is a natural and legitimate adjunct to recreational games. Whether these be games of pure chance, like rolling dice, or games of skill, like a round of golf, or games of chance and skill combined, like pinochle or poker, the gambling accompanying them is a kind of contract whereby the loser agrees to pay the winner a stipulated reward. Provided the players enter the contract honestly and have the ability to fulfill its conditions without doing an injustice to themselves or others, the gambling is as indifferent as the game.

Your office associate is obviously thinking of abuses which frequently follow from gambling when she talks about its moral consequences. But these abuses do not follow so inevitably and so universally that gambling becomes immoral for everybody. Admittedly the thrill of gambling can become so fascinating that a man will sometimes risk money needed for the maintenance of his family or will waste time far out of proportion to his recreational needs or will neglect the duties proper to his state in life. But all this is accidental. To condemn gambling for these reasons is as bad as condemning alcoholic drinks because some people become drunkards or condemning food because some people make gluttons of themselves.

However, when one looks to the accidental circumstances which sometimes make gambling sinful, it should be noted that the risking of money needed for other purposes is not the sole reason accounting for this sinfulness. It could stem from the uncharity a man commits by encouraging his opponent to risk money which the latter cannot afford or from the uncharity shown toward his wife and family by unreasonably depriving them of his companionship, or from the uncharity toward himself should it happen that gambling is for him the occasion of another sin, such as quarreling, using money belonging to his employer, drinking excessively, or neglecting his own health.

Taking Part in a Protestant Marriage

(1) Can you explain why it is a sin in the eyes of the Catholic Church for a Catholic to take part in the Protestant marriage ceremony?

(2) Is the person who does so thereby excommunicated?—C. D. N., BANGOR, ME.

(1) Although good Protestants will always look upon our claims as boldface arrogance, the Catholic Church rightfully insists that it is the only religious society founded by Christ for the worship of His Father. It alone is the legitimate dispenser of Christ's mysteries, whether as the exponent of His doctrine or as the minister of His sacraments.

Consequently, when a Catholic takes part in a Protestant marriage ceremony, either as one of the principals of the marriage or as a member of the bridal party, such as a bridesmaid, best man, or witness, he or she sins against the virtue of faith by implicitly recognizing the authority of a ministry which has no commission from Christ and by putting a false sect on par with the one Church founded by Our Lord. It makes no difference how holy or well-intentioned the ministers or members of that false sect may be, a Catholic cannot act as if one religion were as good as another. For by so doing he disregards the manifest Will of God.

From what has been said it must not be concluded that the Catholic Church looks upon all Protestant marriages as invalid, as some people wrongly believe. If both contracting parties are Protestants, the marriage performed by a minister is a valid one, and if they have been properly baptized, they even receive the Sacrament of Matrimony with the special sacramental graces needed to live their wedded life well. This is so because the real ministers of the Sacrament of Matrimony are the bride and groom themselves. If one or both of the parties presenting themselves before a Protestant minister were a Catholic, the marriage

would, of course, be invalid because the Church's law requires that the marriage of a Catholic take place in the presence of his parish priest or of the latter's delegate. There are only two exceptions to this rule: when there is danger of death or when it is foreseen that the parties cannot approach their priest without serious difficulty for a month, nor he come to them. Then the couple can contract marriage and receive the Sacrament by simply exchanging their marriage vows in the presence of two witnesses.

(2) Canon 2319 §1 inflicts an excommunication on Catholics who enter matrimony before a non-Catholic minister. This penalty would be incurred even if the couple only presented themselves before the minister to renew their consent after it had already been given in a Catholic ceremony. The excommunication does not, however, apply to bridesmaid, best man, witnesses, and such members of the wedding party.

The Suffering of Animals

Leon Bloy in his novel "The Woman Who was Poor" (pp. 77-81) has a passage in which he describes the suffering of animals as part of a cosmic atonement for the sins of mankind. I found this a beautiful thought but am wondering whether it has a solid foundation in Catholic theology. The heart of the passage is summed up in this sentence: "The immense volume of their suffering forms part of our ransom, and, right along the whole linked line of animal life, from humanity down to the lowest of the beasts, universal pain is one identical propitiation."—F. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Catholic theology teaches that the entire universe has partaken of the Fall and Redemption of mankind and will share in its final glorification. So it is not inappropriate for us to look for some connection between the suffering of animals and penalty due to humanity's sin. But in this passage it seems that Bloy is attributing to pain as such a redemptive worth which belongs only to sacrificial love. By so doing he is running the risk of distorting the meaning of Redemption.

When God created man, He made him the lord of the universe. Everything God had made was to serve Him by serving His creature, man. Man, in turn, was to take the mute service of all the universe and, as spokesman for the entire creation, offer that service to God. When man rebelled against God, all the servants of his household fell from God's favor together with him. The harmony of the elements was disrupted enough to make man's day a day of hardship; the whole earth fell under a curse; and with that curse the pains of the animal kingdom were multiplied as well as the pains of man. In this sense it can be said that the suffering of animals is part of the penalty of mankind's sin, although, as St. Thomas remarks (S.T. Ia, Q, 96, a.1, ad 2), there would have been some suffering in the animal kingdom even if man had not fallen.

When Christ voluntarily chose to redeem the world through a cross, He definitely admitted pain into His redemptive scheme. He hallowed pain by touching it with His own sacrificial love. Henceforth pain in the life of man would not be merely a penalty but a worthy instrument through which a Christian spirit might express its penitence and love. But pain, simply as pain, is still worthless; it has no intrinsic power of its own whereby it automatically works a "propitiation" with God, as Bloy's quotation would seem to infer. Just as there is much rejected pain in the world which is not associated with the Passion of Christ and remains consequently sterile, so too there is much inarticulate pain which of itself would remain forever useless simply because it exists in creatures which are incapable of associating themselves with the Passion of Christ. Such is the suffering of animals. Before "the immense volume of their suffering forms part of our ransom," there must again be the intervention of man as the spokesman of creation's service of God. Man can claim the universe's pain as his own just as he can claim its being or its beauty; he can offer God the patience of a lamb

or the homelessness of a stray cat just as becomingly as he offers Him the redness of a rose or the fragrance of incense. In other words, the suffering of animals can form "part of our ransom" only when man makes it his own and infuses into it his own sacrificial love. As the High priest of humanity Christ does precisely this when, in the name of Man, He offers to His Father the praise of every living creature and its mute fulfillment of the Will of God. Thus in Him is realized that marvelous integration of the cosmos to which St. Paul was referring when he told the Corinthians: "For all things are yours, whether it be . . . the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; for all things are yours. And you are Christ's. And Christ is God's" (I Cor. 3: 22-23).

Providence, Predestination, and Prayer

In your January issue when answering an inquiry, "Is Prayer a Waste of Time?", you said people are not wrong in believing that "every single detail of their lives has been planned for them before they were born." According to this we are but puppets in this scheme of life; the string is pulled and we act according to plan. Why then should a person be punished for doing wrong or receive praise for doing good when, in fact, he has nothing to do with it but is merely following a plan?—H. T. H., MEDFORD, MASS., D. J. A., BROOKLYN N. Y.

(2) I have always thought that it was wrong to believe in predestination, but after reading your answer on prayer, I'm confused about this matter.—B. B. L., CONCORD, MASS.

(3) If prayer is "not an effort on our part to make God change His plans," why pray?—M. F., PINOLE, CAL.

(1) When explaining that prayer is a creature's contribution to the fulfillment of God's providential plans, we were careful to say that "God does not use man as an automaton" but respects "his nature as a free agent." To understand clearly how we can reconcile God's foreknowledge and causality with our freedom of choice is a task which surpasses human intelligence; this reconciliation is a mystery which we shall grasp thoroughly only when we know God in Himself. But in the meantime we can be sure of these facts: God has to be the cause of whatever is good in the world; He willed to cause all that goodness from eternity; the goodness of our free choosing is included in His plan; and He can cause the goodness of our free choosing without destroying our freedom. St. Thomas was expressing this doctrine when he wrote: "Since the divine will is perfectly efficacious, it follows not only that things are done which God wills to be done, but also that they are done in the way that He wills. Now God wills some things to be done necessarily, some freely, to the right ordering of things, for the building up of the universe" (*S.T. Ia, Q. 19, a. 8*).

From this it does not follow that God is the cause of sin. For sin is like emptiness; it is a lack of something; it is the lack of right reason in the action of a man. As such, sin needs no cause other than the bad will of the sinner. God foresees it, permits it, but does not cause it. Nor, on the other hand, does He exclude it from His eternal plans. He fits it into the plans and in some mysterious way makes it serve the ultimate welfare of those who will be saved, perhaps even the sinners themselves, as in the case of St. Peter. That is why St. Paul could write: "Now we know that for those who love God all things work together unto good" (Rom. 8:28). In regard to sin, however, it should be noted that God has to cause the physical acts whereby a sin is committed, e.g. it is only by the power of God that a man can lift to his lips the many drinks which account for a sin of drunkenness. But the will to become drunk is a deficiency which man can claim as completely his own.

Far from making men puppets who respond mechanically to a kind of divine string-pulling, this Catholic doctrine preserves man's responsibility and God's universal causality so that He can say to everyone what He said to His chosen people: "Destruction is thy own, O Israel; thy help is only in Me" (Osee 13:9).

(2) John Calvin taught a vicious doctrine which maintained

that God predestined some men to lives of evil. This teaching is condemned by the Church. But there is also a Catholic doctrine of predestination. St. Paul was referring to it when he gave thanks to God, the Father, "who has predestined us unto the adoption of children through Jesus Christ unto Himself" (Eph. 1:5). And St. Augustine defined this predestination when he wrote that it is "the foreknowledge and preparedness on God's part to bestow on those who will be saved the favors by which they will be saved." In other words, predestination is that special aspect of God's providence whereby He mercifully leads His friends to eternal life. To all men He gives sufficient grace to be saved, but to those who actually will be saved He gives those multiple graces which in a special way make them His "chosen" ones. Here again it is God's love which is the cause of our goodness, yet He enables us to love Him freely.

(3) Even though prayer is not an effort on our part to make God change His plans, it remains true that many events will not come to pass unless we pray. For example, Jonas told the people of Ninive that their city would be destroyed in forty days unless they did penance. The entire populace, from the king down, gave themselves up to prayer and penance. And the city was spared (Jonas 3:1-10). God knew and willed from eternity that the city would be spared. He also determined that the prayers and penance of the people would be the reason for its being spared. And He willed to give them the grace to pray and to be penitent. There was never a change in His plans. But He did give men a share in the working out of His merciful designs on Ninive. So the reason why we must pray comes down to this: God demands that creatures with the gift of reason co-operate with Him intelligently in the government of the world. Prayer is part of that co-operation in the same way that any kind of human effort or human diligence is. In co-operating with His providence we have to be guided by His commandments, His counsels, and the ordinary events of life. This means that we cannot abdicate from the duty of using our own heads in the working out of our lives. And part of that intelligent co-operation with God is to heed His Son's admonition: "Ask, and you shall receive" (John 16:24).

For those who are disturbed by the difficulties encountered when we attempt to reconcile our temporal praying with God's eternal plans, it should be remembered that the efficacy of our prayers is not dependent upon our ability to understand the theology of prayer. Prayer is above all an act of faith. No matter how many difficulties we have in explaining how it works, we cannot for a moment doubt that God has made it quite clear that He wants us to pray. And God does not ask us to do what is useless or harmful. So it remains our duty to pray, even though we might not fully understand a theological explanation such as was given in the January Sign Post. In this matter we can be guided by the thought which Thomas a Kempis had in mind when he wrote: "I would rather feel compunction, than know how to define it." (*Imitation Bk. I, c. 1*).

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception

Someone asked me recently why the feast of the Immaculate Conception is held on December eighth, only seventeen days before Christmas—W.M.C., NEWARK, N. J.

Apparently your inquirer has confused the Immaculate Conception with the Virgin Birth. In thinking that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception refers to the virginal conception of Christ in the womb of His mother Mary, he consequently sees an incongruity in our celebrating Christmas only seventeen days later. But the Immaculate Conception refers to the conception of Mary herself in the womb of Saint Ann, and it means that, by virtue of the foreseen merits of Christ, Mary was preserved free from original sin from the very first instant of her existence. The date, December eighth, is most appropriate because the birthday of Mary is celebrated on September eighth, exactly nine months after we celebrate her Immaculate Conception.

RADIO

by DOROTHY KLOCK

SPOTLIGHT ON CBS

The Columbia Broadcasting System comes up for a turn at bat this month. From its bag of tricks, here are some comments on four programs which you might like to sample for yourself.

ESCAPE (CBS, Wednesday, 10:30-11:00 P.M., E.S.T. and Saturday, 11:30-Noon E.S.T.) Here's the proper recipe for the radio listener who likes a good story well told. *Escape* is a series full of deeds of derringdo, human conflicts, strange ways of coincidence, and all the other twists which make the good story.

A few of the recent titles are the best indication of the kind of thing you can expect—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Ring of Toth*, Rudyard Kipling's *The Man Who Would Be King*, *The Fall of the House of Usher* by Edgar Allan Poe, and Martin Storm's *A Shipment of Mute Fate*. No adventure story on the air carries real credibility unless it has a smooth production in which all the components—dialogue, music, and sound—are blended with a chef's skill. In the case of *Escape*, that chef is William M. Robson, a maestro of the first skillet. As the producer of the series, Mr. Robson is responsible for seeing to it that your spine is alternately chilled and thawed. (Never fear! It's always the thaw that comes last!)

Often it's quite a problem to give the spirit of complete authenticity to an air version of an adventure classic. Consider the poor sound men who had to cope with Carl Stephenson's hair-raising story, *Leinengen Versus the Ants*. The major problem was creating the sound of a huge army of ants advancing on a jungle plantation. Rustling cellophane, rattling strips of newspaper, scratching fingernails on table surfaces, and rubbing stiff brushes over wood and metal all proved unsatisfactory. What the listener finally heard when the insects destroyed plants and swarmed over bodies was nothing more than the light rubbing of bundles of straw, backed with specially composed music to enhance the effect.

Radio versions of good stories are not new. But there is something else about the

Escape series which is setting a very hopeful trend. Most programs on the air are such fleeting will-o'-the-wisp affairs that they are often lost to those who wanted most to listen, because they must serve that old debbil, The Clock, in getting on and off the transmitter tower and then going into limbo which houses good and bad radio programs alike. But if you miss *Escape* on Wednesday night because of that phone call from Aunt Minnie just at the wrong time, you can catch it again on Saturday morning—another complete "live" duplicate of the Wednesday night show.

EDWARD R. MURROW (CBS, Monday through Friday, 7:45-8:00 P.M., E.S.T.) Whether he likes it or not, it is evident that Mr. Murrow is never going to be allowed to forget that his was the voice which brought to listeners all over the world the blitz-era report that began, "This . . . is London!" It is not at all surprising that his present five-a-week news report and commentary opens with, "This . . . is the news!" with a phrasing and inflection pattern borrowed from the earlier day.

Here is one of the finest news programs



Commentator Edward R. Murrow

on the air, excellent in point of view and in organization, superior in delivery. Mr. Murrow's rich, low voice and remarkable clarity of speech are exactly suited to conveying the neatly patterned summary of the day's events and the incisive comments and lucid analysis of some problematical phase of the world picture. There is no pandering to the supposed adolescent mental level of the adult listener. It is a pleasure to be given credit for some intelligence—for a sizable portion, in fact.

CBS IS THERE (Sunday, 2:00-2:30 P.M., E.S.T.) "Step right up, folks, and get your education! Comes in a capsule, delightful to take, and amazingly beneficial to the mind while pleasant to the ear!"

CBS has added another to its praiseworthy array of excellent programs designed to give the listener an intellectual cud on which to chew after the half-hour has struck. *CBS Is There* has a simple but very effective gimmick—the radio term for the basic idea which distinguished a show. In this case, a famous historic event is described each week as though radio had been invented at the time when it took place. Excellent reporting by John Daly, "eye-witness accounts," and "a few words to the listening public" from the central personages involved have brought "The Death of Socrates," "The Assassination of Lincoln," "The Signing of the Magna Carta," and "The Defense of the Alamo" to home listeners.

Perhaps the pitfalls in a program like this are obvious to you. They are many. It's easy to be carried away with production tricks which give the program great authenticity but make the listener's lot a most unhappy one. The constant roar of the crowd which stormed the Bastille made that show just plain noisy all the way through. Undoubtedly, the French did pull out all the stops that day, but a little of this sort of thing goes almost too far in radio. And then there were those breathless moments when we listened to the reporter on Columbus' flagship during a large portion of the thirty minutes it took for that esteemed gentleman to discover America. It would have been nice to know the content of his reports, but short wave means static, and static means interference, and interference cuts comprehension. It was oh, so authentic. But shucks, I failed my history lesson! I couldn't understand the words that told the story.

This is one of the all-too-rare broadcasts, those in which the program invites the listener to take out of it a full measure of worth, in proportion to the amount of ear and mind given to one's listening. You can be entertained, or you can learn, or better still, you can do both. Students find the programs useful for review. And on Sunday afternoon, there's many a Pop who pauses between the sports section and the business index to do a little brushing up on history via the handy dial.

It's still a sustainer, which means that



God's Rights

by

IGNATIUS SMITH, O. P.

THE Catholic of this day is separated widely on fundamental truths from millions of non-Catholic Christians who follow the line of liberalism or scientific humanism. These latter have ideas about the nature and attributes of God that label us superstitious because our ideas of God are based on the Divine Revelation which they reject. They ignore God as a Person and consequently they have lost all idea of God's rights.

Consequent upon this ignorance is their inability to understand what is the nature of religion and what is the obligation of every human creature to worship the Supreme Being who created and who governs the universe. It is not difficult to assemble two hundred definitions of religion proposed by liberal Christians. Most of them ignore the rights of God. Most of them base the need for personal religion not on the payment of a debt of justice to the Almighty God but on the need of personality development or on social order.

This contemporary slight to God and His rights is basically opposed to a true concept of religion and to the idea of genuine Americanism. God Himself has spoken on the question of divine rights. In the first three of the ten commandments, the Lord God indicates the worship, the reverence, and the observance due to Him, His Name, and His Sabbath day. The other seven commandments are concerned with human rights. But God's rights come first. In many places in the scriptures God indicates that He is very jealous of His right to worshipful religion and to all that this implies. Also our American tradition, represented in the Declaration of Independence and in countless documents of our great leaders, recognizes the sovereignty of God and His right to worship, to expressions of obedience, gratitude, sorrow for sin, and acknowledgment of dependence. It is presumed that our citizens will have personal and corporate contact with a personal God. We have veered a long way from God and from genuine Americanism.

Catholics have a very definite idea of what religion is because, while they do not comprehend God, they know a great deal about what God is and what the creature is. God has taken care of that for all. We know that God is the Creator and the Ruler of this world, of its men, of its nations, and of all that it contains. Because He is their Creator and Ruler, every creature is a debtor to God, owing a debt of justice that can be paid only by religion. Religion directs man back to God. It is a virtue that returns due honor to Him. All things by which reverence is shown to God pertain to religion. It is the payment of a debt and in all of this God Himself, not personality development and not social welfare, is central. Faith, hope, charity, prayer, sacrifice, penance, obedience, moral living, are all necessary and in all of them God is either the object, end, or both. Failure in these works of religion or worship is cheating the Almighty of His just rights. It is mighty strange that modern liberalistic Christianity does not see this.

The neglect of God's rights has serious repercussions in national and social life. Where educators neglect God's right to be known by all, we have godless homes and godless schools. Where management and labor ignore God's right to be heard, we have economic turmoil. Where political leaders ignore God's right to rule, we have national and international chaos. Where pulpits neglect the basic fact of all religion, God's rights, we have religious anarchy. Where God's rights are neglected, human rights are always in jeopardy. Where the first three commandments of the decalogue are ignored, the last seven commandments fall into disrepute. Then we have social justice scrapped, and power displaces fair play. Ideals are lost. Humanitarian service disappears. Sanctions are debilitated. Morality disappears. Civilization is on its way out. All Catholics can be thankful that in living their religion they protect God's rights among men and nations and thereby preserve civilization.

CBS and not a sponsor is paying the bills. If you like it, let a postal card to your local CBS station say that for you. Your interest will keep CBS—"There."

TELL IT AGAIN (CBS, Sunday 1:30-2:00 P.M., E.S.T.) At this writing, this series is too new for lengthy comment, but it probably will deserve your attention, if the promise shown in the early programs is fulfilled. The design is again a familiar one—dramatization of literary classics chosen to appeal to a wide age range, including the juvenile, the adolescent, and the young in heart of any age.

Treasure Island started the series off, and other titles to become rarefied in the electronic transmission zones are *Robin Hood*, *Pinocchio*, *Sinbad the Sailor*, *Black Beauty*, *Hiawatha*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. You'll probably find this useful to keep the youngsters quiet while they are waiting for the Sunday dinner bell. And it should find a welcome on your kitchen radio too, while you're browning the gravy and buttering the beans.

You ought to know that . . .

THAT "WALKING MAN" CONTEST brought in a total of 38,629 letters during its first two weeks on Ralph Edwards' *Truth or Consequences* on NBC. During the recent "Miss Hush" contest on the same program, only 8,661 letters were received during a similar period.

FRED WARING has been appointed by Gov. James H. Duff of Pennsylvania to the board of trustees of Pennsylvania State University, Fred's old alma mater.

MEET THE PRESS, Mutual's lively Friday night battle of political and reportorial wits (10-10:30 P.M., E.S.T.), was chosen as the "Best Current Affairs Program" in a poll conducted among teachers by *Scholastic Teacher* magazine.

INVITATION TO LEARNING will open doors for you to *The American Heritage*, a thirteen-week series which will continue through March. The books which will be examined by Lyman Bryson, CBS Counsellor on Public Affairs and two distinguished guests are: Mar. 7, *Democracy in America* by Alexis De Tocqueville; Mar. 14, *Barren Ground* by Ellen Glasgow; Mar. 21, *The New Freedom* by Woodrow Wilson; Mar. 28, *The Bloody Tenent of Persecution* by Roger Williams.

BURL IVES, purveyor of folk songs, ballads, and traditional Americana in music, is on a three-month nationwide concert tour. His Friday night MBS broadcast (8:00-8:15 P.M., E.S.T.) will originate each week in a different city, as called for by his tour schedule.



Arnold Lunn at work in his home

More and more people are beginning to

realize that the only answer to bewildered

frustration is the true Christian faith

The Return to Orthodoxy

by ARNOLD LUNN

TOWARD the end of the war, I addressed about two hundred undergraduates of London University on the Bankruptcy of Secularism. I maintained that the flight from Christianity had coincided not only with a cultural decline in Art and Letters, but also with an increasing disregard for human rights. The world had become more intolerant, more brutal, and more uncivilized with each succeeding decade. The only hope of a reversal of these trends was a return to religion, and of such a return I could see no real evidence.

When I had finished, Dr. Joad, (at one time a leader of left-wing secularism) who was in the Chair, said, "Arnold Lunn has given expression to all sorts of forebodings which I have so far managed to keep tucked away at the back of my brain. I hope some of you can refute his pessimistic forecasts."

But, in fact, there was no serious attempt to prove me wrong. A young man made a revealing comment: "If you had made this speech before the war, we'd have thought it great nonsense but now, for all we know, you may be right."

The Nazi-Russian pact undermined the faith of those who had sought to find in Marxism a substitute for Christianity. After the first World War, British youth was losing faith in the traditional beliefs, and the result was a sharp reaction to the left in politics and to secularism in religion. The immense Labor majority of 1945 was the fruit of the 1920 trend. Today it is the leftists who are disillusioned, the secularists who are losing faith, and it may well be that this trend will be reflected before long in the House of Commons.

The *Review of World Affairs* in one of last year's issues, published some interesting figures, the result of a Gallup Poll taken among the senior boys in a famous school. Here are the results:

ARNOLD LUNN was born in Madras and was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford. He was received into the Church in 1933 by Monsignor Ronald Knox. His book on his conversion, "Now I See," had wide circulation. Besides religion, he has written on skiing and mountaineering.

1. Since the General Election have you moved to the Right or Left in politics? Right 46 per cent Left 5 per cent
Uncertain17 "
Not moved16 "
No answer16 "

2. If you have moved to the Right, do you feel a greater sympathy for (a) Liberal, (b) Conservative Party? Liberal11 per cent
Conservative68 "
Cons./Liberal5 "
No answer16 "

3. If you have moved to the Left, do you feel a greater sympathy toward Communism? No100 per cent

1. Are you interested in religion?... Yes..93 per cent No.. 7 per cent

2. Do you believe in God?..... Yes..88 " No.. 2 "
Don't know10 "

3. Do you believe in Jesus Christ as Son of God? Yes..76 per cent No.. 7 per cent
Uncertain17 "

4. Do you believe in personal immortality? Yes..56 per cent No.. 9 per cent
Uncertain35 "

5. Do you read the Bible privately?... Yes..17 per cent No..80 per cent
Occasionally3 "

6. Do you think the New Testament is a reliable source of information about religion? Yes..56 per cent No..17 per cent
Uncertain27 "

7. Do you think the Creeds are necessary? Yes..73 per cent No..24 per cent
No answer3 "

8. Assuming that when you are at home you have freedom of choice, do you go to church? Regularly41 "
Occasionally37 "
Occasionally & special occasions10 "
Special Occasions7 "
No5 "

9. Are you a communicant? Regularly46 "
Occasionally39 "
No15 "

The conservative reaction in religion and politics is due to various causes. First to the rediscovery of original sin. As Jakob Burckhardt, the great Swiss historian, remarks, people tend to attribute everything that irks them to the existing

type of government and hope that if the form of government can be changed the evils of which they complain will disappear "while, for the most part, what they are suffering from is inherent in human frailty."

A Russian whom I knew and who was imprisoned under the Czar as a Marxist, was imprisoned under the Marxists as a deviationist. His jailer was the same man. "Governments change," he said to me, "but jailers remain."

Whereas the ingrained selfishness of fallen man was to some extent restrained by what remained of the old feudal tradition of *noblesse oblige*, there are no such restraints on the new privileged classes. The left-wing movement attracted idealists and martyrs when they were a persecuted minority. Today the Left attracts not only genuine idealists but also the selfish careerists who assume that abusing the rich is an adequate substitute for giving one's own money to the poor.

The return to orthodoxy is also partly due to the fast growing realization of the fact that a true philosophy should enable man to predict the shape of things to come. All through the nineteenth century the secularists were prophesying that science and democracy would transform this world into an earthly paradise. "What we call evil and immorality," wrote Herbert Spencer, that great Victorian prophet of Utopias to come, "must disappear. It is certain that man must become perfect."

"In times of shallow optimism," wrote Leslie Stephen, the agnostic, "the profounder natures are pessimistic." At a time when secularists were predicting Utopia, Leo XIII wrote: "If there be any who hold out to a hard-pressed people the boon of freedom from pain and trouble, an undisturbed repose and constant enjoyment, they delude the people and impose upon them, and their lying promises will one day bring forth evils worse than the present."

No man had a more naïve faith in the power of science to create Utopia than the late H. G. Wells, but his final testament to mankind was the book *Mind at the End of Its Tether*, which appeared just before he died. "The attempt to trace a pattern of any sort is absolutely futile. . . . The present writer has no compelling argument to convince the reader that he should not be cruel or mean or cowardly. . . . There is no way out or round or through the impasse. It is the end."

This rising tide of despair is forcing men to re-examine the old thesis which we first meet in the Old Testament, that the well-being of nations as of individuals depends first and foremost on their fidelity to God.

Even in the political sphere, philosophers who based their conclusions, not on the rights of man, but on the nature of man have been proved right by events. I am not a politician and I do not attribute all my country's present discomforts to the Labor Government, or assume that everything will be lovely in the garden when the Conservatives return to power. Political fallacies may ruin a country but political wisdom is not in itself sufficient to save us. I am hopeful about my country because the realization that politics are not enough is not confined to a small class. There is a growing awareness of the need for a spiritual revival.

WE ARE not out of the woods. Perhaps we are not yet *into* the woods, but the treason of the scholars has produced the necessary reaction. Intellectuals with no root in our Christian past are ceasing to be listened to—even by the young—with awe and respect. Too many of them have returned from visits to Russia to act as propagandists for the most evil tyranny in all the sad history of man. Little things have an effect out of all proportion to their importance. Fifteen wives of British subjects detained in Russia have done more to convince the man in the street that our pro-Russian propagandists are either knaves or fools than all the anti-Communist literature written since Lenin seized power.

And now that the false prophets have been discredited, there is an increasing readiness to re-examine the spiritual

foundations of what was once, and what may be again Christian Europe. Mr. F. A. Heyek, whose *The Road to Serfdom* was published during the second World War, says that Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *The Servile State*, written in 1913, "explains more of what happened in Germany than most books written after the event."

That England would impose peacetime conscription of labor would have seemed unthinkable in 1925 when Belloc wrote *The Cruise of the "Nona"* in which this passage occurs:

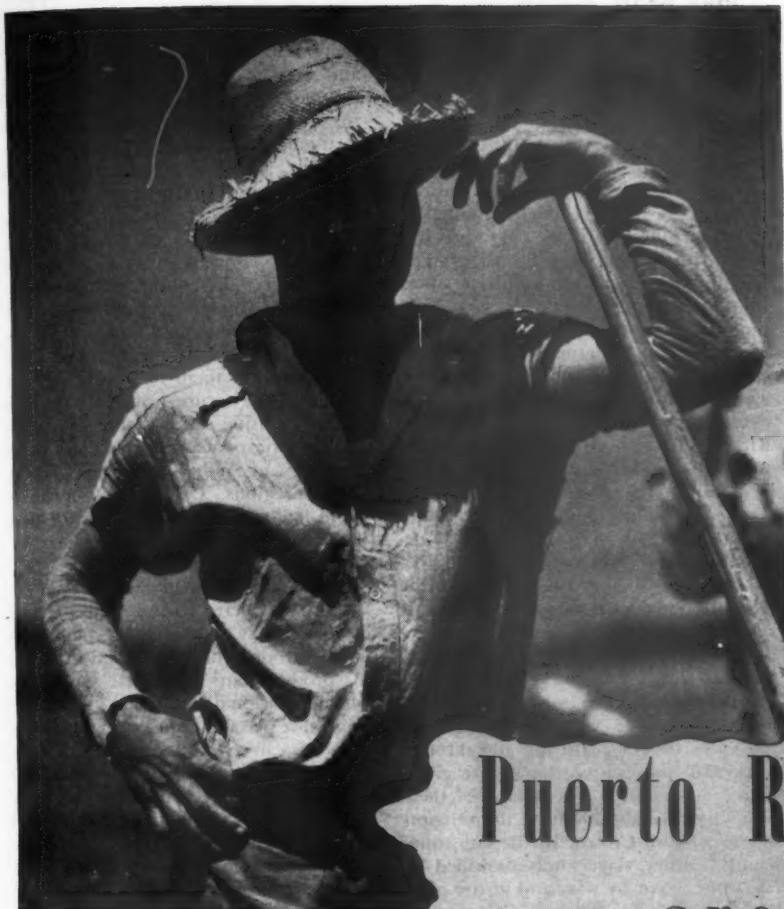
"For when men return to an old institution which they have discarded, and the proper name for which has grown odious (as we are returning to the enslavement of labor), they are particularly anxious to avoid that name, and spend much of their energy in discovering some way of getting the old thing under a new title—thus no one will call compulsory labor slavery, nor will even the words "compulsory" or "compulsion" appear on the surface. There will be some other term, and I for one shall follow with curiosity and delight the evolution of that term."

There is a growing anxiety among older people about the collapse of objective standards. The Marxists are, of course, past masters in the technique of the double standard, screaming with rage if Communists are denied in Spain the freedom of speech which nobody, not even a Marxist, enjoys in Russia.

I ONCE defined a liberal as a man who objects to persecution of conservatives, and liberals of this type who hate persecution, *as such*, are a declining minority. In 1946 I lunched with the Foreign Minister in Madrid and brought to his attention the complaints which had been conveyed to our Embassy by the wives of two imprisoned Socialists. I also raised with the auxiliary Bishop of Madrid the position of Protestants who enjoy freedom of worship but not complete freedom to propagate their views in print. A Spaniard who was present came to see me next day, bringing a detailed denial of the statements made to our Embassy and added: "His Excellency would like to know whether when Madrid was in the control of the Reds any Socialist to your knowledge intervened on behalf of Conservatives, who were not merely being imprisoned but murdered by the hundred thousand and whether any Protestants intervened on behalf of Catholics at a time when every church was closed and thousands of priests were being murdered. We in Spain," he added, "know that you British feel very strongly about imprisonment of Socialists in Spain or persecution of Jews under Hitler, but your hatred of persecution strikes us as curiously selective."

More and more people are beginning to realize that liberalism is not enough, that the human values cannot be saved by humanism. If man be nothing more than a walking combination of chemicals and water, the rights of man are the rights of chemicals and water. A democratic majority can be as contemptuous of individuals as a dictator.

The only rational basis for human freedom is the doctrine that man has rights which derive from God, rights which no state may legitimately infringe. And the only sure custodian of those rights is the gospel of Christ. Walter Lippmann, a man who cannot be accused of bias in favor of Christianity, expressed this thought well when he wrote: "The influence of that gospel has been inexhaustible. It anchored the rights of men in the structure of the universe. It set these rights where they were apart beyond human interference. Thus, the pretensions of despots become heretical. And since that revelation, though many despots have had the blessings of the clergy, no tyranny has possessed a clear title before the tribunal of the human conscience, no slave has had to feel that the hope of freedom was forever closed. For in the recognition that there is in each man a final essence—that is to say an immortal soul—which only God can judge, a limit was set upon the dominion of men over men." And it is, he adds, no accident that the "only open challenge to the totalitarian state has come from men of deep religious faith."



Black Star

A sugar worker on a large farm west of Lajas paused in his work to allow this picture to be taken

Puerto Ricans are People

About American citizens

who after five centuries

of Spanish and American

tutelage are now asking

that they be recognized.

To do them justice we

must try to understand them

by

JOHN H. GROEL

PUERTO RICO, a short five air hours over the Caribbean from Miami, has become a favorite calling place for experts of all kinds. Economists, sociologists, and political scientists consider our tiny insular possession a rare find indeed. Probably no other spot of equal size on this worried earth of ours is more richly endowed with troubles; and experts seem to thrive on other people's difficulties. To them, "troubles" mean problems—the stuff of statistic-laden treatises.

No doubt the report-writing visitors try to make payment on their debts. They perform at least one great service by informing the American public of a few basic facts: that Puerto Rico is not another Central American republic but a colonial possession of the United States; that its people live in overwhelming poverty; and that they are anxiously seeking an end to their present colonial status. Unfortunately, however, the experts are doing great harm

by accustoming too many of us to the stupefying habit of discussing problems and statistics when we should be considering headaches and people. If American congressmen would forget the Puerto Rican problem and remember the 2,500,000 individuals who are tired of their position as embryonic Americans, they might find time to authorize the plebiscite which would give the islanders the opportunity to fix their political relationships with the mainland for once and for all.

Puerto Ricans want us to know them. Before I left the island after two years of public health work among its diseaseridden hill folk, a friend approached me with an excellent bit of advice.

"When you return to the continent," he said, "please don't talk about our slums and our diseases. Talk about us."

He was asking a great deal more than he realized. It is both dangerous and difficult to generalize about two and a half million people, especially when

they happen to have Latin blood.

Upon one point, at least, I feel quite certain: Puerto Ricans are better equipped to manage their own affairs than we are to run them by remote control. They have learned to use their heads and not their hands in the settling of political debates; and that is not an easy lesson for a people famed for their volatile temperament. They have taken to the ways of democracy with an enthusiasm and a wholeheartedness that shame United States' citizens who stay away from the polls with an easy conscience whenever a slight drizzle threatens to dampen their overcoats on the walk to the school around the corner.

Puerto Ricans are not fair-weather democrats. In the 1944 elections for the insular legislature, I saw the hill people trudging for miles over dusty mountain trails to the polling places in neighboring towns. Many of them "hitched" rides from the special trucks which scoured the country roads to take the

jibaro voters to their destinations; but many more walked all the way, barefoot. Even for the more fortunate townspeople, voting was not a matter of moments. They stood for hours in the hot tropic sun before they could enter the polls; and, after voting, they found that their headaches had hardly begun. To guarantee clean elections, they were locked in solar-heated schoolrooms until the balloting had ended. No one voted twice. Under such conditions the marvel is that so many voted at all.

As an organized territory of the United States, Puerto Rico has its own popularly elected two-chamber legislature and a governor chosen by the Puerto Ricans themselves. In certain cases, however, measures of insular legislature may be reviewed by Congress or by the President, who has final veto power. Although islanders are American citizens, they cannot vote in national elections, nor does their sole representative in Congress have voting privileges. Two members of the governor's cabinet and the Chief Justice of the Insular Supreme Court are presidential nominees.

Puerto Ricans practice their democracy with an openhearted exuberance strangely reminiscent of mid-nineteenth century Americans in the full heat of a "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" presidential campaign. There is a difference, however, and a very important one. While William Henry Harrison and James Tyler rode into the White House with a jug of hard cider on their backs and a promise of "two dollars a day and roast beef" too for the voters who helped them on their way, the Puerto Rican Popular Party won its lease on the insular capital buildings with a well-rounded program attacking the many ills from which the island suffers. The

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hill people voted with enthusiasm; but they voted with good sense as well. In the process, they proved that political maturity is not necessarily limited to those fortunate citizens who can read and write. About 40 per cent of them are illiterate; but their political education consists of something more than the Sunday morning rite of reading the adventures of Superman or Buck Rogers. They learn in the old-fashioned way, by gathering together in the tiny roadside shacks that are the Puerto Rican equivalent of the time-honored American general store.

Americans have much to learn from the people whom they thus far have not considered their political equals. If democracy and racial inequality cannot live for long in the same land, it is certainly true that Puerto Ricans—unlike many of their continental brothers—have made a definite choice in favor of democracy. They are proud of their record on racial justice. Early in its history, the island became a haven for slaves escaping from the cane fields of British and French Caribbean possessions. They were given their liberty and a plot of land of their own in return for adopting the religion of the Spanish Crown. In the late nineteenth century, slavery was abolished by law rather than by war; and at the present time sociologists predict that intermarriage will eventually erase the color line completely. Already the process is well under way. Although official statistics liberally consider 76 per cent of the people native-born whites, probably

one half of them would be barred from our best hotels. Yet, in Puerto Rico there is no talk of a "Negro problem" and no Jim Crow section in busses or trains. Except in San Juan, where tourists from the mainland have had an unfortunate influence, mulattoes may enter the most respectable restaurants without fear of insult.

While they have escaped from the more obvious evils of racism, the islanders nonetheless suffer from its more subtle effects. The mulatto group is subject to just enough discrimination in social life to give them a sense of insecurity which manifests itself in the usual ways. Some of them try to bleach their way into the secure world of the pure whites by using a skin lightening cream (of American manufacture), which is available at most drugstores in the coastal regions. Others self-consciously avoid contact with Negroes, for fear that their own blood alliance may become more apparent.

Just as an undercurrent of racism afflicts some Puerto Ricans with a feeling of inadequacy, centuries of colonialism have corroded the spirits of many more to produce an emotional unbalance which occasionally assumes the proportions of a mass inferiority complex. Few islanders can avoid a sense of defeatism and instability born of their colonial status. While they may know that they are our equals in political and cultural development, they also know that some 140,000,000 other Americans have not chosen to recognize them as equals. The colonial state of mind sometimes shows itself in an unpleasant subservience toward visitors from the continent. At other times it assumes the garb of an equally annoying blustering self-assertion. I shall never forget the Puerto



Coffee is a Puerto Rican product. This lad was picking coffee beans not far from Yauco



Bilingual girls of the eleventh grade at the Robinson School, San Juan, receive instruction in English

Rican who ended a discussion of the merits of ex-President Roosevelt by shouting defiantly, "I'm an American, too, you know! I've just as much right to my own opinions as you do!"

No doubt the man was childishly irrational. But he was no more illogical in his indignation than are the millions of Americans who in their complacent lethargy denounce the colonial misdemeanors of other nations without considering the damaging emotional effects of their own venture in the same fields.

While he does not always sense the corrosive work of colonialism, the most casual visitor to Puerto Rico is struck by the contrast between the beauty of the land and the poverty of its people. Even the squalor of San Juan's worst slums is set in the rich blue of sunlit skies and the tranquillity of the South Atlantic.

PROBABLY nothing has done more to condition the insular character than this ever-present extreme between the richness of nature and the distress of man. Beauty has made every Puerto Rican something of a poet; poverty has made him a realist as well.

He is a poet in his intense love of his land. Patriotism for him is a vivid personal emotion evoking thoughts of the odor of warm earth, of palm-fringed seas, of cane fields rising out of blue waters, and of mountains rushing skyward like great green waves enchanted into sudden immobility. His national anthem is a hymn to beauty.

Puerto Ricans do more than sing of beauty, however. They cultivate and treasure it. Years ago, the insular legislators resolved that their highways, among the best in all Latin America, should not be spotted with wayside advertisements. Instead, they proposed to edge them with neat hedges, bright-leaved garden palms, hibiscus, and the flaming red blossoms of flamboyant trees. To keep the hedges neat, they inaugurated the *caminero* system of road care, dividing the highways into mile-long sections, each of which was given over to the personal attention of a roadkeeper. His duty was not to keep the roads passable, but to make them more beautiful. As a result, the highways have the well-ordered air of private drives. Armed with his machete, the *caminero* of today is probably the best-known figure on the island. In return for his labor he enjoys life in a substantially built cement house, a salary of some seventy dollars monthly, and the respect and affection of the community in which he lives.

Without a doubt the spirit of beauty lives deep in the hearts of the people; but poverty has gnawed its way still deeper into their consciousness. While the average yearly earnings of a working class family of five has been calculated

at \$341, I know of countless cases in which groups of ten or more persons are huddled together in two-room country shacks with no sure income at their disposal. They live in bitter brotherhood with starvation.

When a man lives with insoluble problems day after day he does one of two things: he learns to accept his lot with quiet resignation—or he rebels. Under extremes of hopeless poverty some Puerto Ricans rebel. In 1943 there were 407 suicides, most of whom were men and women in the most vigorous years of their lives. According to a report of the Insular Board for Vocational Education, the suicide rate is "the highest in the hemisphere."



For the lad above it was the Fiesta de San Juan Bautista and he was dressed for the procession. The lass was photographed during an assembly at school



Black Star

The reaction to poverty takes many forms, of which suicide is fortunately the least common. It shows itself more frequently in heavy drinking and gambling. It speaks in the friendly chatter of the people, for although Puerto Ricans are gifted with their full share of Latin buoyancy, there is often a nervous undercurrent of melancholy in their everyday conversation. Their humor is seldom boisterous and openhearted in the back-slapping fashion of continental Americans. Rather, it is tinged with a fine sense of irony.

Although poverty has etched itself indelibly into the Puerto Rican consciousness, it has not destroyed the essential goodness of the people. They have never been able to learn the ways of gangdom, wretched offspring of our own East Sides. No organized crime exists on

the island. There are crimes of violence; but they are inevitably committed by individuals unbalanced by personal emotions.

The generosity of the islanders is proverbial. They give of what little they have and ask nothing in return. Whenever I hear the word "hospitality," I remember an incident in a miserable hut in the Puerto Rican highlands. I stopped there early one morning, lured by the scent of freshly roasted coffee and the sight of a thin thread of smoke rising from a heap of glowing charcoal. With its rusted zinc roof and packing-case exterior, the place smelled of misery. The old Negro woman who welcomed me was barefoot, and her clothes had been fashioned from discarded jute sacks; but when she invited me into her home, she

spoke with an almost gracious dignity.

"You would like some coffee, señor?"

I felt suddenly ashamed of myself. Her own breakfast probably had consisted of nothing more than a cup of black coffee sweetened with a few grains of sugar. And I was about to rob her of her small supply. Because it was too late to refuse, I had my coffee—not out of the tin can she used for herself, but from a brightly clean cup and saucer borrowed from a neighbor.

I had never seen her before, and I have never seen her since. But she remains in my mind as the symbol of the humble best that dwells in the Puerto Rican people: kindness; human warmth; and dignity in sackcloth. In that woman I see the heart of Puerto Rico. It is a strong heart and a good one. And it is something the experts forgot.

'twill Please again

Items Humorous or

Unusual on Matters of

Great or Little Moment

The Poor Fish

► "SCIENCE DIGEST" tells of the latest method devised for landing a good haul of fish. We quote:

Acute food needs in Japan are responsible for the newest thing in commercial fishing: the use of a string of submerged electric lights to lure fish into a trap or pound net.

It makes possible several hauls per night, instead of the single haul made by the traditional method.

In the new method, a long line of 300- or 400-watt electric lamps is strung out from the shore to the trap net. The lamps are kept about 10 feet under water and are spaced about 60 feet apart. Each lamp illuminates a water area from 175 to 200 feet in diameter.

After dark, the lamps are all turned on, and each, of course, attracts its school of fish. After about two hours, the lamp nearest shore is extinguished, and its fish immediately desert it for the next bright spot down the line. After two minutes, this lamp is also turned off, and the performance is repeated until only one lamp is left lighted—inside the trap net. Then the fishermen pull the mouth of this net shut and haul in the fish.

Lucky Accidents

► MANY GREAT DISCOVERIES have been made in the field of science by accidental means. From an article by Louis N. Sarbach in "Extension":

A busy chemist, hurriedly eating lunch one day, noticed that his bread was sickeningly sweet. He was mystified until he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to wash his hands. To make sure, he tasted his fingers—and dashed excitedly back to the laboratory. He and his associates started analyzing the materials they had been handling during the morning. Shortly after, Remsen and Fahlberg announced their discovery of saccharin. . . .

Pasteur said that chance favors those prepared. The children of a Dutch spectacle-maker were playing one afternoon with some of their father's glasses. By chance they put two lenses together and were surprised to see the tower of the town hall brought into close view. The father, a smart fellow in a small way, set to work and invented a tricky toy that became widely popular. But there was another man, a noted Italian scientist, who also knew a good thing when he saw it. In his hands, the happy accident became an epoch-making scientific instrument that has been forcing our universe to yield its secrets ever since. Mere children stumbled on the principle of the thing—but Galileo invented the telescope! . . .

Celluloid was discovered by a chemist trying to invent imitation ivory for billiard balls. Dr. Baekeland was on the trail of a soluble substitute for costly natural resins when

he accidentally produced a new insoluble material—and the flourishing young plastics industry was born. . . .

An Irish starch factory burned down—and yielded a new inexpensive industrial adhesive. A German glass cutter spilled nitric acid on his spectacles—and discovered the art of etching on glass.

In 1925, a steam valve broke down in a Wisconsin paper mill while a young inventor, William Mason, was out to lunch. Returning to the plant, he found that a sheet of wood-fiber waste, which he had been trying to turn into low-cost paper, had been pressed into an altogether new and amazingly tough grainless wood. This lucky accident gave the building industry an important new material, made a huge fortune for its inventor, has paid handsome dividends to thousands of investors in the Masonite Corporation, and has brought employment and prosperity to other thousands of Americans.

Water Bombers

► AFTER YEARS OF EXPERIMENT and disappointment, our Forest Service has finally found a method which may put an end to disastrous forest fires. From an article by Tamara Andreeva in "Skyways":

In 1925, Howard Flint, then chief of the Forest Service's Fire Control, witnessed one of the worst summer fires in the history of the Northwest. It was a "crown" blaze, a nightmare holocaust leaping uncontrollably from tree top to tree top and spreading with the rapidity and fury of a fired arsenal. Ground crews fought the blaze courageously and finally got it under control. But the price was too high. Several men were burned or crippled out of the service. Losses in pack mules and equipment were heavy. Then and there Flint decided that tree-top fires were not to be fought on the ground but at tree-top level. He tried out his idea by dropping water-filled paper sacks on flaming lodge pole pines from a low-flying World War I Jenny.

The paper sacks were an unspectacular bust, but Flint did not give up. He was joined in his crusade by David P. Goodwin, assistant chief of the Forest Service's Fighter Control. In spite of public apathy and lacking funds, the pair continued the experiments, graduating from paper sacks filled with water to paper sacks filled with foamite. Results again were discouraging. . . .

Before they could graduate to the use of wing tanks filled with water and dropped from low-flying Superforts, Flint and Goodwin experimented with various fire extinguishing liquids and mixtures such as foamite, water, sand, and earth. All the while water-bomb modification went on in the Forest Service's own machine shops in Missoula, Montana. . . .

Tests on bomb characteristics completed, the crews spent the rest of the summer of '47 testing on planned fires and on reported fires in the back country where even a mule pack

train finds it tough going. A variety of extinguishing fluids were tested to determine which, if any, was most effective. Pursuits spotted the fires and attacked them first, then called on the Forts if more bombs were needed. . . .

Critical blazes which sweep across thousands of acres of timber that America can no longer afford to lose can be suppressed in a matter of minutes by the new water bomb. The water bomb may at last be the answer to a fight against four-alarms that has been a call-to-arms in the Forest Service since its inception.

An Old Game

► THE RACKETEERS of today have had many counterparts in history, as the following item from the "Church of Ireland Gazette" points out:

We have found quite an amount of interest in that rare little book, Aza the Armenian's *Letters to His Friends at Trebisand*, written in the Dublin of 1756. These *Letters from an Armenian* give a brilliantly witty picture of Anglo-Irish institutions at the beginning of the second half of the eighteenth century. They come from the pen of Edmond Sexton Pery, stormy petrel of the Irish Parliament from the middle of the century and Speaker of the House of Commons from 1771-85.

It is interesting to find from these letters that the racketeer and the black-marketer have had a long and dishonorable ancestry. Here is the scheme used in the 1750's for inflating the price of fuel in the capital:

"When a number of Coal Ships arrive together, two or three only come at one Time to the Market; the rest stay at a distance from the Town, and thereby enhance the Price of this commodity as effectually as real Scarcity could do: so that what the People bought for thirteen Shillings before this Device, they cannot now buy for less than seventeen, nor in Winter for less than Twenty."

Ambition Realized

► HOW ONE QUIZ PROGRAM CONTESTANT used his winnings to perform a corporal work of mercy is described in a release from the Columbia Broadcasting System:

Joseph Snyder, a securities clerk of modest means, employed by the Continental Bank and Trust Company in New York City, realized his longstanding ambition to practice a little first-hand, man-to-man charity on a visit to the breadline that forms daily before the monastery of St. Francis of Assisi on West Thirty-first Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues. The project has been operated since 1931 by the brothers of the Franciscan Order.

Snyder acquired the means of fulfilling his charitable urge by winning \$230 on "Strike It Rich," Columbia network's human-interest quiz show which gives people with valid reasons for wanting some extra cash a chance to win some. To make it a round \$250, he added \$20 out of pocket.

Snyder selected the Franciscan charity because he lived in the neighborhood of the monastery for twenty-five years, and still stops at the church for a few minutes of prayer and meditation when he makes business visits to the Continental Bank branch, nearby.

Saturday morning he joined Brother Lawrence, regularly in charge of the line, and supplemented the food allotment made to each man with a crisp new dollar bill.

"I've seen that line for a good many years now," Snyder said, "And I know personally some of the men who have stood on it in the past to get help. I always felt that it would make me genuinely happy if I could give an extra little surprise present to each of them some morning. I know what it is to be hungry and broke."

Hollywood Hucksters

► HOLLYWOOD supplies more than entertainment for the publicity men of big business, according to Joseph W. Taylor, writing in the "Wall Street Journal." From his article:

The Ford Co. believes it's good business to have its autos seen by moviegoers. So it leaves sets of its cars at six large studios; these are replaced with new sets when models change. Chrysler supplies cars to two studios.

Other auto makers are also interested in having their products shown. Jeeps were lent to Eagle-Lion for *T-Men* and to Samuel Goldwyn for *The Bishop's Wife*. Arrangements had been made to use a Packard in R.K.O.'s *Mr. Blanding Builds His Dream House*, but these fell through when the producer decided Mr. Blanding's salary wouldn't permit him to own a Packard.

Many an industry keeps a close eye on Hollywood's treatment of its products. The cigar manufacturers, for example, are concerned about gangsters being shown smoking their products. The paper cup industry reminds the movie makers it would look more hygienic if modern farmhands used paper cups instead of the old-fashioned dipper. . . .

An effort has also been made to have people ask for a "bourbon and soda" rather than "whiskey and soda" or "scotch and soda," when polite drinking is under way. "Whiskey," a proponent of this idea says, "is a very harsh word which reminds people of the old saloon days." However, when a man gets drunk as in *Lost Weekend*, this representative prefers that he mention some other tippie than bourbon.

Shoes

► FRAWLEY HINES discusses changing fashions in footwear in his interesting page in "Columbia." Some selected paragraphs:

Have you ever thought about shoes, their origin and progress? Shoes were created of necessity and the history of their making is as interesting as the art is old. Even before primitive man could record thought or deed, he fashioned with clumsy skill protection for his naked feet. . . .

The first rough shapes of bark or hide he used to cover his feet became, as time went on and as his intelligence grew more elastic, sealskin fur boots, sandals, and moccasins. Even today we find the leathern moccasin in use among our own Indians. Later, to supplement these, appeared the sandal of grass or fiber, such as the plaited espadrille of Spain, and the wooden sabot of the sort worn even now in the Low Countries of Europe.

Egyptians improved the sandal. From a rough shoe of necessity it became one of lightness, comfort, and beauty. To a shoe of the same type the Grecians added a thong that spiraled to the knee. The Persians devised soft materials that covered the feet and were laced at the ankle; later they split the instep and fitted in a tongue. . . .

Shoes worn by the American colonists were clumsy, silver-buckled affairs, squat and wide, in the Quaker style. Traveling cobblers went about in those days dispensing, as they plied the tools of their trade, letters and edicts, choice bits of gossip, and snatches of news for which the shoe-needy hungered. After the introduction of the sewing machine in 1845, shoes went through a series of styles—stalwart, silly, sensible, sedate. From leathern boot to brocade satin slipper; from tasseled boot to toothpick toe; from brass tip to high button; from bulldog shoe to patent dress pump; from French heel to oxford; from straps and laces to heelless, toeless slipper . . . and here we are back again, to the Egyptian sandal, the Spanish espadrille, the Mexican huarache, the Indian moccasin, and the Oriental clog.

How history does repeat itself!

Books

Edited by Augustine P. Hennessy, C.P.

THE SAINT AND THE DEVIL

By Frances Winwar. 303 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$3.75

The life of Joan of Arc, with its stranger and more - thrilling - than-fiction episodes, has attracted many writers through the years. Besides a whole host of Catholic writers, Joan can list among her biographers men of such diverse talents as Voltaire, George Bernard Shaw, and Mark Twain. It is not surprising then that Frances Winwar, with her great ability for biography, succumbed to the temptation and employed her facile pen to give us another version of the Maid of Orleans.



Frances Winwar

In her book, *The Saint and the Devil*, the author attempts a study in contrasts between the saint and soldier, Joan of Lorraine, and the knight, murderer, debauch, and penitent, Giles de Rais. Unfortunately the desired effect is not achieved, as the contrast is too great. Miss Winwar tries to make more of the connection of Giles de Rais with Joan of Arc than history warrants. If she had put an "s" on the end of "Devil" she could have accomplished the same end without featuring a man who has no right to a special consideration in the life of Joan.

The story moves along with great interest as the author portrays the various scenes with great emotion. She has succeeded in capturing the spirit of the divided, confused, and sickly France of that time. She has consulted many authorities and her sources seem to be reliable, but unfortunately her knowledge of a saint, or of this saint in particular, is very inadequate.

Real simplicity can be very easily misinterpreted, and Miss Winwar has destroyed the powerful effects of the scenes where Joan is interrogated by interpreting answers that were given with the utmost simplicity, as if they were spoken with pertness and haste. One gets the impression that Joan is impatient with the clergy since she has direct communication with God. She tells us that Joan had an "instinctive antipathy" for churchmen, which is not quite true.

Miss Winwar tries desperately to be fair to Joan and her Voices and in the very

effort stays far away from the saint and her visions. She allows the readers to make of them what they will. While it is true that Joan belongs to secular history as well as to the Church, she must be treated with deep understanding of the spiritual life. Otherwise she will be presented in a very dangerous perspective. For Joan has been aped by many counterfeit visionaries.

Though Miss Winwar has not given us the life of Joan that we hoped for, she has made a definite contribution to her biography. She has given us an accurate background of the times and a deeper appreciation of the difficulties that the fearless Maid of Lorraine had to overcome to fulfill her mission to God and to country.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

THE GOOD PAGAN'S FAILURE

By Rosalind Murray. 177 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.75

For some time a number of thoughtful people the world over—those whose intellectual capacity and good will extend their horizon beyond the immediate interests of self—have been agitated and seriously worried



Rosalind Murray

about the moral, social, and political trends of our modern world. They see in it the elements of confusion and disorder and gravely fear its decay into utter barbarism.

Many observers and analysts have been and are quick to assert the failure of Christianity, but Rosalind Murray ascribes the breakup of our world to the failure of the good pagan. Christianity, she contends, has never been fully tried, and certainly in the past four hundred years has not been the controlling influence in world thought.

In her survey and appraisal of modern history, she finds that practical Christianity has been supplanted by the humanist cult, especially in governments and among intellectuals of influence. This philosophy came into the West in the fourteenth century and was nourished and developed until it reached its full vigor during the Renaissance. It is a philosophy which de-emphasized other-worldliness, which is basic in Christianity, and centered man's aim

and end in this world. It cultivated his self-importance and made him rebellious, even against his own nature. If some of its original apostles did not openly disclaim God as the Beginning and End of all, they did ignore Him, or at least relegated Him to a very minor consideration in man's affairs. What was and is important in the humanist's cult is man himself, to whom it attributes endless perfectibility.

That is why Rosalind Murray calls the protagonists of this school pagan, and recognizing in them sincerity of purpose, nominates them good. Much good has been effected by this philosophy but it has been for the most part material good. Uninhibited man, released from his obligations to God, has explored, invented, and produced; but his achievements vex him, his machines rule him, his Franksteins crush him. His finer element has been neglected; his soul is dead; he can no longer distinguish virtue from vice.

Such is the thesis of *The Good Pagan's Failure*. Rosalind Murray is an unusually capable woman. She demonstrates a keen and well-informed mind; she is stimulating and challenging.

CHARLES DINAN

I SAW POLAND BETRAYED

By Arthur Bliss Lane. 344 pages. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.50



A. B. Lane

When czarist Russia held Poland in bondage, public opinion in free countries voiced its indignation over the fate of the suffering Poles and poets praised their heroic resistance. When Soviet Russia followed the example of her imperial predecessors in Poland—after a victorious war in which the Poles were allied with the West from the very beginning—public opinion in free countries remained strangely silent. A few protesting people were ridiculed as perfectionists, and glib-tongued propagandists perverted Poland's tragic fate into a farce of "liberation and new democracy."

But even in these times of ideological confusion the voice of truth cannot be muffled long. In keeping with the best American tradition, Arthur Bliss Lane,

Ambassador to Poland from 1944 to 1947, resigned his post to tell the story of Poland's betrayal: a sinister story of ignorance, political opportunism and shortsightedness, of bad faith, broken promises, and bloody suppression of human rights.

Speaking of his personal observations and experiences, Mr. Lane draws a revealing picture of the present-day masters of Poland. In contrast, his description of devastated Poland and the misery of the population is deeply moving and shows more strikingly than statistical data the plight of the country which President Roosevelt once called the inspiration of all nations.

Mr. Lane's warm, human approach and the lively, straightforward style of his narrative lend his book a special appeal, which will be appreciated by all people to whom the tragedy of Poland remains a warning that cannot be forgotten.

JOHN FERMATT

THE HOODED HAWK

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. 312 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.00

Dr. Samuel Johnson's literary Hawkshaw comes to light in a most astounding evocation of the life and times of James Boswell. A slight stretch of fancy will allow us to follow the wandering Laird of Auchinleck with his own modern "Boswell," the ineluctable D. B. Wyndham Lewis, in fascinating pursuit. A disciple of the Belloc school with its tenacity for truth and the search for the "Gleam," Mr. Lewis pokes and pries and pores over the sources until the likeness of James Boswell comes to our ken with such force that we can readily contrive a "televised image" of the vain, melancholy, canny, friendly, amorous, and ambitious little Scotsman. Mr. Lewis's "Bozzie" is more, however, than an "image." He is a dramatic integrating actor in the eighteenth-century play of forces political, literary, and social. Thus at least we can read the well-intentioned toper—this so very human personality with his many sides of infinitely rich variety. A genius for friendship enabled him, for example, to reconcile among his acquaintances even at long last the most hostile elements, the moralizing Samuel Johnson and the witty and worldly Wilkes.

Whether we seek him morose and placating at the gruff, paternal hearth at Auchinleck; discoursing with Dr. Johnson at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street; with the cracking cronies of his drinking bouts after a night at Drury Lane; in the loneliness of his London melancholies; on the hegira through the Highlands; in that wonderfully delightful bout with a disgruntled Voltaire on eternal verities, or ruminating with Rousseau on the probable ruin of society; in his halting practice at the Temple Bar or his garrulous primping at the Court of George III; in his casual

flirtations or his genuinely devoted attendance upon his wife and children; we will find in this gorgeous and urbane biography a flavorful and hauntingly felicitous history of one of the most human personalities in literature and the tale of his times.

WILLIAM FITZPATRICK

THE ALAMO

By John Myers Myers. 240 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00

In days of Inter-Faith movements and Good Neighbor policies, it startles to read of early Franciscan missions in Texas in such terms as "natives undergoing the rigors of conversion"; "the term the missionaries themselves used for the process was, significantly enough, 'reducing';" "the friars started the process with their usual gambit;" "taking care of the belly in this life and the soul in a post-mortem existence"; if (the Indians) would yield to persuasion and bribery, so much the better."

The author stresses his research, but he repeatedly shows that he misunderstands Spanish colonial policy. The missionaries were not controlled by the Viceroy of Mexico, for the Church was coequal with, not subservient to, the temporal power. Mr. Myers infers that "millions of Indians" were enslaved in Mexico when that country abolished Negro servitude in 1832. Indian slavery was abolished throughout Spanish America in 1546, while in 1832 the total number of Indians employed on Mexican ranches and mines did not exceed two hundred thousand.

The book is written in a glib, two-dimensional style by one whose previous works have been adventure novels. Objectivity is lacking, opprobrious adjectives are reserved for Mexicans. The story of the Alamo, mission, settlement, fortress, needs the pen of a J. Frank Dobie or a Harvey Ferguson, and any writer of the Texas-Mexican War of 1836 should study Frank C. Hanighen's biography of the devious Santa Ana. Mr. Myers seems to lack both the felicitous pen and fact-grubbing scholarship.

JOHN E. KELLY

ESSAYS

By Alice Meynell. 267 pages. The Newman Bookshop. \$2.75

There is nothing new to be said—at least this reviewer would not presume to attempt a new evaluation—of the essays of Alice Meynell. The best has been said admirably well by those best qualified to say it, masters such as George Meredith, Coventry Patmore, and the critics of the leading English publications of her day. The most we can hope

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Mr. Gwynn is a biographer well known for his intimate knowledge of the Catholic Revival. He uses the wealth of material available with skill and understanding to give us a fascinating portrait of a most appealing subject.

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to accomplish here is to publicize this centenary edition of the *Essays* of a literary figure who was as remarkable a woman as she was a writer. Few writers have received in their own day the homage that Mrs. Meynell received from her contemporaries, and perhaps none was more worthy. No discord jarred the harmony of her woman's achievement as ideal wife and mother. Bigotry, not literary deficiency, robbed her of the title Laureate, but even in that denial lies a tribute to her greatness. Her work is the expression of a completely integrated life.

One of her critics has observed that she would have defined a man of letters as one who is "most finely aware of life around and within." The *Essays* collected in this volume fulfill that definition to an exquisite degree. She is "finely aware" of everything and she writes with the sensitive imagination of a poet: on "Rain," for instance, which she calls the "baby of the cloud;" on the charm of the precise word, as in "Anima Pelagrina;" on women and books as in "Mrs. Dingley," "Prue," and "Mrs. Johnson;" and on the charming, winsomely humorous child-studies as in "Fellow Travellers With a Bird."

This is not a book to be read on the bus, nor while listening to your favorite radio program. It requires some of the very ingredients which Mrs. Meynell used to create them: "deliberation and fastidious leisure."

FORTUNATA CALIRI

A FIRE WAS LIGHTED

By Theodore Maynard. 430 pages.
The Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.50

The life of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, founder of the Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer and daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, had no dearth of dramatic incident. As told by Mr. Maynard, her story is complete, thorough, and absorbing.



T. Maynard

Although the author gets off to a rather slow start in his overly-detailed description of her happy childhood, studded with famous names—Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Browning, Tennyson—the story does pick up with Rose's realization that God seemed to have chosen her for a great work. Her failure in everything—music, painting, writing, marriage—is aptly clarified by the author when he says: "Nothing had ever absorbed her until she had flung herself headlong into charity." She did just this when, not long after her conversion and separation from her husband, this sterling woman, horrified at the condition of the destitute poor suffering from incurable cancer, decided to help them. Starting alone, her efforts

and later those of a friend, Alice Huber, culminated in the founding of a religious order expressly for this purpose, and the establishment of two institutions, Rosary Hill Home and St. Rose's Free Home. At both places, destitute cancer patients of all faiths found free care, solace, and comfort.

Many considered the Sisters impractical; others saw them as martyrs undertaking work that often was revolting; but Rose, now Mother Alphonsa, an undaunted "champion of the poor," knew that in serving these she was in reality serving Christ, of whose brothers they were, indeed, the least.

GLORIA TANASSO

THE PURSUIT OF ROBERT EMMET

By Helen Landreth. 407 pages. Whittlesey House. \$3.75



Miss Landreth, author of *Dear Dark Head*, went to Dublin some years ago to write a book on modern Ireland. World War II outdated those endeavors, and Miss Landreth became interested in some heretofore unpublished material on the unsuccessful Irish revolts of 1798 and 1803.

Helen Landreth found evidence to prove that the British Government fomented the uprising of 1803 which was led by Robert Emmet. The Irish people were in a dark mood at the time, having lost fifty thousand men as a result of the earlier revolt. The British were anxious that another uprising should not coincide with a French landing.

William Pitt even selected the unsuspecting Emmet to lead the revolt. This idealistic and unworldly patriot would be an ideal dupe for an abortive revolt. The British calculations proved correct. Through an extensive espionage system, Emmet's extensive preparations throughout all of Ireland were known in detail to the British from the start. At the very moment of revolt, the attempt was frustrated.

After the quickly squelched uprising, Emmet was ferreted out, again through the activities of informers. The British tried to make him renounce his principles by threatening the safety of the girl he loved. He would have provided a good example to any potential future Irish patriots. The same idealism and sense of honor which made Emmet so blind to his enemies carried him to his death. He thereafter became a symbol of Irish freedom, which was wrested in time from the British.

The book is a primer in the machinations of a bigoted, corrupt, and vicious government. It is also a well written and thoroughly documented contribution to history.

B. J. O'CALLAGHAN

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

By A. D. Sertillanges, O. P. Translated from the French by Mary Ryan. 182 pages. Newman Bookshop. \$3.00

That there should be a need for such a book as this, and yet that there should be so few examples of its type, are serious reflections upon our world. In a much earlier day, understanding of the intellectual life was transmitted as an integral part of the intellectual tradition. In a continuous line from the early Greek philosophers through the medieval theologians there is discussion of the "diverse lives" of men: the active and contemplative life, their nature, function, and comparative dignity. In such a tradition those who devoted themselves to the intellectual life learned as a matter of course its "spirit, conditions, methods"—to quote the subtitle of this book. In modern times, however, although many more are engaged in intellectual pursuits, little consideration is ever given to the intellectual life as a distinct kind of life, demanding not only certain gifts and training, but also involving certain conditions, methods, and organization.

Father Sertillanges' little book, now made available in English, has long been an exception as a *vade mecum* to the intellectual life. It provides a stirring yet discriminating account of the nature and dignity of that vocation. Yet it is above all a practical book. It discusses with a wealth of illustration and insight such subjects as the organization of the intellectual worker's time, materials, and his life; the integration of knowledge and the relation of one's specialty to general knowledge; the choice and use of reading; the discipline of memory; the taking of notes, their classification and use; and the preparation and organization of the final production.

As an essay in educational method, Father Sertillanges is almost entirely on the side of what is now termed general

education. His first precept on reading is "read little." Accordingly, he places "extreme importance . . . on the use to be made of great men" and recommends assiduous attendance at that "Banquet of the Sages" provided by the great classics.

Father Sertillanges' final word, which might easily be neglected, and yet which is especially urgent today, is that the intellectual worker is first of all a man: "Study must be an act of life, must serve life, must feel itself impregnated with life. . . . What we know is like a beginning, a rough sketch only; the man is the finished work."

OTTO BIRD

THE LOVE OF GOD AND THE CROSS OF JESUS

By Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P. 399 pages. B. Herder Book Co. \$4.00

His many years as professor in the Roman university, Angelicum, together with his years of practical experience in giving retreats and conferences, have admirably equipped Father Garrigou-Lagrange for writing in the field of ascetical theology.

This translation of the first volume of his work *L'Amour de Dieu et La Croix de Jesus* will have, we hope, an immediate and enthusiastic reception. The name of its author is guarantee for its doctrine and excellence. As always, Father Garrigou-Lagrange reflects the thought of St. Thomas Aquinas, and he explores, interprets, and expounds for us the writings of the Angelic Doctor.

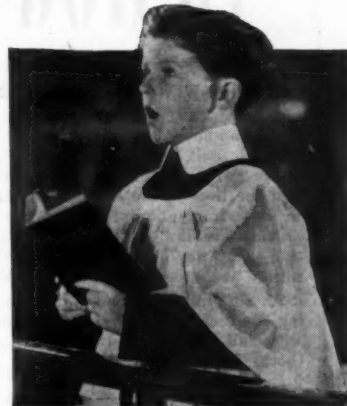
In the introduction, the author shows the marvelous harmony that exists between the mystical doctrine of St. Thomas and St. John of the Cross; it is under the aegis of these two masters that he develops his theme.

Really, the book is simply a commentary on two pivotal sentences of Christ: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy

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whole soul, and with thy whole mind . . ." and "He who does not carry his cross and follow me, cannot be my disciple." It is wonderful to see the unity in all God's plan for sanctifying us as it is unfolded from the richness of these texts. The large scope of Father Garigou-Lagrange's book, with its scholarly method, is no reason for any person of average ability shying away from it; for its tone throughout is amiable, edifying, devotional even. EUGENE FITZPATRICK, C.F.

FRANCE ALIVE

By Claire Huchet Bishop. 227 pages. The Declan X. McMullen Co. \$3.00



C. H. Bishop

When a nation's religion is reduced to ritualism, when its piety becomes encrusted with a cold formalism, when its clergy have lost contact with the people they are called to serve, then that nation needs a new soul. In *France Alive* we have the story of a nation's being born again. And those who are infusing a new soul into the eldest daughter of the Church work according to a motto which was proclaimed implicitly by Christ's own strategy on Calvary: "To be a Christian is to astonish!"

The technique of astonishing the unchristian world into a recognition of Christ and His gospel manifests itself in varying forms: in priests who work as dock hands or miners, in factory girls who are Carmelites at heart and by vow, in young workers who go to dances and specialize in keeping up the morale of "girls who are not good-looking," in voluntary slum dwellers who have become such because they know that only authentic Christians can leaven with wholesomeness an environment where vice and despair come all too easily. The new spirit might manifest itself in the magnificent charity of the parish priest who was walking back to his village from the horrors of Dachau and, while yet clad in his prisoner's garb, greeted his flock with the words, "Brethren, I, who come from the house of hate, tell you that only love can conquer hatred." Or it might show up in the premature seriousness of the little ten-year-old boy who was poignantly conscious of a sin of omission when he had to confess that he "had gone two days without thinking!" But whatever form its manifestations may take, its basic principle is always the same—being a Christian is not a solitary affair, and love for the neighbor is the test of discipleship.

The besetting sin of revolutionaries is always their readiness to despise the seemingly fainthearted. Some of the incidents recorded by Mrs. Bishop, apparently with approval, suggest that France's religious revolutionaries also have a tendency to demand heroic charity as a minimum requirement for the title of Christian. This could breed a spiritual exclusiveness which

is not Christian and which too quickly takes for granted that whatever is conventional is bad.

Some of the dynamism which makes "France alive" has been imparted to Mrs. Bishop's story of the movement. She knows how to recount an incident so that it preserves the impact it had on her when she encountered it. And some of what she encountered in France today is almost certain to have a wholesome impact upon any reader whose Christian spirit is not so steeped in lethargy that it can slumber through the trumpeting call of a revival that is working wonders among men who had forgotten God.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

DOCTOR, LAWYER, MERCHANT, CHIEF

By Robert Lewis Taylor. Doubleday and Company.

305 pages. \$3.00

For winter nights when it seems as though it will never stop snowing, for long journeys when the landscape becomes monotonous or when there is no landscape if you are the type who travels above the clouds, for professors weary after



R. L. Taylor

class, for baby sitters trying to relax, for almost anybody who likes good escape reading, here is the book. Mr. Taylor intends to be funny. You'll never split a rib at his humor as he writes about celebrities and near-celebrities. You may never do much more than smile silently. For Taylor is not a Bob Hope. Neither will you double up with mirthful appreciation of his wisdom. He is not a Mr. Dooley. But you will enjoy these sketches on Fire Chief Patrick Walsh, Charles Atlas the muscle builder, the Dodgers' Larry MacPhail, an historian who drives a trolley, Fiji Islanders, and *The Doctor, the Lady*, and *Columbia University* in two parts.

Robert Lewis Taylor is still a youngish man, Illinois reared and educated. He had some newspaper experience but left that field to join the *New Yorker* seven years ago. It is most likely his "sophisticated" environment of the recent seven years rather than his Midwest background that has given his writing so clever a brand of humor.

DAVID BULMAN, C. P.

SHORT NOTICES

EUCCHARISTIC RETREATS. By Peter Julian Eymard. 336 pages. The Sentinel Press. \$1.75. The name of Blessed Peter Julian Eymard is synonymous with a remarkable insight into the spirit of immolation characteristic of Christ's Eucharistic life. The directness of language found in these pages is no doubt attributable to the fact that the holy founder of the Blessed Sacrament Fathers actually preached these retreats to people anxious to grasp the basic principles of Eucharistic spirituality. There are four retreats here, each planned to last a week and to include three meditations every day. There is also added a



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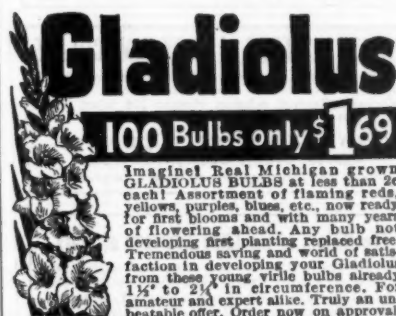
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devotional Way of the Cross, in which Christ's abasement in the Blessed Sacrament is related to His historical Passion.

THE GLORY OF THY PEOPLE. By M. Raphael Simon. 139 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$2.00. Ever since St. Augustine wrote his immortal *Confessions*, any Catholic, or even any saint, who writes about a spiritual odyssey runs the risk of having his or her work compared to the touching outpourings of that genius who lived in Hippo. Of Father Raphael it can be said that the humility with which he faced his problems and the joy with which he greeted their solutions are at least reminiscent of those attitudes of mind which made St. Augustine's work a masterpiece. A converted Jewish psychiatrist who felt the need of going the whole way for Christ by becoming a Trappist monk, Father Raphael has an interesting and instructive story to tell; and he tells it with the carefulness of a man who is so enamored of truth that he is scrupulously vigilant lest the truth be misunderstood.

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERYMAN. By Joseph McSorley C.S.P., 205 pages. B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50. Everyone who read Father McSorley's *Primer of Prayer*, and *Think and Pray*, will welcome his latest work, *Meditations for Everyman*. In this volume, the first of two, the learned author gives a daily meditation from Advent to Pentecost. Each meditation is arranged on one page consisting of three paragraphs. The first two paragraphs give an explanation of the text and doctrine, and the last consists of practical application. Though brief, each meditation contains much food for thought and prayer. His short questions throughout the text not only stimulate the mind to the consideration of truth, but also help to move the will to practical resolutions. To all who are trying to make headway in the difficult task of mental prayer this book will prove a godsend.

LETTERS TO A NUN. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. 399 pages. The Queen's Work. \$3.50. Father Lord has written this series of letters to "the outstanding women in all the world," the nuns. Like an old novice master, the author

addresses the novices and Sisters in their own language, well aware of their ideals, their difficulties, their successes and failures. Like Saint Therese with her "little way," Father Lord claims that his book is written to Saints with a small "s," yet from the first to the last page his letters call for solid Christian asceticism. The book is written in the familiar, easy style of the author, with many practical examples to support his doctrine. These letters will serve as a reminder of the principles inculcated in novitiate and goad on its consecrated readers to still greater effort.

THE GREAT REHEARSAL. By Carl Van Doren. 336 pages. The Viking Press. \$3.75. Mr. Van Doren chose this title for his book because he sees a parallel between 1787 and 1948. In 1787 people were learning how to think nationally, instead of locally, about the United States. Now they are trying to think internationally, instead of nationally, about the United Nations. So he feels we have much to learn from the story of the making and ratification of the Constitution. He tells the story interestingly, but not so absorbingly as to hold even a reader who has little interest in political history. This is a book for those who are willing to follow closely the day-by-day account of what went through the minds of a group of men who were trying to chart the plan which would guide a new nation to its destiny among nations. Sidelights, amusing and inspiring, of famous historical figures help to brighten up the pages of this demanding narrative.

Reviewers

FORTUNATA CALIRI, M.A., literary critic and free-lance writer, is Assistant Librarian at Boston College.

JOHN FERMATT, journalist and close student of international affairs, is a contributor to several Catholic magazines.

REV. WILLIAM FITZPATRICK, M.A., is Principal of the York Catholic High School, York, Pa.

BRENDAN O'CALLAGHAN, M.A., is engaged in historical research for a government agency.

GLORIA TANASSO, B.A., critic and poet, has several poems included in the anthology *New Poets*.

The Last Mile



► A revenue officer called at the shack of a Kentucky mountaineer and found nobody at home but a small boy.

"I'd like to see your pappy," he said to the boy.

"Pappy's up at the still," was the reply.

"And your Mammy?"

"Mammy's up there too," the boy said.

"I'll give you a dollar," the revenue officer proposed craftily, "if you'll take me up there."

"All right," agreed the mountaineer's son, "give me the dollar."

"I'll give it to you when we get back," the officer said.

"Give it to me now, mister," replied the boy. "You ain't a comin' back."

—John Cummings

INTELLECTUALS

[Continued from Page 19]

of attractive-sounding words—"progressive," "liberal," "democratic," "anti-Fascist"—when these are used as figleaves for Communist fifth columns. We should do everything in our power as individual citizens to remove the stigma of justified reproaches for evils and injustices in our social order.

We should recognize the need for careful screening of government employees in strategic agencies. We should study carefully the results of public and private investigations of Communist activity, sift the wheat from the chaff, and see to it that adequate replies are prepared when speakers appear under the sponsorship of some proved front organization. We should not sink to the totalitarian level and resort to illegal suppression. The proper reply to a disloyal meeting, designed to discredit our foreign policy, is not to break it up by mob violence. It is to hold a meeting ten times as big under the sponsorship of patriotic organizations.

Above all we should be conscious that Communism is not, as its advocates like to represent it, a wave of the future, but a horrible backwash of the past, more cruel and barbarous than any political regime known in Europe for centuries. Man finds his true and highest fulfillment under the moral law of Western civilization, not as the robot slave of some totalitarian state.

UN'S TIME FOR DECISION

[Continued from Page 53]

nations as "a vindication of their rights." This is not a full solution, however. It merely provides an opportunity for discussing one.

Many suggestions could be made to improve the Charter. Among them is the matter of qualification for membership. The present formula "peace-loving nation" is of little consequence and has allowed aggressors to become members. A proposal of the Polish government in London (the legitimate one) submitted at San Francisco suggested that nations which repeatedly break their treaty obligations and solemn agreements should be barred from membership.

The essence of the United Nations' problem then is: 1) to establish a system of law as the supreme authority for the U.N., and 2) to revise the Charter so that all nations are equal before that law. This seems to be the only way to prevent the U.N. from falling victim of the present world turmoil and to bring it on a new and better path. It seems that the goal is worth the effort. It is not an anti-Russian move in the "cold war" but a way of establishing solid foundations for the U.N. The Little Assembly can start the work this month if it will.

Announcement

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The Sisters of Charity of Zams who specialize in domestic work in seminaries and institutions and in the care of old people are in need of many vocations. They offer the opportunity of a religious vocation to girls who have not had the benefit of an education or special training and also to women whose age would be an obstacle to most religious orders. Candidates should apply to

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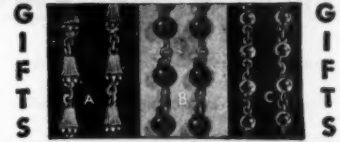
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FICTION IN FOCUS

by JOHN S. KENNEDY

The Common Chord

by Frank O'Connor

► The jacket's explanation that "the 'common chord' of the title is sex" is superfluous; that fact is obvious when one has read but three or four of these pieces. The scene is Ireland; more particularly, a small, torpid country town. The characters are familiar from previous work by the same author: publicans, bartenders, gossips, schoolmasters, priests, poisonous spinsters, warring relatives, maladjusted mates. Insight, pathos, wit, and sardonic humor are to be found in every story. The human predicament in general is starkly set forth, and the human predicament in rural Ireland is balefully highlighted. Mr. O'Connor writes superbly, and the reader is drawn directly into the various situations (or the variations on one situation) which he presents so pithily.

But, for all the perception and effectiveness of execution which mark these fictions, one feels that a large amount of falsification is here. Inevitably, Catholicism figures prominently in the stories, as it does in Irish life. The author's radical and, one might justly say, obsessive hostility to Catholicism in its every aspect is increasingly evident. It is not merely a critical attitude toward the vagaries of individuals, nor merely anticlericalism, but an indiscriminate and bitter opposition. For nowhere is there a hint that there is some good in Catholicism, either in itself or in its practitioners. The over-all effect is of entire antithesis between arbitrarily contrived creed and essential human nature. The restraint evident in Mr. O'Connor's technical performance is quite absent from the prejudice which underlies these latest examples of his work. In sum the book is spleeny and untrue, though in part it is realistic. (Knopf. \$2.75)

The Ides of March by Thornton Wilder

► No one can accuse Mr. Wilder of being in a rut. His novels and plays differ one from another in setting, subject matter, and technique. Once again, with the publication of his latest work of fiction, he is striking out in a new direction and offering something fresh and intriguing.

He writes of Julius Caesar, Dictator

of Rome, in the last few months of his life, ending the book with a brief excerpt from Suetonius describing Caesar's assassination. There is no direct narrative, but the piecing together of imaginary letters, journal entries, documents of various kinds. The effect is at first awkward, but, when the reader becomes accustomed to the form, it is readily intelligible and has distinct advantages, in that, for example, it provides dissimilar approaches to a single incident and vividly lights the several facets of what may at first seem simple and plain.

We observe Caesar as he sees himself and as others see him: Caesar as a ruler, as a warrior, as a husband, as a lover, as a friend, as an inquirer into religion, as an admirer of poetry. The treatment is candid but sympathetic, and the total impression is of genuine humanity. Wilder's Caesar is more than a name, more than a statue; he is a man, and a highly interesting one. And Wilder's Rome is just as real as the contemporary community one knows at first hand, with its people concerned about politics, human relations, the nature and place of religion, with the same traits and tendencies showing in man's nature then as now.

A great variety of matters are discussed in the book, and the reviewer would like to be able to comment on many of the points which are made, particularly those concerning religion. Suffice it to say that, whereas one cannot always agree, at least the observations are provocative. This is an unusual book, as absorbing as it is unhackneyed. It stands out boldly from the mass of new fiction.

(Harper. \$2.75)

The Hour of Spring by Mary Deasy

► Here are the Irish yet again, this time in America. Miss Deasy is tracing the fortunes of three generations of a family of Irish blood, showing their adaptation to American life. The first generation is immigrant, immured in an Irish immigrant colony in an American city and keeping to the old, imported notions and ways. The second generation (five children) struggles to reconcile the old and the new, and does not have much success in this endeavor. The third, but briefly glimpsed, feels quite

at home in the American environment.

The theme is unshopworn and rich. The author does well with it, although the plurality of narrators, the repetitions, and the chronological and sequential disorder may confuse some readers. It is stimulating to encounter writing as careful, lively, and flavored as is found here. Just as stimulating is the profusion of sharp comments on familiar situations.

However, when full credit has been given for the merits of the book, one feels that the character and functioning of the religion of the Irish in America is not adequately understood or conveyed. From these pages one might easily conclude that it has meant no more to them than an ancient, unintelligible inheritance now become an incubus which its possessors are superstitiously afraid to cast off, although it cannot command conviction on their part. In so presenting it, the author is grossly wide of fact and, moreover, misses the crux of the conflict between supernaturalism and secularism which is not merely an Irish-American dilemma but the nub of the world's debate and distress in our time.

(Little, Brown. \$3.00)

The Cry of Dolores by Herbert Gorman Eagle in the Sky by F. VanWyck Mason

► These are historical novels similar in length and ingredients, but unlike in patterning and finish. Mr. Gorman's book deals with the Mexican revolt against Spanish rule in 1810; Mr. Mason's is another installment in his gargantuan romanticization of the American Revolution.

The central figure in *The Cry of Dolores* is Father Hidalgo, parish priest of the village of Dolores, who had a paternal love for the Indians, tried to improve their economic lot, formulated plans for the overthrow of alien tyranny, and led the insurgent forces in their ill-fated campaign. The principal fictional characters are an Indian woman named Luz, who was the priest's housekeeper, and her son, Ciriaco, who became the priest's aide.

Whether real or imagined, the people in this stirring recital have an authentic ring. Mexican life in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century is graphically depicted, especially in the Indian stratum of society. The injustice to which the Indians were subjected is brought home to the reader, and the igniting, upflaring, and final quenching of their rebellion, under the leadership of Mexican-born Spaniards and half-breeds, makes a story both affecting and exciting.

The author shows the conflict in Father Hidalgo's mind and heart between his priestly office and his role as commander of a violent, cruel, pillaging horde in arms. The suspension and excommunication of the priest he repre-

sents as the work of reactionary superiors acting as tools of the Spanish authorities. It is not so black-and-white as that, for there was incongruity and, indeed, impropriety in Father Hidalgo's assuming a martial role, however good the cause. Unfortunately, Mr. Gorman has larded his work with some pretty crude sexual sensationalism.

Mr. Mason is concerned with three young medical students who, in Boston in 1780, are certified for practice as physicians and surgeons. In the next two years, with the war raging up and down the Atlantic Coast, their paths take them far apart and through lurid adventures. Their doings give the author an opportunity to cover battles on land and sea, to portray life in the infant nation whether in city or countryside, to demonstrate the state and progress of medicine, and to work in a generous portion of desirous and ailing flesh. Subtlety is the last quality one will find in this garish, blatant, patently manipulated melodrama.

(Rinehart. \$3.50)
(Lippincott. \$3.00)

Raintree County

by Ross Lockridge, Jr.

► Mr. Lockridge has devoted 1060 packed and feverish pages to a single day in the life of John Wicliff Shawnessy, American. The day is July 4, 1892. Shawnessy, a native and resident of the hypothetical title county in Indiana, is fifty-three. Within the limits of nineteen hours, he reviews his own tumultuous life and no mean portion of human history as well. The narrative, much like an agitated and erratically coursing river, is concerned with one man's story, the epic of America, and the nature and destiny of man.

Shawnessy's wildly wordy search for his identity and his place in the universe is exhaustively detailed, with his philosophical frenzy overshadowed by his erotic experience, the latter much more concretely expressed than the former. America's expansion and the tensions to which it is subject in the fateful nineteenth century (social, economic, religious) are rhetorically canvassed. As to man, after a plethora of frenetic apostrophizing, it is concluded that he is undefinable, a highly charged force zooming around in a void, the what and whence and whither of his being incomprehensible.

It is its unbridled sensuality which will sell this novel, not its artistic excellence or its dramatic worth. It may well appeal to some for its energetic, but never decisive, grappling with some of the question marks of human existence. However, its obscenity and blasphemous rantings overbalance its microscopic virtues. Most of the writing is plainly derivative and extremely bad. The book is likely to be an occasion of sin for most. Pass it up.

(Houghton Mifflin. \$3.95)

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IRELAND TODAY

[Continued from Page 13]

Ireland (meaning the twenty-six counties) without doubt enjoys *de facto* independence, to the extent that any small nation can be independent of Great Powers in the world of today. A tiny handful of I.R.A. supporters condemn De Valera as a traitor to the Republican cause, owing to his failure to cut all ties with Great Britain and proclaim a *de jure* republic. Most Irishmen, on the other hand, regard the Taoiseach's handling of this delicate problem as a proof of his outstanding statesmanship. But many who have no love for Britain are beginning to wonder whether there may not be something to be said for a voluntary association.

The only official link now in existence is Article 29 of the Constitution, which reads as follows: "... In or in connection with its external relations, the Government may ... avail of or adopt any organ, instrument, or method of procedure used or adopted for the like purpose by the members of any group or league of nations with which Eire is or becomes associated for the purpose of international co-operation in matters of common concern." In practice, the External Relations Bill of December 1936 rules that His Britannic Majesty is authorized to represent the Irish Government in such matters, as long as Ireland is associated with the British Commonwealth of nations. Clearly no great burden is involved. The credentials of Irish envoys to nations outside the British Commonwealth are in the name of King George VI; and a curious situation arose during the war when no Irish Minister to Germany could be appointed, as His Britannic Majesty was at war with Germany and thus unable to sign letters of credentials for the representative of neutral Ireland!

Perhaps Sir Shane Leslie summed up an obscure situation most accurately when he stated that the first task of the representatives of any wholly independent Irish Republic would have to be the immediate negotiation of a permanent entente with the United Kingdom. But for the time being, few Irishmen are really dissatisfied with the present odd relationship.

There is, however, one outstanding obstacle to a lasting Anglo-Irish understanding. Partition may mean little outside Ireland, but there it is a very live issue. Space does not allow the problem of Northern Ireland, usually referred to as the Six Counties, to be dealt with here. But there are many on both sides of the artificial and unnatural border who realize that historic Irish unity must one day take precedence over makeshift political devices. At present such historic Irish centers as Armagh, Ireland's Holy City and Saint Patrick's primatial see; Downpatrick, where the

national saint lies buried; and Derry, the *Doire Cholmille* of former days, with its stirring memories of stirring and tragic episodes in the saga of Ireland, are not under Irish rule.

Unquestionably, Ireland still has serious problems to be tackled. But there is every evidence of a will to face and overcome present difficulties that is unfortunately lacking in England. Ireland has found its nationhood again and is determined to forge fresh international links and relationships, taking its rightful place as of old in Europe and in the world. Irish initiative and energy are refreshing indeed, and a force to be reckoned with; and if only the nation's youth can be induced to remain at home, her economic prospects may be far brighter than many now realize.

Here is a nation with a message for a distracted world. It is a message that many will be unable to understand, but it is nonetheless vital for that. Long centuries of persecution and tenacious loyalty to ideals have given Ireland a sense of spiritual values and a realization of human needs beyond the material.

It is no small thing to find a country whose Constitution begins with the words: "In the name of the Most Holy Trinity . . ." At the masthead of the government's official organ stands the slogan: "*Do Chum Glóire Dé, agus Ondra na h-Eireann*" (For the glory of God and the honor of Ireland), which is taken from the Annals of the Four Masters, those intrepid Franciscan Friars from Donegal who saved so many precious fragments of Irish history for posterity. On the last Sunday in July, Ireland's Premier de Valera, who is a Carmelite Tertiary, and many another outstanding national leader can be found barefoot among a vast crowd of all sorts and conditions of their fellow countrymen, climbing the steep, stony slopes of Croagh Patrick in the silence of the night, to commemorate the ordeal of the national saint some fifteen centuries ago.

Despite the increasing materialism of the modern world, it is safe to say that the Church has never been more firmly anchored in the hearts of the Irish people. Right in the center of Dublin's busiest and most crowded shopping district is a monastery church, a quiet shrine that is packed with worshippers at all hours of the day and late into the night. That scene of prayer and devotion can be duplicated all over the country, for that is the real spirit of Ireland that pervades the entire national life. Ireland is no paradise, and there is a long road to travel before Christian precepts can be effectively applied to economic problems. But here at least is a nation that sees man-made panaceas are in vain unless founded upon the eternal truths of the Gospel.

The End.

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Death and Destruction!



Must They Die?

Passionist Missionary reports from China are awfully disheartening. The "Reds" are driving hard to dominate this unhappy nation. The following quotation is from a recent letter. It prompts us to appeal to you.

"Communists are getting nearer to Hunan. Of course, this is nothing new. But this time the Communists seem to be of a different brand. The destruction and deaths they have left in the north are indescribable. You may be told there is no oppression and hardship under the conquerors. Truly, it would make just as much sense were you to believe the atom bomb left no destruction. China is in a bad way. We might be in for great troubles. Prayers we need in abundance."

Dear Members, pray for our Missionaries and for our Missions. Ask God to restrain His persecuting enemies.

Passionist Missionaries, The Sign, Union City, N. J.

Dear Father: Please enroll these names in your Christmas Club. Send mite boxes.

Name

Street

City, State

Name

Street

City, State

**A
Penny-A-Day
For
The Missions**

LETTERS

[Continued from Page 4]

The News You Get

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would like you to know how much I enjoyed reading the series, "The News You Get." Having an appreciation of the work of all publishers and editors, I read the final article, "Hearst's Newspaper Dynasty" with great interest.

An avid reader of editorials in all Boston papers including, of course, *The American* and *The Record*, I manage to skip the sensational and horrors and confine myself to the ideas of men who hand out opinions in the news, having my pets of course; for my money I like the fearless spirit of Sokolsky, Pegler, Dixon, and all columnists who pull no punches. Only through the medium of a publisher like Mr. Hearst can things be brought out into the open, so I think it more fair to say that Mr. Hearst does the wrong things with a right motive, because in my opinion his aims are always good.

Being human he would have to make some mistakes, but one he has never made is being a No. 1 American. He has done and is still doing everything in his power to keep American youth conscious of our historical background.

After reading Louella Parsons' book, *The Gay Illiterate*, one sees a charitable heart, and God alone knows its inner workings.

His five sons can make no mistake in following the footsteps of their illustrious father, an outspoken champion for the American way of life. So, more power to the dynasty. Long may it stay as a safeguard to the American way.

LILLIAN FREIWALD

Boston, Mass.

Tolerance

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The December issue is marvelous. Let me congratulate you on your fight for tolerance, especially in racial matters. Every Catholic who countenances racial intolerance is a disgrace to our common Christianity.

THOMAS J. LYONS

Camden, N. J.

Jewish Converts

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I thank you for your always interesting selection of articles, but particularly for "Walls Are Crumbling" in the February issue? I think this article ought to rouse many a Catholic to the possibility of Jewish conversions—something which, I'm afraid, we tend to overlook. Particularly striking were the remarks of former Rabbi Zolli and of Sholem Asch—let us hope one ends as well as the other.

(MISS) MARY BEDE

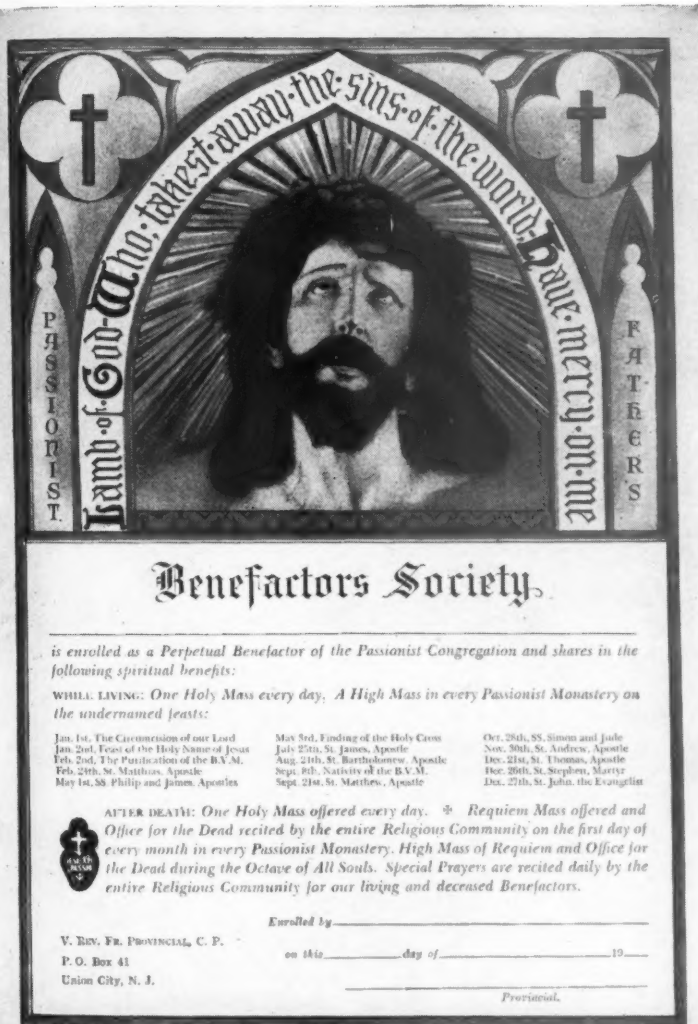
New York, N. Y.

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

"Praying Always For You"—Col. 1, 3.

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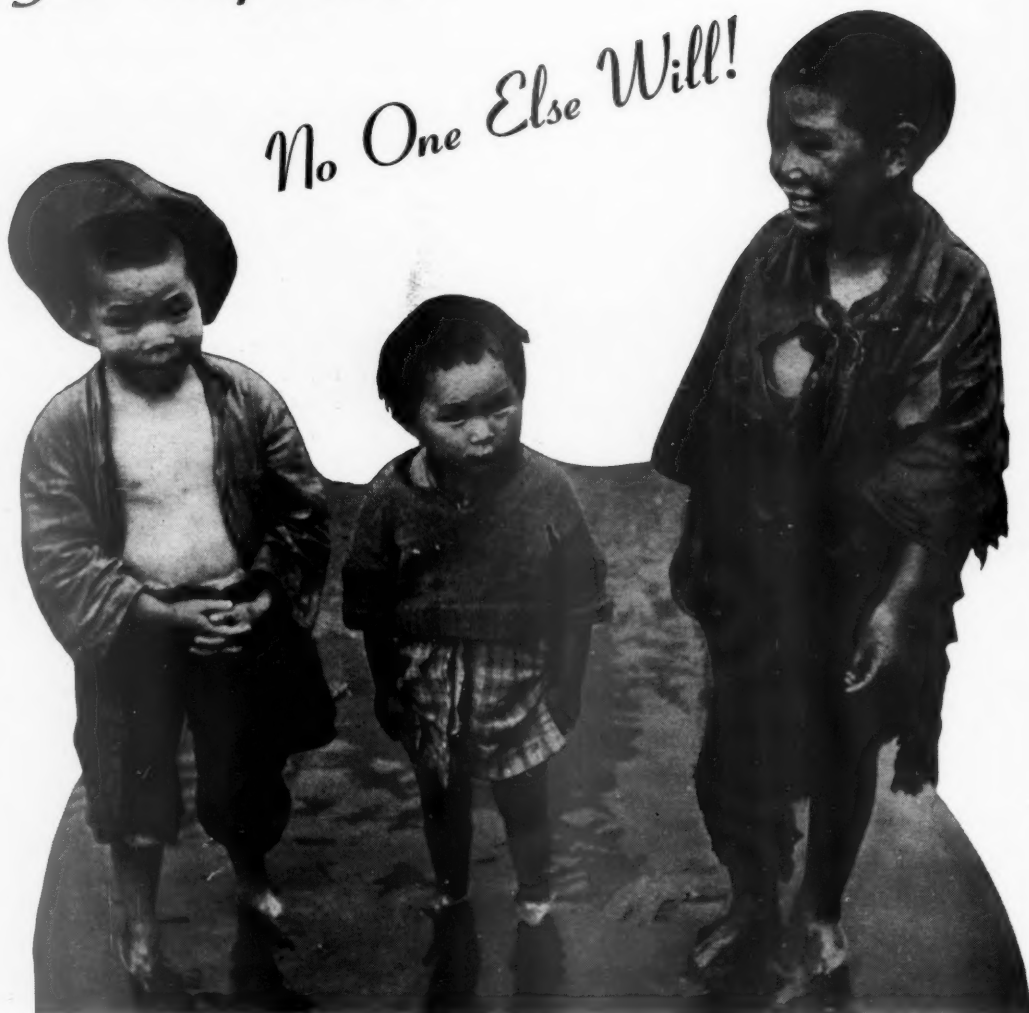
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You Help China!

No One Else Will!



The nations suffering from war devastation must be helped! We agree. Europe must be saved from Communist domination! Very true.

But what about China? China suffered and still suffers. China, too, fights this very moment against Communist domination. China was and is an ally but has received little recognition as a nation in dire need. Yet, tens of thousands of men, women, and children are face to face with starvation.

Will you help China? The Passionist Missionaries could use well, for the people of Hunan, China, whatever you are able to give. Christ's Church and our own country will profit by your charity and your generosity. Donate now to this worthy cause by sending offerings to:

The Passionist Missions in China

The Sign

Union City, N. J.



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